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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

September 4, 1937

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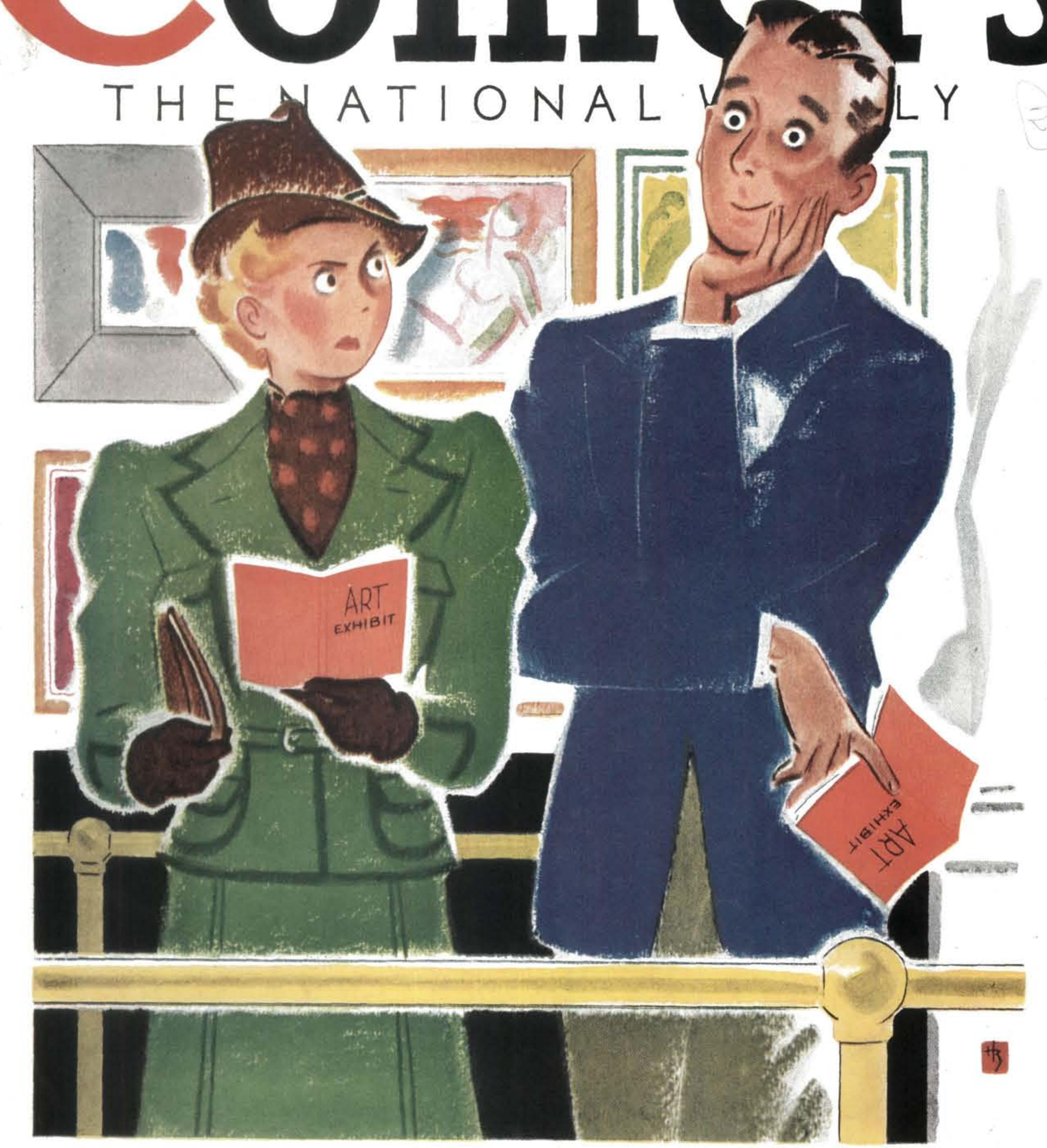
Collier's

THE NATIONAL W LY

(2)

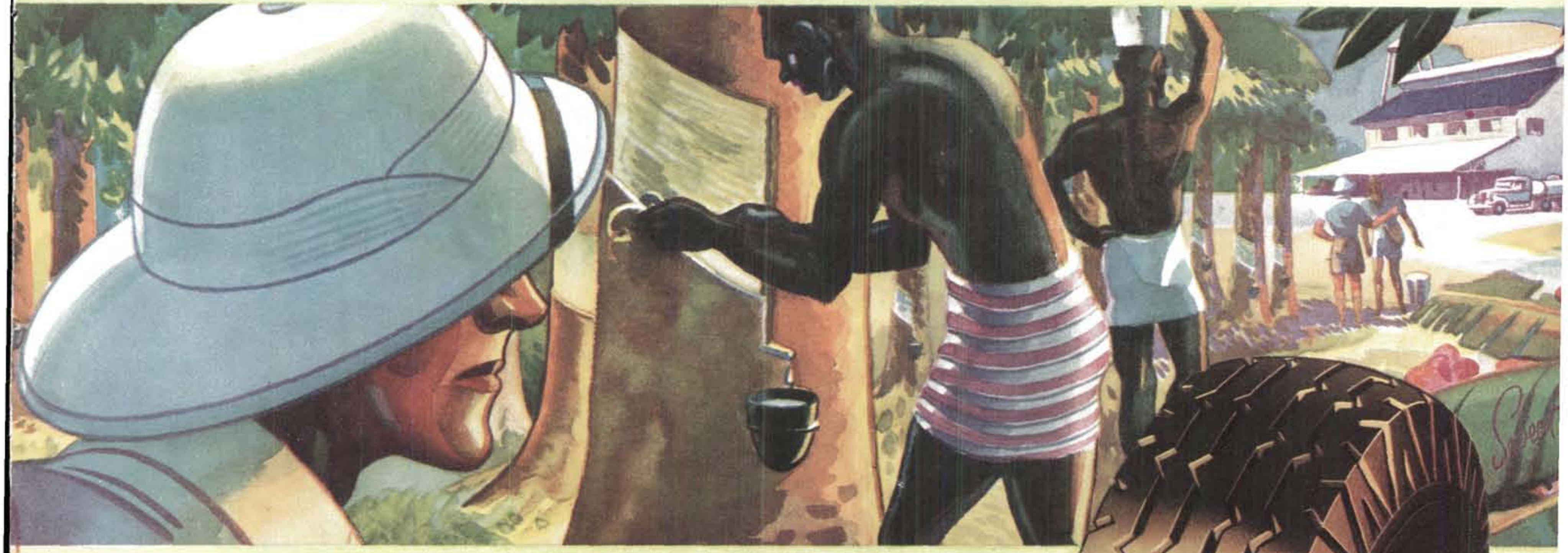


KATHLEEN NORRIS JOHN T. FLYNN BILL CU IAM

FREDERICK NEBEL AGATHA CHRIS

EPT. 4, 1957

HERE'S WHY FIRESTONE GIVES YOU
A Safer Tire



HOW CAN Firestone give you so many *extra safety* features and so much *extra value* at *no extra cost?*

The answer is this! Fifteen years ago, Firestone foresaw the necessity of developing its own independent rubber supply. Today, from the Firestone plantations in Liberia there comes an ever-increasing supply of the world's finest rubber. Thus, Firestone saves money on raw materials. Further savings are made by more efficient factory methods and by selling in such large volume that distribution costs are lower.

These savings make it possible for Firestone to build a tire that's *triple-safe* against highway accidents and sell it *at no extra cost.* It gives *extra* protection against blowouts because Gum-Dipping makes these tires run up to 28° cooler. By this patented process, every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber which counteracts internal friction and heat that ordinarily destroy tire life. It gives *extra* protection against punctures because there are two *extra* layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread. It gives *extra* protection against skidding, because the scientifically designed tread will stop your car up to 25% quicker.

You want and need ALL of these safety features in the tires you buy. Be sure you get them! Go to your nearest Firestone Dealer or Auto Supply & Service Store today and join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone *Triple-Safe* Tires—the safest tires that money can buy!

Firestone
Gum-Dipped
High Speed

THE TRIPLE-SAFE TIRE

Listen to the Voice of Firestone Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network

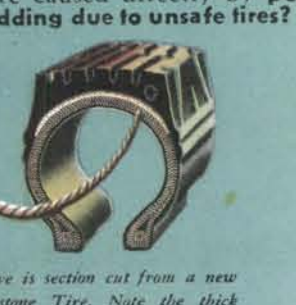
JOIN THE
Firestone
Save a life
CAMPAIGN TODAY!

DO YOU KNOW

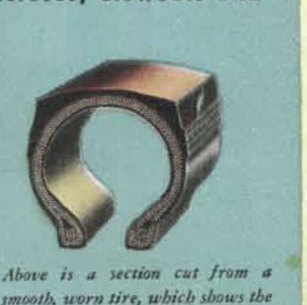
THAT last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than **38,000 men, women and children?**

THAT a million more were injured?

THAT more than **40,000 of these deaths and injuries** were caused directly by **punctures, blowouts and skidding due to unsafe tires?**

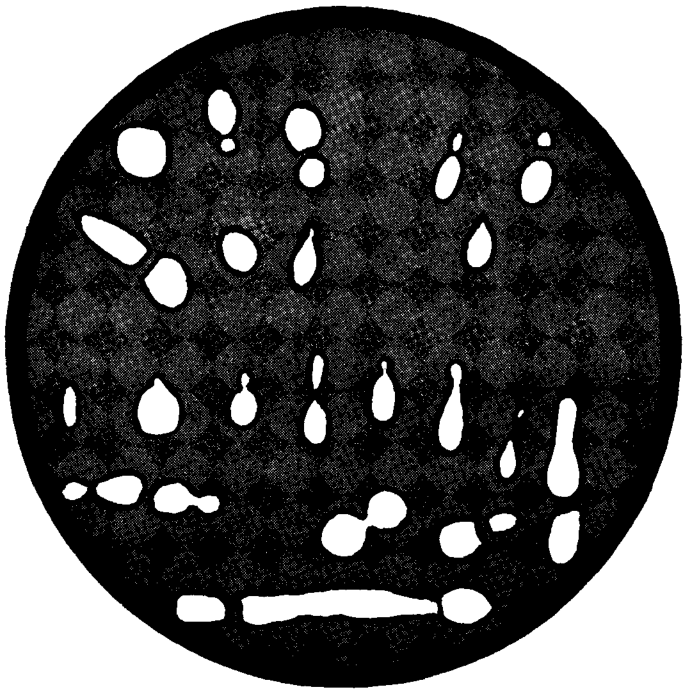


Above is section cut from a new Firestone Tire. Note the thick non-skid protection against skidding, blowouts and punctures. Come in and see demonstration.



Above is a section cut from a smooth, worn tire, which shows the non-skid protection worn off. Tires in this condition are liable to punctures, blowouts and skidding.

Copyright, 1937, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co



Pityrosporum ovale

The germ which causes dandruff, magnified many times. In cases of dandruff it is always present on the scalp and hair and in dandruff scales.

This is the stubborn germ you must kill

if you want REAL RELIEF from DANDRUFF

Discovery that Strange Bottle-Shaped Germ Causes Dandruff Leads to New Kind of Therapy, Antiseptic in Character. Listerine Treatment Brings Quick Relief to 76% of Patients in New Jersey Dandruff Clinic. Thousands Report Remarkable Results

WOMEN SAY THE BEST WAY TO APPLY LISTERINE IS BY MEDICINE DROPPER APPLIED TO THE PART IN THE HAIR

IF you have any evidence of dandruff, don't waste time on untried ointments, salves or solutions that merely strike at symptoms and relieve only temporarily.

Use the new treatment that really gets at the cause . . . the only treatment so far as we know that has proved itself repeatedly in laboratory and clinic . . . the treatment that is getting results for countless people who try it . . . Listerine Antiseptic once or twice a day, accompanied by massage.

Listerine surrounds the hair and scalp and penetrates infected hair follicles, and *kills the germ Pityrosporum ovale, which, research now shows, causes dandruff.*

See Improvement at Once

After the first few treatments you will notice how Listerine Antiseptic diminishes the number of unsightly crusts and scales. How it allays irritating itch and burning which so often accompany a dandruff condition. How it cleanses and freshens the scalp so that it feels lively and youthful. How it brings new vigor to the hair, itself.

For your own satisfaction, examine Listerine's brilliant results in the most searching clinical study of dandruff undertaken in years.

Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

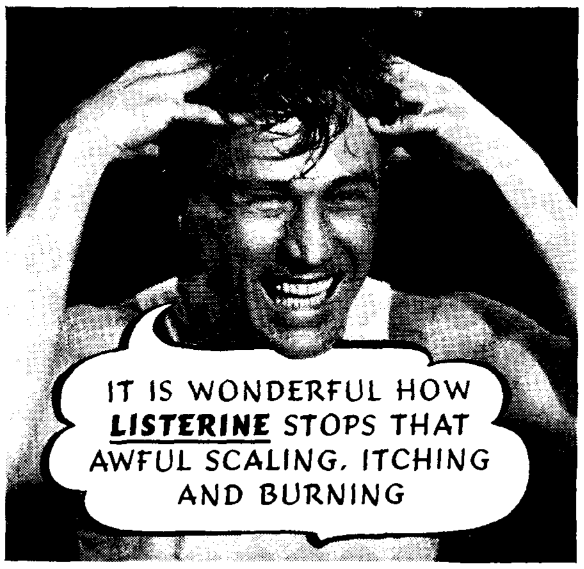
Rabbits given dandruff by inoculation of Pityrosporum ovale were treated on one side, only, with Listerine Antiseptic once a day. The other side was untreated.

Within four days improvement was noted, and at the end of fourteen days, on the average, a complete cure was effected. No scales, no crusts. The sides not treated with Listerine showed evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.

Relief in Two Weeks

In a noted midwestern skin clinic, men and women dandruff patients were chosen for the Listerine treatment. A majority were instructed to massage the scalp *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The rest of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to carefully note the convincing results again achieved:

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks on the average. In many other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching stopped, dandruff scales were eliminated, and in some cases falling hair was terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*

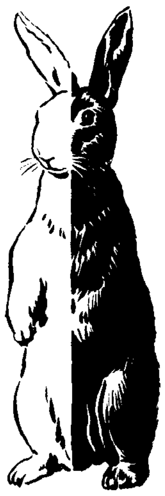

IT IS WONDERFUL HOW LISTERINE STOPS THAT AWFUL SCALING, ITCHING AND BURNING

76% Got Relief

Meanwhile in a New Jersey clinic, other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

Keep it Up

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, start now with Listerine and massage, once a day at least. Twice a day is better. Caution: Don't expect overnight miracles. Remember, dandruff is a germ disease, requiring persistent and systematic treatment, which *should be antiseptic.* Remember, also, that Listerine's results against dandruff are a matter of laboratory and clinical record.



Rabbits with dandruff were cured of the disease only on the sides which were treated with Listerine Antiseptic. On the sides not so treated dandruff was evident nearly a month later.

LISTERINE GETS RESULTS

LISTERINE
Tested and Approved
4602
by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

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Collier's

September 4, 1937

●

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JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

AN EMERALD is a green stone that is considered most expressive of love, if it is big enough. It seems that Emerald Em is very fond of emeralds, especially when they are surrounded by large, coarse diamonds. When she is Unser Fritz's fiancée, Unser Fritz gives them to her by the bucket. He goes along for years doing everything right, and then all of a sudden he finds himself doing everything wrong. After that he is no longer a successful handicapper and Emerald Em is no longer his fiancée.

But one day his figures come to life again. "All Horse Players Die Broke" is by Damon Runyon.

WHERE does Asia begin? Up to now the answer has been: on the other side of the Philippines. We have helped the Filipinos establish a western republic. But now we're walking out. We're leaving seven thousand islands containing billions of dollars in territory and raw materials to dangle undefended within reach of Oriental hands. In "Bear by the Tail," Jim Marshall reports the state of mind in the islands as the United States prepares to withdraw.

PHYLLIS was too excited to stop and think when she got her new job. The job meant that she and Dick could get married; it was really a much better job than Dick's. That's what she didn't stop to think about. After she had made her mistake Hank explained it to her. "Woman's place," he said, "is in the cave." Dick had never said that, but it's what he believed, all right. In "Woman's Place," Lucian Cary shows you Phyllis' struggle to love a man she couldn't talk to.

THE days when girls sat around and wept because they weren't beautiful are past. Distinction, the experts agree, is what counts today. And distinction is as easily attained by a plain girl—maybe more easily. In "Don't Call Me Pretty," the experts explain how it's done.

THE border between Switzerland and Germany runs through the Bodensee. Who's to say if the German secret police cross it occasionally at night? When Captain Glover went boating with Frau Lisa and Ellen Blake he believed that he was going simply to watch the sunset. The ride turned into a dramatic adventure. "Dangerous Lady" is by Edwin Muller.

ADDITIONAL contributions come from Hugh MacNair Kahler, Agatha Christie, Frank Morris, Kathleen Norris, Kyle Crichton and others.

This Week

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●

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COVER HOWARD BUTLER

Any Week

WE HAD a feeling, while loafing through Kansas, that all was not as it should be. Something told us that Kansas farmers, while understandably appreciative of federal favors, were approaching the breaking point. We made inquiries. A Mr. Josey of Wichita came to our rescue. "Well," said Mr. Josey, "the government's going kinda far when it tries to teach farm hands how to eat and what vittles to hold out for. They sent a fine young city gal out to look over the vittles the harvesters are getting and she got pretty mad. Almost as mad as the farm hands. She wants them to eat peanut-butter sandwiches and mayonnaise dressing. We had to hustle around and tell the boys we wouldn't pay no attention to her. They got awful worked up thinking about peanut butter."

ALMOST everywhere we went we got something to think about. There was, for example, that town in Oklahoma where we saw, painted on the back of a tired brick building, "Rooms 50 cents a night cept Tuesdays and a Thursday." We've forgotten the name of the town but the temptation to wonder what happened on Tuesdays and a Thursday was awfully strong.

BUT we saw another fellow who wasn't wasting his time pondering. A freight train near Des Moines, Iowa, was carrying, among other things, six or eight tractors on flat cars. On the seat of one of these tractors, his legs wrapped around the steering post, sat as fine a specimen of professional bum as we've ever seen. Sound asleep he was, his hat pulled down over his nose to keep off such unnecessary things as cinders, sun, bees and dust.

OF COURSE he may have been dreaming of lovely times he had known. Perhaps he'd spent a joyous week or two in the O Boy Cabins. We saw them as we were emerging from New Mexico, trying to beat a dust storm. The sign read "O Boy Cabins Strictly Modern. Come In. Stick Around. O Boy." But we were in a hurry. Maybe we made a mistake.

ANYWAY we're back home again. Just in time, too, to find that we're responsible for a decision made by Mr. Bill Brown of Ottumwa, Iowa. Mrs. Ruth Lovitt Brown notifies us that Bill, her twenty-year-old son, read W. B. Courtney's "Navy Wings" several times. "He then told us that a commission in the naval aviation reserve, of which none of us had ever heard, was just what he wanted. So Bill high-tails it for Kansas City, takes the examination and has just received word to report for flight training. He's a fine upstanding young man and if he wants to be a Navy aviator, Mamma is burying her qualms and is happy, too."

WE'RE responsible too for a situation that Mr. Harry Abel of Spokane, Washington, has created. Mrs. Abel is our informant. "You can't mention a thing that my husband hasn't got ideas on," she says. "He can talk all day and I for one am glad he has to sleep once in a while because if he didn't he'd be talking twenty-four hours a day. I thought I had him cutting down a little but you have to write an editorial saying that good citizens ought to speak up when they got something on their minds, especially about government. So when that editorial came out he showed it to me and said he guessed the editor of Collier's knew more than I did. You can have him if you'll pay the freight."

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EDITORIAL

BUT we can't use Mr. Abel. In fact, we've several talkers whom we'd match against an unnamed preacher who, according to Mrs. J. Moret Lange of Los Angeles, California, is contemplating "preaching his way from here to the Holy Land." Mrs. Lange wants us to publish a story about this indefatigable gentleman, the proceeds of which "will be devoted to combating the British plot to banish all Christians from the birthplace of Christianity."

MAYBE we'd better have nothing to do with that one either. Anyway, we're in no mood for oratory. During the past two weeks we've had our ears assailed by scores of pleaders for this and that. One of them, a lady, had us pinned into a corner for half an hour telling us that "every time a tree is felled or a river dammed, the Almighty is hurt and retaliates by sending floods, droughts, fire and wind."

WE PROMISED to quit.

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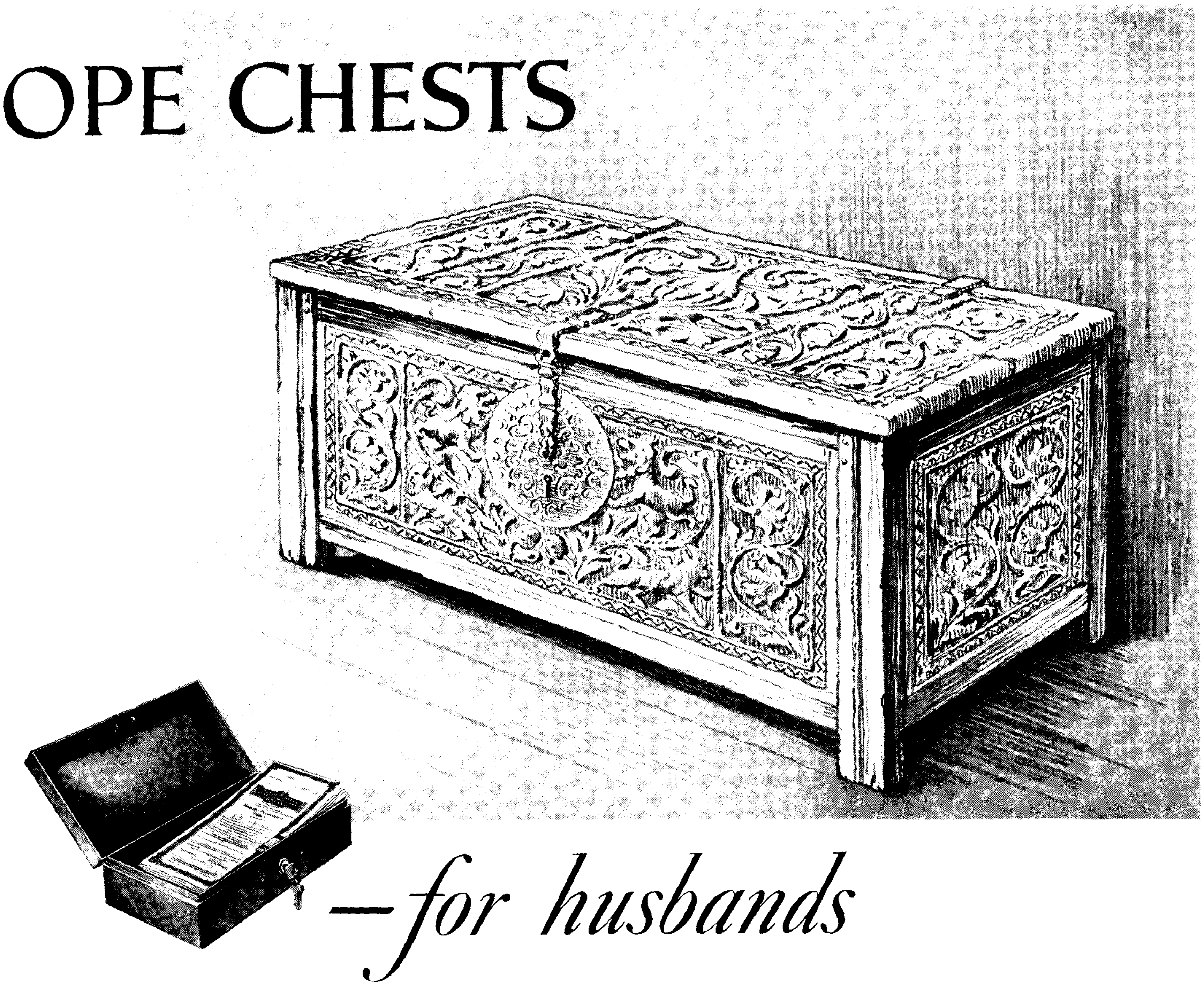
HOPE CHESTS



—for husbands

REMEMBER the hope chest of grandmother's day? In it the daughter of the house put away linens and finery, trusting they would some day go into the "home of her hopes." According to tradition, the bride who made everything with her own hands earned everlasting happiness.

Every husband should have a "hope chest," too, for the sake of the happiness and safety of his wife and children. In this prized "chest"—his strongbox—he will place his life insurance policies, planned to afford protection and genuine security to the family, even if *something* should happen to him.

The most effective type of planning is a Life Insurance Program. It is simple, flexible and capable of making possible the fulfillment of hopes and ambitions.

A Metropolitan Field-Man will be glad to help you start your Program. Telephone the nearest Metropolitan office and ask him to call or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, I would like to have information regarding a Life Insurance Program to meet my needs.

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ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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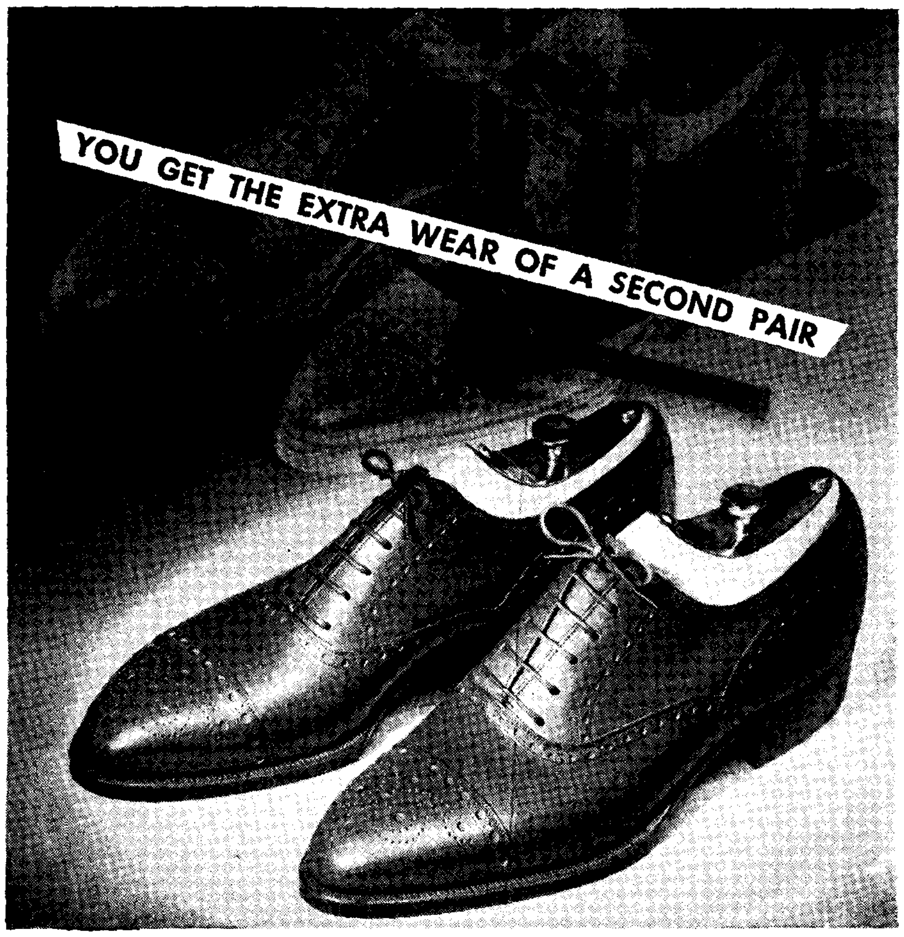


When most shoes wear out....

FLORSHEIMS wear on . . . and on

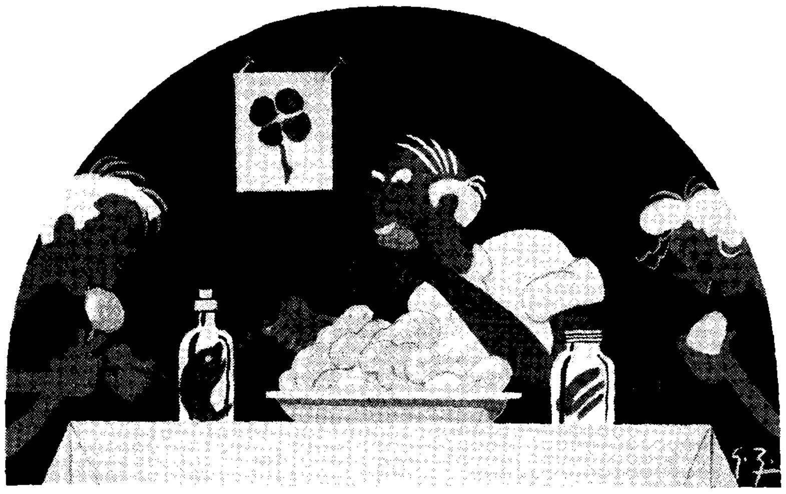
When the winter of life has come and gone for ordinary shoes, Florsheims still retain the youthfulness of springtime. Florsheims are built to turn the calendar on weeks, months and *seasons* of plus service. That's what is meant by "the extra wear of a second pair". Long past the point where most shoes wear out, Florsheims wear on . . . and on. You, and your shoe dollars, *both* will travel farther in Florsheims . . . the largest-selling fine shoes in the world! *Style illustrated above*, The LELAND, S-505, *in brown Russia calf; also in black*, S-504.

MOST STYLES

$9.50 AND $10

THE
FLORSHEIM
SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

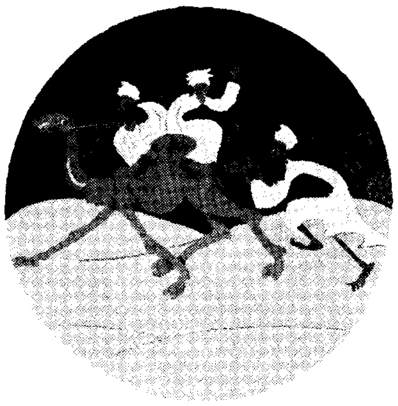
Up to a few years ago in Ireland, very poor families often "dined on potatoes and point" for months at a time. Having no other food than potatoes, they added an imaginary flavor to each mouthful by pointing the food at a bottle in the center of the table which contained a preserved bit of bacon, fish, cheese or salt.—*By S. P. Panton, San Francisco, California.*

No play ever had a shorter run than "Ecarte," staged in London about 1875. On the opening night, the producer, in a generous mood, had real champagne served in a drinking scene in the first act. Within a few minutes after the act was over, the audience's money had been refunded, the bottles and actors had been tossed into the alley and the house closed for the rest of the season.—*By James Dugelby, Ciudad Mendoza, Mexico.*

The Camorra, a criminal secret society which was organized in an Italian prison in 1820 and existed until 1911, once camouflaged its thieving, smuggling and blackmailing so completely by its good deeds in social and political circles that many princes, statesmen and even dignitaries of the church became members.

In some giants and giantesses, the pituitary gland, which influences growth, is forty times larger than the normal size.

Tribal battles between the Arabs of North Africa always end in a sudden retreat of the side which first discovers it has only one camel left for every three men. Three is all a "mehari," or racing camel, can save at one time, two riding on its back and one hanging onto its tail.



Although astronomers devote months and invest thousands of dollars in preparing expeditions to photograph an eclipse of the sun, their observations rarely, if ever, serve any immediate practical purpose.—*By Wayne Duncan, Mountain View, Missouri.*

When the satin bower-bird of Australia builds its bower, or playground, it invariably decorates it with blue-colored articles. One such bower contained 178 blue bags, stolen from a near-by laundry, several pieces of blue glass, a bunch of bluebells, some blueberries, a blue hair ribbon, a blue railway ticket and a blue card.

Probably the oddest stained-glass window in existence is installed in the great cathedral in Winchester, England. Almost 300 years ago it was shattered into thousands of pieces by the cannon fire of Oliver Cromwell's army. Although every bit was recovered and the window reconstructed by experts, not one piece is in its proper place.

The loss of one third of the $90,000 worth of tea (present value) destroyed during the Boston Tea Party on December 16, 1773, is recorded in a book that may still be seen in the present office of the owners, an English grocery concern named Davison, Newman & Company at 14 Creechurch Lane in London.—*By Mrs. James A. Bennett, Leonardtown, Maryland.*

Among the odd things in The Temple of the Sleeping Buddha in Peiping, China, is a pair of giant cloth slippers which lie at the feet of the large reclining figure of Buddha. They will come in handy, it is said, in case he ever walks in his sleep.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of

Pullman Cars

I KNEW THEM WHEN I KNOW THEM NOW!

MRS. CHARLOTTE W. BAGG
Santa Barbara, California

A PULLMAN PATRON FOR SIXTY YEARS WRITES:

"It is a far cry from the luxuries you offered sixty years ago to the perfect service of today, when all the conveniences of a first class hotel seem available. In the air-conditioned cars, crossing the continent is no longer an endurance test; and the desert now offers only charm. No other method of travel can compete with Pullman!"

Charlotte W Bagg

● U. S. Grant was President. Longfellow was the poet of the hour. Chicago was rebuilding after a disastrous fire, and transcontinental railroad service was still a novelty. Even then, Pullman service was a remarkable thing, and had been for 18 years.

There are many besides Mrs. Bagg who distinctly recall Pullman in the seventies, and who today agree that, with its vastly enlarged and constantly improved service, it is the standard of travel comfort the world over.

To the four corners of the nation you may travel, surrounded by all the comforts and conveniences you could desire, served by courteous and competent attendants, every mile a moment of rest, relaxation and enjoyment. Thus Pullman serves you today—economically, and in safety unmatched by any other scheduled transportation in the world. Your ticket agent will give you full information about Pullman accommodations, or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

Travels on a Budget

Marie Blizard, newspaper writer, says: "I travel on a budget; thanks to Pullman, I get around the country with no *less* ease and comfort than a millionaire enjoys. It's grand going by Pullman—restful, relaxing, enjoyable."

Writes Plays in Pullman Privacy!

Marc Connelly, famous playwright and author of "Green Pastures," says: "As one whose typewriter goes with him everywhere, I can say that on a dozen trips across the continent—and on scores of shorter ones—I have invariably found courtesy, comfort and a stimulus to writing in the privacy of Pullman cars."

All testimonial statements in this advertisement were furnished without compensation

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

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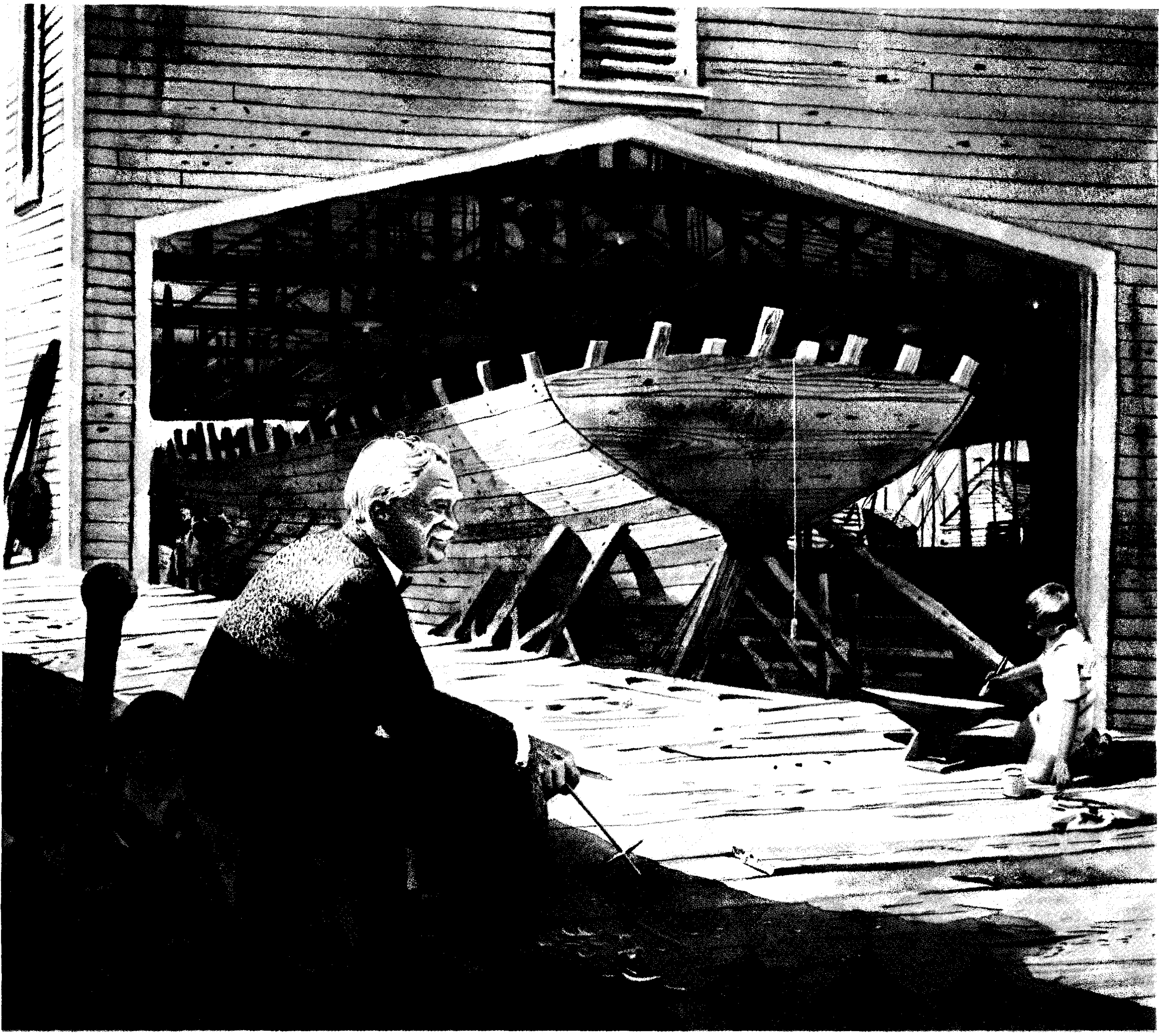


"I'd live it all over again"

THE other day my small grandson said to me, "Wouldn't you a lot rather have been a sailor than an insurance man, Grandpa?"

I told him I didn't think so on account of the way boats rock. But it started me thinking about my job of the last forty-odd years. And if I say so myself, I have nothing to regret.

I had to take plenty of hard knocks, but who hasn't? And how many men can feel that every time they went back for more punishment they were trying to do somebody a good turn?

I remember a man who told me once, half-jokingly, that he was tired of seeing my face. Now that he's gone, his widow and kids don't mind seeing the face of that check coming in every month.

Then there was another man I called on in the hospital, to take him his accident insurance check. He said, "You ought to wear a red suit, white whiskers, and come down the chimney." I always got a great kick out of things like that.

I can name dozens of men my own age who have been able to quit work and putter around the garden, or ride their pet hobbies, because I had the privilege of helping plan their insurance many years ago.

And there are hundreds of others who have had greater security and peace of mind, because I was able to supply protection they needed on their homes, their cars, and other things they owned.

I don't believe there's any business or profession that could have given me as much real joy as my work has. Yes, I've made a good living out of insurance . . . but I believe I've helped make better lives.

• • •

Travelers representatives make a serious study of insurance. From Travelers Training Courses they get a fund of knowledge that would take years to accumulate any other way. They are able to shape insurance to your personal needs.

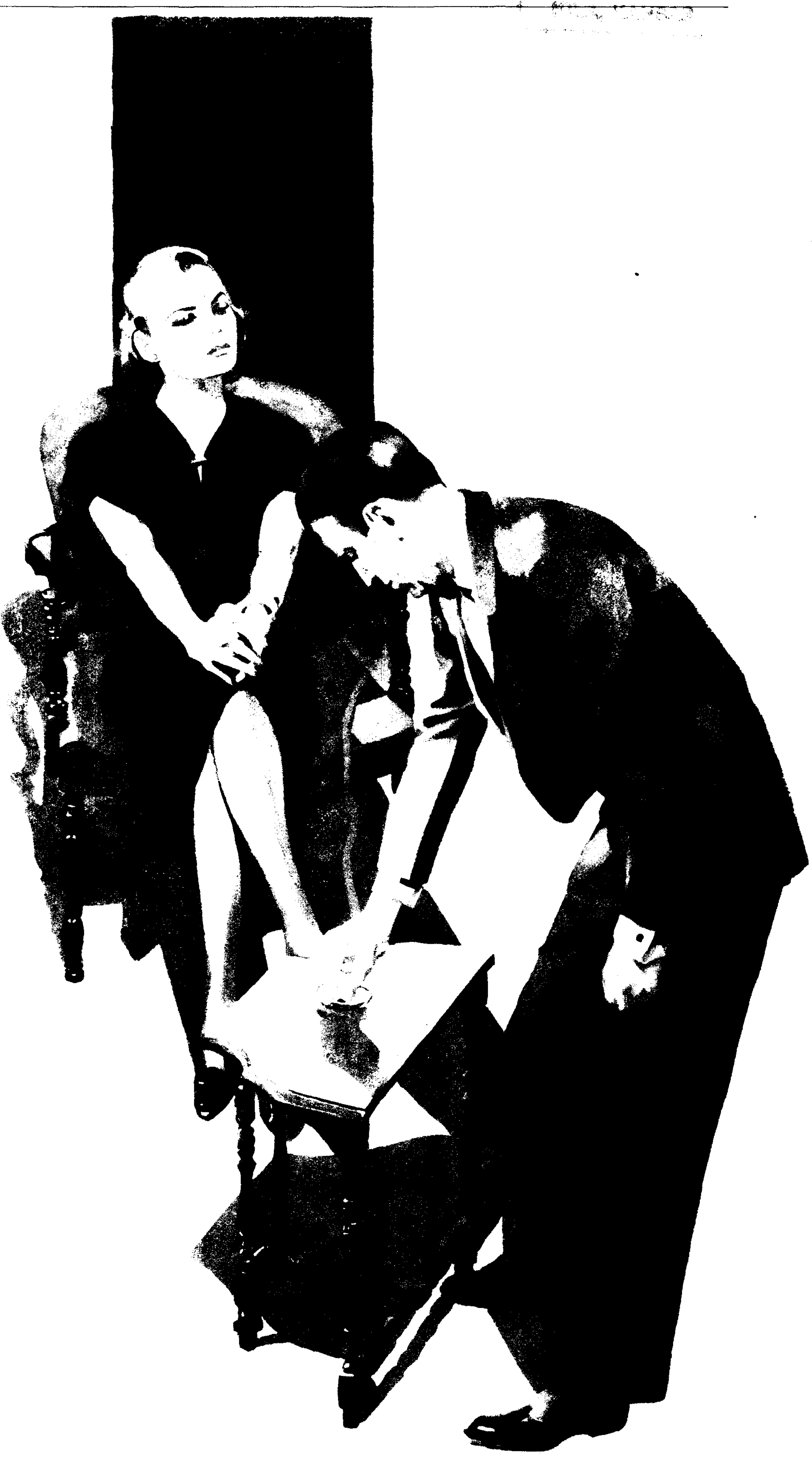
Moral: Insure in The Travelers.

All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for September 4, 1937

By
Jerome Weidman

The story of a man who reached a point in life where his only idea was to make his wife suffer



I crushed out my cigarette carefully. "All right, I'll come to the point," I said. "I've decided to call it quits. I've had enough"

I KNOW my trouble. I'm too much of a gentleman. Instead of thinking about myself, I spend my time worrying about what other people will think of what I do. Well, there's a limit even to that.

I picked up the receiver and spoke to the girl at the switchboard.

"Get my home," I said.

The phone rang.

"Yes?" I said.

"Your home, Mr. Steers," the girl at the switchboard said.

A moment later I was speaking to the maid.

"Hello," I said. "This is Mr. Steers. Is Mrs. Steers in?"

"Why, yes, sir, but she's—"

"Get her for me, will you?"

"But, Mr. Steers, Mrs. Steers is in the drawing room, entertaining her—"

"Get her on the phone, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

I could hear the click as she put the phone down, and a few moments later it was picked up again.

"Hello," I said. "Who's this—Harriet?"

"Yes. What is it?"

Well, one thing was sure: Whatever it was she'd been entertaining in the drawing room, it hadn't helped thaw the icicles out of her voice.

"I've got something important to tell you," I said. "Get rid of that menagerie you've got in the drawing room. I'm coming right home."

"I'm very sorry, Benjamin," she said. "But I can't turn my friends out into the street just because you get a silly whim to come home in the middle of the day."

She was crazy; she didn't know how sorry she was going to be.

"WHIM nothing," I said. "I've got something to talk to you about and I want to get it off my chest now. It's my house, anyway, isn't it?"

"You might try spending some time in it, then," she said coldly. "Perhaps if you did, you'd—"

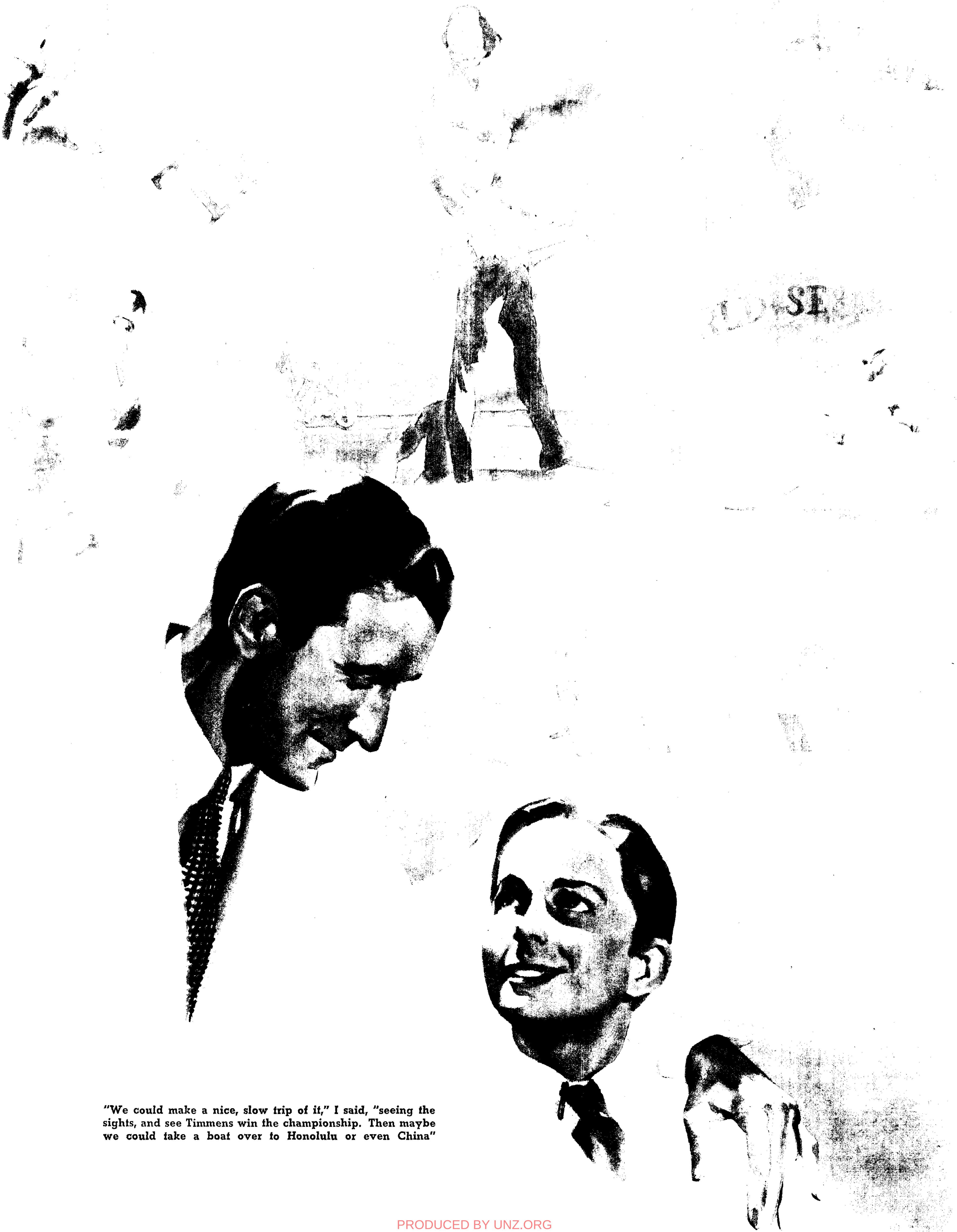
"Well, I'm coming home to spend some time in it now," I said. "Those hyenas of yours won't freeze. They'll find some other place to push their bridge cards around for today. It won't kill them."

"Now, listen, Benjamin," she began in that low, steady voice of hers. "I'm telling you—"

"Oh, no, Harriet," I said. "You've got it wrong. Today *I'm* doing all the telling. I'm going to let you take a crack at a little listening for a change."

"Benjamin!"

"Try calling me Ben," I said. "It's easier to say when you're excited."



"We could make a nice, slow trip of it," I said, "seeing the sights, and see Timmens win the championship. Then maybe we could take a boat over to Honolulu or even China"

I hung up. As I reached for my hat I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass of a bookcase. I hadn't even started, and I was actually smiling already!

The house was quiet when I came in. I gave my hat to the maid and nodded toward the drawing room.

"Mrs. Steers in?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"What happened to the—what happened to her guests?"

"They left right after you called, sir."

I grinned to myself. I guess the new regime was in my voice, too.

"All right, Sophie," I said.

I walked to the door of the drawing room and stood there for a moment. She was in the big chair, near the window, looking out into the street. Her long chin and thin lips were set, and she sat without moving. The sun touched her hair a little and threw her whole head into outline. That was one thing you couldn't take away from her, her appearance. She was good to look at, like a diamond. But I was tired of jewelry.

"Hello, Harriet," I said, coming into the room.

She turned to face me, but did not speak.

"That's what I like," I said, "a good rousing reception."

"Hello, Benjamin," she said calmly.

I took the chair facing her and lit a cigarette. It was all I could do to keep from laughing out loud like a kid. Boy, was I going to wash that calm look right off her face!

"You know," I said, looking around the room, and leaning back in my chair, "this isn't bad. I mean, sitting here like this, taking it easy, and all. Not bad at all."

I was figuring there was no sense in rushing things.

"It's probably the novelty that makes it so appealing," she said.

Sarcasm, eh? Well, let her have her bit of fun. I'd knock all that out of her with my little announcement soon enough.

"Either that," I said, "or the fact that it's not empty like this very often."

Her lip curled a little.

"If you're referring to my guests—" she began.

"Let's keep the conversation on a high plane," I said.

"Monologue would be the more accurate word," she said.

Since when did she become such a bug on accuracy?

"You may be right at that," I said. "Fact is, Harriet, I feel a speech coming on."

"Was that why you asked me to turn my guests out?"

If she knew what I knew, she wouldn't be so quick with the sneers.

"That was one reason," I said. "I didn't think you'd want an audience for what I'm going to say."

SHE unclasped her hands in her lap and touched her hair for a moment.

"I don't blame you," she said. "The introduction doesn't sound very promising. You never were a very good speaker, Benjamin."

"Maybe," I said. "But I've improved a lot since you last heard me."

She shrugged.

"You might try coming to the point," she said.

Well, if she was in a hurry, she was in a hurry. I crushed out my cigarette carefully.

"All right, I'll come to the point," I said. I took a deep breath. "I've decided to call it quits, Harriet," I said. "I've had enough. I'm fed up. I'm walking out."

She smoothed the dress across her knees slowly and picked off a thread and looked at it for a moment before dropping it to one side. But her face didn't change.

What the hell was the matter with her?

"Maybe you didn't hear me," I said, leaning forward. "But I said I—"

"Oh, I heard you, Benjamin," she said calmly. "You said you were fed up. You said you were through. And you said you were tired, didn't you?"

What did she think she was, a comedienne?

"I said I—" I began.

"No, come to think of it, you didn't say you were tired," she continued. "That was the one word you left out, Benjamin. Perhaps it was just as well. Because I was just getting ready to use that word myself."

For a few moments I didn't move. Then I lit another cigarette slowly and watched her through my cupped hands as I held the match. She was looking directly at me, but there was no change of expression on her face. The cigarette tasted terrible. I crushed it out quickly.

"Well," I said finally, "I guess you can thank me for giving you the chance to use the word, then."

Her lip curled.

"If you take pleasure in such things," she said, "you're welcome to them."

WHAT was going on here, anyway? I thought *I* was the one that was getting ready to walk out.

"Maybe we'd better not waste time discussing it," I said. "We've got more important things to talk about."

"It shouldn't take long," she said. "Unless I'm mistaken, Benjamin, you've probably given a good deal of thought to the details."

She was pretty good at these understatements.

"You don't have to worry," I said carefully. "You can have the divorce in any way you like. And you don't have to worry about the money angle, either. Regardless of your opinion of me—which doesn't matter any more, anyway—you won't have cause to—"

"You're wrong about my opinion of you," she said, "but you're right; it doesn't matter. It's just that I'm so sick of the whole thing, I've been so tired of the whole relationship for I don't know *how* many years, now, that I—"

I bit my lip and tried lighting another cigarette.

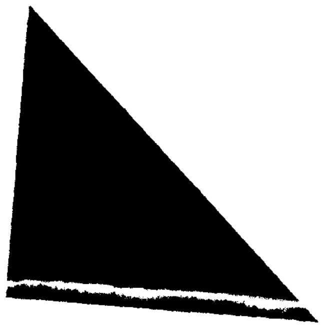
"You can skip the rest," I said sharply. "We'll get the details over as quickly as possible."

"The quicker the better," she said. "It'll be the first thing I've been thankful to you for in years."

I wondered what happened to men who slapped their wives good and hard just before they divorced them.

"Don't even mention it," I said sarcastically. "You can—"

The outer door slammed open and closed and footsteps



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"Sure, Dick, run a

with a smile. "Be a good scout."

He blinked at me for a moment in surprise, then looked quickly at her and went out.

I leaned back in my chair and lit a cigarette. This time it tasted fine. I inhaled deeply and got up.

"I think we were discussing something," she said. Her voice was low and even again.

I dusted my ashes elaborately and buttoned my coat carefully.

"Why, yes," I said, blowing smoke at the ceiling. "I think we *were* about to go into some unpleasant details. But why spoil the rest of the day? I think we'll let it ride for a while."

So she was good and tired of the whole relationship, eh? Well, she was going to be a whole lot more than just plain tired before I got through with her. I'd knock that North Pole look off her face for good even if I had to live with her another year. Now I knew how and where to hit.

"A few moments before," she said acidly, "you seemed to be in such a terrible rush to—"

"I know," I said. "But that was a few minutes ago. Right now I've got other things to do. What I think I'll do is go up and see Dick for a while."

AS SOON as I got back from lunch I rang for Miss Berry. One of the other girls came in.

"I rang for Miss Berry," I said sharply.

"I'm sorry, sir," she said. "Miss Berry isn't back yet. She—"

"All right, all right," I said. "Tell her I want to see her as soon as she comes in."

"Yes, Mr. Steers."

"Don't forget, now."

"No, sir."

She went out and I picked up the phone.

"Yes, Mr. Steers?" the switchboard operator said.

"Look this name up in the phone book," I said. "It's a school. R. H. McArdle School for Boys, or something like that. They're somewhere on the west side. I'm not sure of the street. But that's the right name, anyway. Look up the number and get them for me on the phone. Right away."

"Yes, sir."

I hung up.

The door opened quickly and Miss Berry came in. I motioned her toward the desk as the phone rang.

"Yes?" I said into the mouthpiece.

"Did you say the *R. H.* McArdle School for Boys, Mr. Steers?" the switchboard operator asked.

"Yes," I said, "and where's the call, by the way? How long do I—?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Steers, but there's no R. H. McArdle School in the phone book. There's a *Thomas* McArdle School for Boys, though, on West Seventy—"

"All right, all right," I said. "That's it. Use your head for a change, will you? Get them right away."

I slammed the receiver down and turned to Miss Berry.

"Did you get those tickets?"

"Yes, Mr. Steers," she said, putting them on the desk with the change. "I'm sorry to be late, but they didn't have any at the stadium and I had to go to an agency for them."

"That's all right," I said, picking them up.

The phone rang.

"Yes," I said.

"I've got the school on the wire, Mr. Steers."

"Put them on," I said, and then, nodding to Miss Berry, "All right, Miss Berry. Thanks." She went out. I spoke into the phone again: "Hello, McArdle School?"

"Yes, sir," the voice at the other end said.

"This is Mr. Steers talking, Benjamin Steers. My son Richard is a member of your school and—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Steers."

"Well, I'll tell you," I

(*Continued on page* 47)

Dreams are Real

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The girl Chick Bennett couldn't forget. The story of a modern knight-errant whose steed was a motorbus and who knocked off dragons with his fist

IT WAS a nice place for dancing, big and airy, all screened in, and on warm nights, with a breeze blowing in off the lake, it was the best place for miles around. The crowd was pretty young, camp counselors and fellows and girls from the summer places on Long Lake or Sebago, or year-round people from the near-by towns.

Chick wasn't from any of the camps or even from one of the near-by towns. He was with an outfit that was rebuilding an old road into the White Mountains, and he drove a caterpillar tractor. He was twenty-two. He had driven trucks, busses and tractors since he was eighteen.

The first time he saw Molly he thought she was plain and the only reason he looked at her again was because he noticed that she could dance like a dream, willowy and graceful. And then he discovered that the longer he looked at her the harder it was to take his eyes away. After that he found that it wasn't only her dancing that made him feel the way he did. It was her face, too, and mainly her eyes. No matter what fellow she danced with, and she danced with half a dozen while he watched, her eyes kept straying in his direction. She wasn't flirting, she didn't even smile, but her eyes looked curiously at him, time and time again.

She was waltzing with a big towheaded kid in a green blazer when Chick cut in. Turning toward him, lifting her arms, she gave him a smile so small that he doubted if anyone else saw it. But small as it was, it was soft and, Chick thought, mighty sweet. He didn't say anything and neither did she. They danced around twice and then the music stopped and the orchestra leader hung up a big sign that said Intermission.

"Tough," said Chick.

"It's nice music, isn't it?"

"Swell. Where'd you learn to dance?"

"Oh, around. I've always liked it."

"You summer folks?"

"Oh, no. I live over at Burridgeton. I've lived there all my life."

"That can't be too long. How about a drink and a hot frank?"

She looked at him, straight at him, and smiled. "All right." The way she said it, it was easy and friendly and he warmed to her and said:

"I come from Augusta."

"So far?"

"Oh, not tonight. I didn't come from there tonight. I was born there, I mean. I been around a lot. I'm working on that new road. Driving a tractor. You know that new road?"

SHE laughed. "I guess I ought to. Every time we drive to Fryeburg or Conway Center, we have to detour around the mountain."

They were outside, out in the grove, strolling down among the trees toward the soft-drink place. By the time they got there all the tables were taken, so they took their drinks and hot frankfurters to a bench built around a spruce tree. You could see the lights from the pavilion shining on the water, the ripples shaking and quivering. It was a great wide night, full of stars and the sound of the breeze in the grove and the laughter of girls and boys.

Chick asked, between bites, "What's your name?"

"Molly."

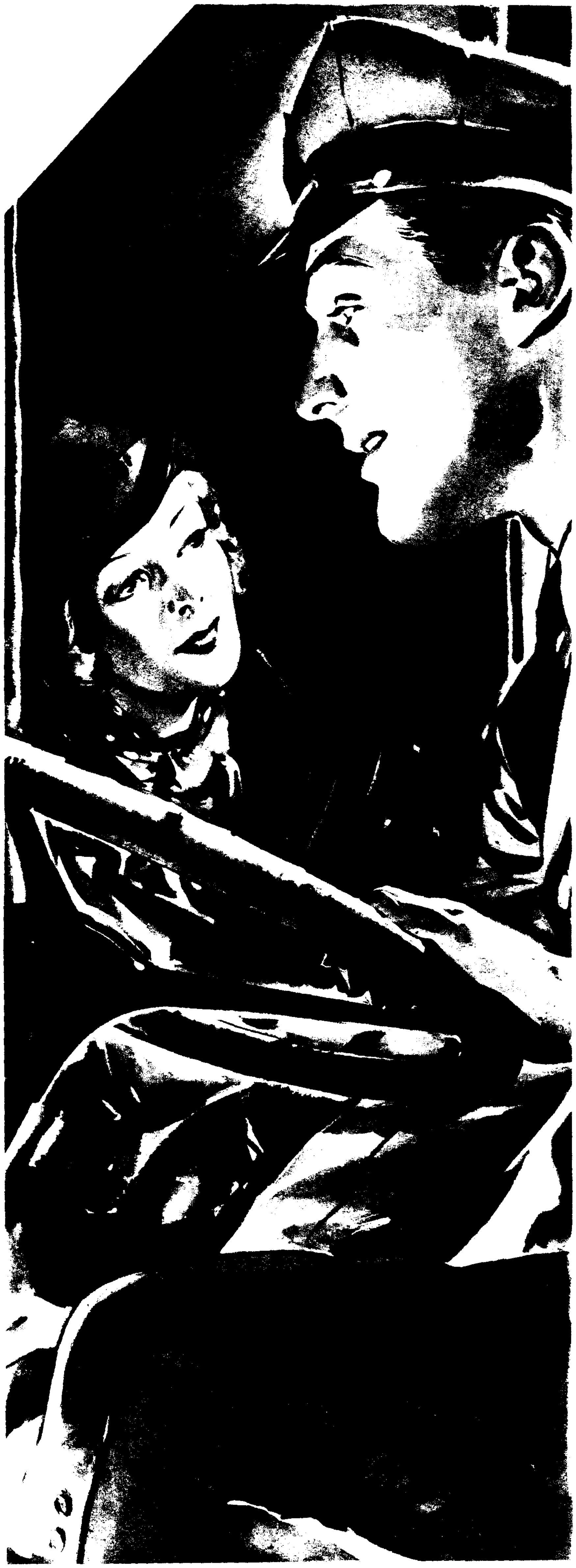
"Molly what?"

"Molly Hight."

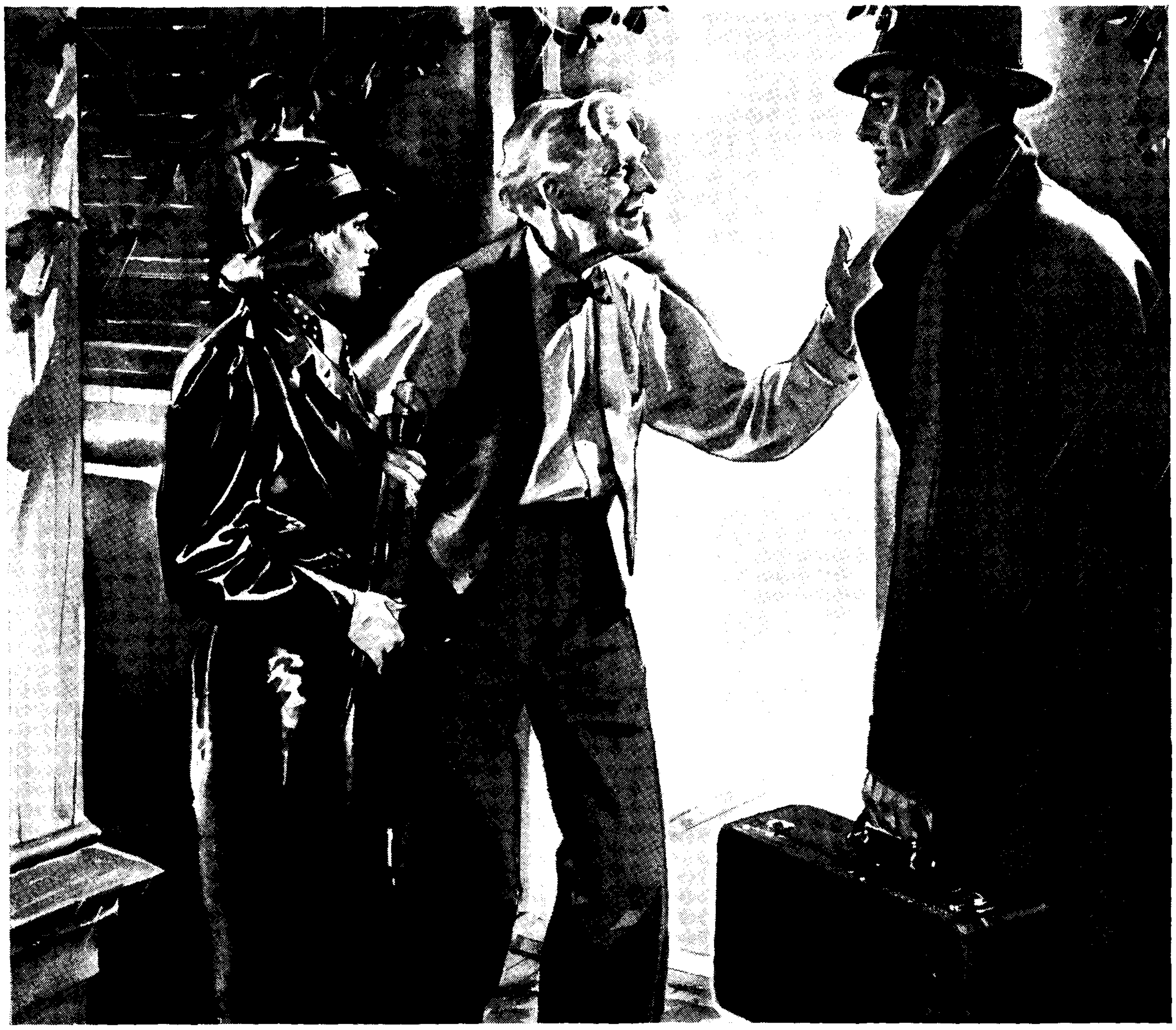
She was swinging her feet slowly back and forth. He waited for her to ask him his name and when she didn't, he said, "Mine's Grover." He took a bite and added, "Grover Bennett." Then he took a drink. "They call me Chick."

"There's a Truman Bennett in Burridgeton."

Chick shook his head. "No relation.



He opened the door of the bus and Molly Hight got in and went past without seeing him. She carried a small overnight bag



He banged the bag against the door and Pa opened it. "It's Mr. Bennett!" he shouted. "And Molly!"

There's Bennetts in Augusta, too, but no relation. There's Bennetts all around." He took a long drag at his bottle of pop and emptied it. Dangling the bottle, he said, "I'd like all the rest of the dances with you," then tossed it in the air and caught it in his palm.

"Oh, I couldn't. There are some boys over from Burridgeton and they always cut in."

"Let 'em suffer," he chuckled.

"Of course," she said, "I'd like to have you cut in, if you want to."

"If I want to!" he sighed. "Wasn't I standing there half an hour watching you and trying to work up guts enough to cut in? You saw me. And don't say you didn't."

"Well, yes, I did. I know I kept staring at you but that was because you kept staring at me."

Chick drummed his fingernails on the bottle and said, "I still don't think those other guys've got any right to cut in from now on."

"You're funny," she said.

"You mean funny or funny ha-ha?"

"I really have to let the other boys cut in. They're all school friends. I came over with some girls in Bessie Trumbull's station wagon."

"You go to school?"

"I just graduated from high school."

He whistled a few bars of a popular song, then said, "Let's go down by the water."

There was a dock with a weather-beaten boathouse at the outward end and in the darkness you could see the white trousers and light dresses of couples strolling up and down. Chick took hold of her arm above the elbow, where it was smooth as silk and warm underneath. They heard the music start up and they looked at each other and kept on strolling, out to the end of the dock, back, then out again. In a little while they were the only ones left.

Chick stood at the end of the dock looking out across the water and said, "Gee!"

"Hmmmm?"

He turned and looked at her leaning back against the boathouse. He said, "I just said—" But he didn't finish it. He stepped up against her and kissed her, and she let him—once, twice, a dozen times; and then she held on to him and trembled all over, violently. He stepped back and took hold of her hands.

"There, there, kid," he murmured.

"We'd better go back—and dance."

Holding hands, they walked up through the grove toward the pavilion and when they came to the steps, under the floodlight, a woman's voice called out, "Molly! Where have you been?"

Chick turned and saw a small, dark-faced woman of about thirty coming toward them. She was stocky, grim-lipped. Thick-lensed glasses flashed in the downpour of light.

Molly cried in a frightened whisper, "It's my sister Stella!"

In the next minute Stella grabbed her hand and snapped quietly. "Come on home, you! I've been looking for you. Where were you? Not on the dance floor. Come on!"

"Listen," Chick said, "we'd like to have one more dance."

Stella cut him with a vicious glance. "Go on about your business!" She turned and hauled Molly down through the grove and Chick saw them get into a coupé and drive off.

He jangled loose change in his pocket. "She's hell on wheels, that one," he mumbled. And then he suddenly remembered that he hadn't asked Molly where she lived. And he hadn't had time to make a date with her. The possibility that he might not see her again made his scalp prickle. He ground his heel into the earth. "I gotta. I gotta see her again!" he muttered desperately.

DURING the next week it was hot and dry and days he rode his plunging tractor, but nights he haunted Burridgeton's main street. He'd hang out a while in front of Carberry's drugstore, then move along upstreet to Mike Nassarella's combination fruit store and soda fountain and maybe kid Mike's fat, black-eyed daughter for a bit; but meanwhile his eyes were always roving back and forth, looking for Molly. He'd move along to Huttimann's place, half of which was a beer bar and the other half a sandwich place, with booths and colored lanterns and a big phonograph that played for a nickel. He'd have a beer or two and then do the street again, up as far as the library and down as far as the Portland turn. He figured that if he asked somebody where she lived and went around to the house, she might get in Dutch again.

On Friday night he drove over to the pavilion and watched and waited for her. He did the same on Saturday night; he hung around, watching, hoping, until the ten-fifteen intermission. By the time the music began again he was angry more than anything else, and when he walked into a curly-haired blonde, all ginger and bounce, he caught hold of her elbow and without a word swung her into the dance. It was just letting off steam. He didn't really feel like dancing and in a little while he left.

Driving the North Burridgeton road in the darkness, he caught from time to time the smell of lilacs and it made him homesick; and that was funny, because he had no home, he'd been on his own since he was sixteen.

He didn't see Molly till the following Tuesday. It had rained all Monday night, it kept coming down hard Tuesday and after hanging around for a couple of hours in the morning, to see if it would let up, the boss knocked the gang off for the day. Chick had been waiting for just such a chance, and the minute he was free he piled into his roadster, black raincoat and all, and whaled it down to the Burridgeton post office. There were three mails a day, at ten, two and five, and it was at the five-o'clock mail that he saw her.

"I been waiting here all day," he said huskily.

She stood for a minute without saying anything but she kept looking at him, all over his face, with those deep, strange dark eyes, and he felt as if she were touching him, caressing him.

He said hoarsely under his breath, "I been pegging Main Street every night since the dance, looking for you."

"Oh—" she said quietly, and you couldn't tell what she meant by it.

"Listen, can't we go somewhere and sit down and talk?"

She looked at the letters in her hand. "I've got to mail these and then get the mail and—and shop for supper." She was breathless and her eyes, breaking away from his face, darted from side to side. She shook her head. "No, I—I couldn't."

His jaw was hard and earnest. "But I got to see you, kid. Listen, how about that library? It's open nights, ain't it, till eight? Can't you go there early, maybe around seven, and get a book and come right out? I'll be parked out front."

"Oh, but I—but I—"

He drew his lips flat against his teeth. "But you don't understand, Molly—I got to see you!"

She swallowed. "I'll try. I'll try," she said, and ran into the post office.

IT STOPPED raining a little after six and there was no breeze, not a breath of it. Everything smelled green and fresh. You could hear the heavy drops from the trees plopping on the ground. The sidewalks were deep slate gray from the rain, and wet beads on the store windows glistened. You could hear a dog barking far away and the sound of the last train whistling down the valley. Chick came out of the barbershop, listened, sniffed, and stood once or twice up high on the balls of his feet, then let his breath out and smacked his palms together.

He picked up Molly at ten after seven and said, as she sank into the cracked leather seat, "Don't look scared, kid. You act as if it was a crime."

She looked straight ahead. "I've got to be back at eight."

"Your old man tough or something?"

"No."

"Old lady?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no. Uh-uh."

"I get it," he said, hitting the highway at the upper end of the village. "That sister." He laughed. "Boy, she sure laid down the law to you that night at the dance."

"Don't drive so fast, please. The road's wet." Then she asked, "Where are you going?"

"I know a place," he said.

When they got there, at the end of a rutty, sopping road, Pinker's Pond lay before them.

"I came down here fishing one day," Chick said. "Ever been here?"

It was dark inside the car but he could see her shake her head. She didn't say

(Continued on page 33)

Thou Shalt Not Kill

By John T. Flynn

The United States could cut its annual death rate if we had Spain send us her war planes and we shipped our automobiles to her. But Mr. Flynn has found a better plan to reduce our highway tragedies, a plan that has worked successfully in such typical American cities as Nashville, Evanston and Milwaukee. It can work in yours

FOR many years we had a delightful way of celebrating the Fourth of July. We used to kill off little boys by the hundreds and burn 'em up by the thousands. Fireworks used to singe and scorch the little patriots, put out their eyes and blow off their fingers. The day after the Fourth of July this year I read in a New York newspaper this headline: 249 Die in Double Holiday in Nation.

At first glance it looks a bit discouraging. But the subhead cleared it up. It read: "Autos kill 247, fireworks 2." So it was really very encouraging after all. We used to burn up with fireworks the young Americans in carload lots on Independence Day. This year we killed only two. Why? Something must have happened. Something did happen. The nation made a deliberate, planned drive to quit killing kids. This headline says it succeeded in an amazing way.

Now then, if we could, by resolute and persistent effort, practically do away with Fourth of July fireworks fatalities, may we not do the same thing for the motorcar fatalities? If we can stop burning them up, perhaps we can stop mowing 'em down and bumping 'em off. Why not?

On this question of automobile accidents the bloody, messy, horrific story of the human agony has been told and retold and we need not retail it here. The gory, costly tale can be summed up in a thimbleful of statistics. Here they are for last year:

Killed	37,800
Injured	967,840
Property damage	$820,000,000

We need not embroider that gruesome table. The only question left is: What are we going to do about it? And this other one: Can we do anything about it?

Are you interested? You had better be.

Have you any children? Then think this over—out of every three children alive today, two will be in automobile accidents before they die.

Have you a sixteen-year-old son or daughter? At the present rate he or she is practically assured of being in an automobile accident at some time in his or her life.

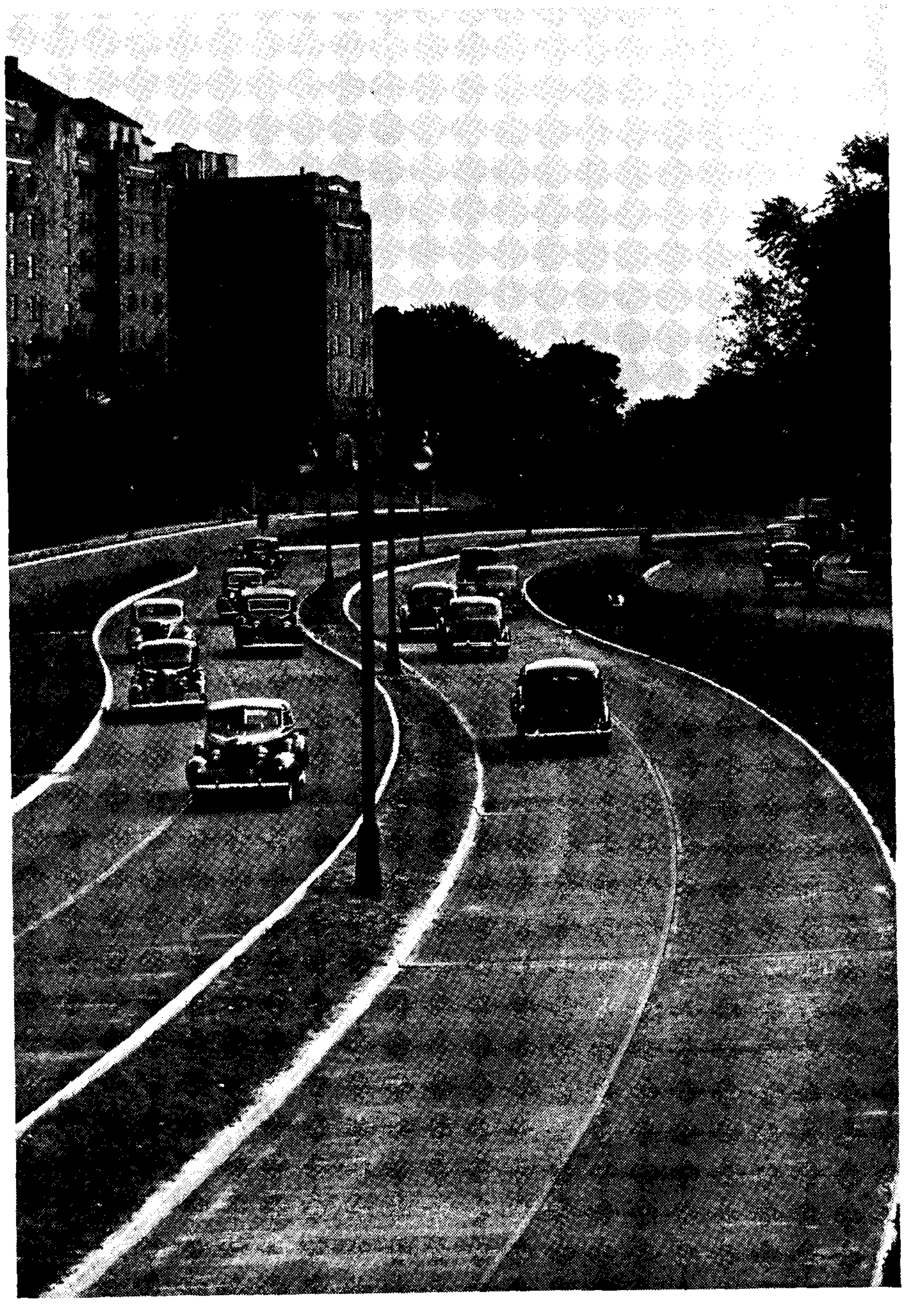
And you—you have one chance in twenty of being nicked in a motorcar accident in the next five years. Maybe you think that's a slim chance. You pay $2.50 for a ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes where you have one chance in a million of winning a first prize. If you had one chance in twenty you would have to pay about $10,000 for a ticket. But you hold a ticket for the loss of a leg or an arm or maybe a neck with the chances only one to twenty of drawing a prize in the great annual automobile human mincemeat derby. Are you interested in getting rid of that ticket or, at least, lengthening the odds against accident?

Well, if after these simple little figures you are interested in doing something about it, here is what I can promise you. This is not a guess. It's not a kindly hope. It's a proved fact. You can cut the death rate in half. That is, you can save 19,000 lives a year. You can cut the injured list in half. That is, you can keep half a million people a year out of hospitals. And while you are doing this, at a very moderate cost, you can actually save four hundred million dollars.

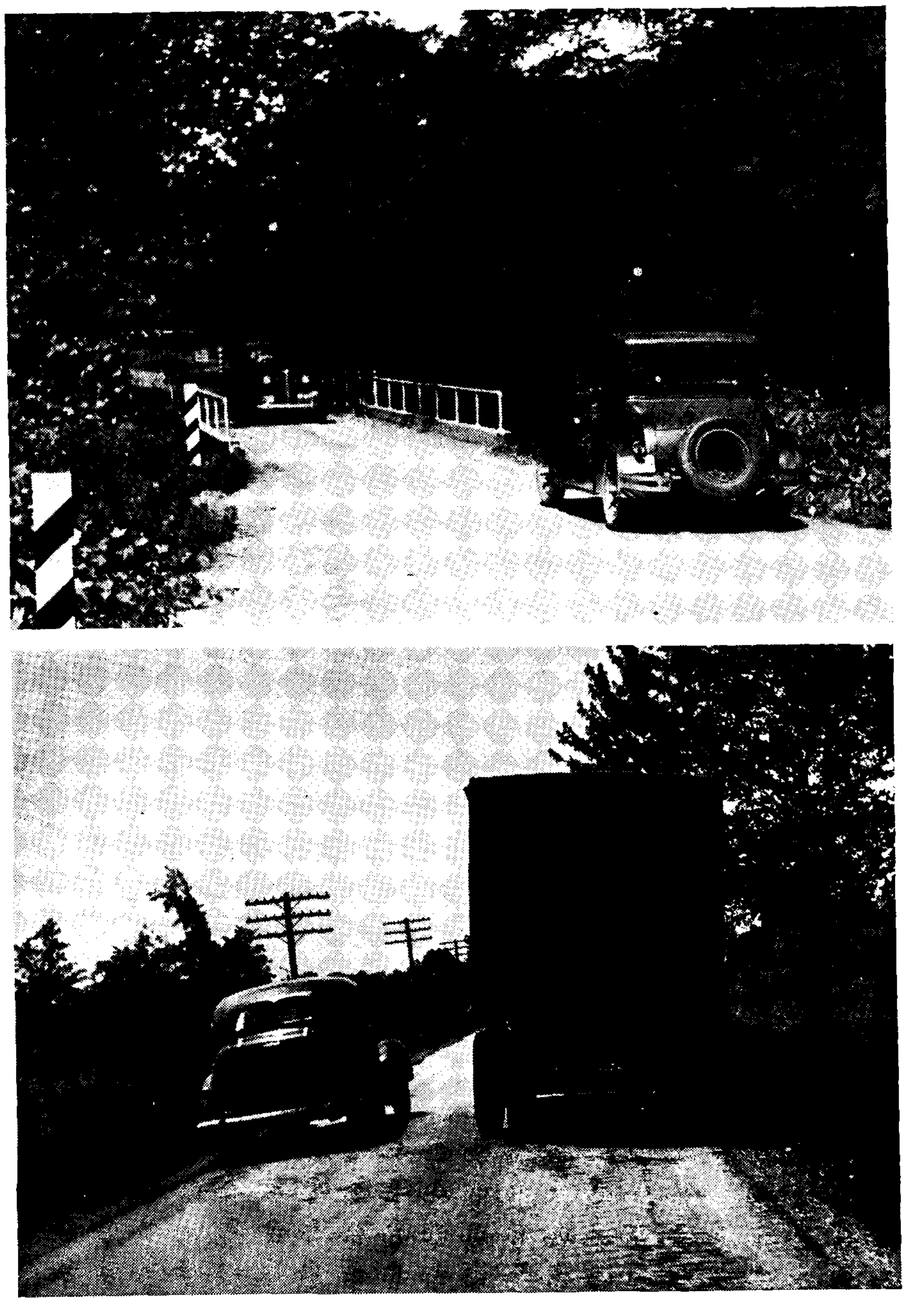
I say this is no guess. It's been done. I mean by that some American cities have tried it—and succeeded.

For instance, the automobile death rate for the country as a whole in 1936 was 29.4 out of every 100,000 people. In Milwaukee it was 11.7. In Providence, Rhode Island, it was 11.7 per 100,000. In Syracuse it was 10.3. In Evanston, Illinois, it was 7.4.

Now I submit a simple question. Back in 1933,



Traffic friction on this curve has been ironed out by a simple safety device that works: the divided highway



Better roads are obviously the answer to the prevention of accidents occurring in spots like those shown here

A long step forward in highway safety is this link of New York's great Triborough Bridge, designed by traffic-conscious engineers to keep things moving in the heart of the world's most congested motorways

Milwaukee had an automobile accident death rate of 15.1 per 100,000. That was half the alarming national rate of 1936. If Milwaukee, with a death rate already only half that of the nation, could cut it another 23 per cent, why need anyone doubt that any other city or state can do half as well?

Why do they kill them at the rate of 31.8 per 100,000 in Montana and only 19.9 in North Dakota, next door? Why do they knock 'em off 39 per 100,000 in Indiana and only 16.9 in Rhode Island? Why do they mow 'em down at the rate of 51.7 in California, 60.1 in Arizona and 66 in Nevada and only 21.7 in Iowa?

We Need Common Sense, Not Gadgets

There must be a reason. And the reason is well known. They do something about it in those low-score states. An answer is found in the domain of industrial accidents. The railroads set out to reduce their accident rate 35 per cent. In seven years they reduced it 55 per cent. They had a program and they carried it out. Industry did much the same. Industrial accidents in 1935 were 61 per cent less in factories than in 1926.

So much for the disease and the all-important fact that it can be conquered. What then can be done about it?

It struck me that it would be a good idea to ask one of those states where the reduction in deaths and accidents had been effectively carried out just what it did about it. So I asked Mr. Lew Wallace, Motor Vehicle Commissioner of Iowa. I asked him because his state has newly taken hold of the problem under his leadership and brought itself down to a low place in the accident list.

What he told me was encouraging and illuminating. But at first glance it seems disappointing. It was disappointing because in America we like dramatic and sensational methods. We like magic. We would prefer to have some wizard invent a gadget like the electric eye which would automatically prevent all motor accidents. It would be just wonderful if someone would just produce a little do-funny which, when an automobile with no brakes and a drunken driver with one arm and cockeyes is just about two feet from a one-legged pedestrian reading his evening newspaper in traffic, will suddenly stop it and present the pedestrian with a little ticket with appropriate advice on how to read the paper in the middle of the street. Perhaps someone is working on such a machine right now. And that would be one way to prevent accidents. But that's not the way it's going to be done. While all the world is waiting for a gadget, men like Lew Wallace have been patiently, resolutely hammering away on the simple, common-sense stratagems which will save human lives.

"The truth is," Mr. Wallace told me, "there is nothing mysterious about cutting down death and accident rates on the highways. It's the simplest thing in the world. If you stop to think about it there are just four spots to look for the cause of accidents. One is the car, one is the highway, the other is in the driver and the other is the pedestrian. And one of the reasons you will have to solve this problem without the arrival of any epochal invention for creating automatic safety is that the greatest bulk of deaths and accidents are the fault of the driver and the pedestrian. You have to solve this problem in the good old-fashioned way—by driving straight through the skull of these two human beings."

The first thing that confronts the bewildered citizen amidst the din of clashing bumpers and crumpling fenders is this fact—that there is only one authority capable of dealing with the problem and that is the government. It alone has the range and resources and authority. When the government—and chiefly the state government—is on the job the death score slumps; when the government goes off the job or slows down the score rises.

Take, for instance, the city of Nashville. When a full-time safety division was on the job from 1930 to 1933 deaths declined from 40 to 37 to 31 to 21 in successive years. Then economy induced by the depression hit the safety department. The death score started to climb promptly—21 to 26 to 35 to 42—all the gains of the preceding four years wiped out. Commissioner Wallace told me that in Iowa whenever the Motor Vehicle Department uses so simple a device as distributing a small pamphlet advising motorists of traffic regulations it never fails to produce a definite drop in accidents within forty to sixty days.

The next factor, of course, is that the public authority is not likely to take up the job until private interests and organizations and groups set the ball in motion.

For instance, you may be a bit peeved, in moments of patriotic zeal, at the laxity of the police-court judge in enforcing the law. What you overlook is that the police-court judge cannot be either a good or a bad one without first being a police-court judge and that the little traffic ticket and the court "fix" is one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of politicians.

I can recall a time in New York when that part of the population which lives in poorer districts went to the political district club for a half-ton of coal or to get Willie a job or maybe to get him out of jail. The great mass of well-to-do citizens and those just beneath them never found it necessary to go around to the "boss" for a favor. But with the coming of the automobile and the traffic cop and the traffic court, no one in the district was immune from an occasional summons to the bar of police-court justice. I have, therefore, seen the leader himself, parked in an easy chair at the headquarters after eight o'clock of an evening, while one after another of his troubled constituents came to him with their traffic tickets to be "handled" in police court. The boss was smiling and willing in each case, never asked a man's politics, but merely observed, when the supplicant thanked him profusely for his intercession: "Oh! That's all right. Maybe we'll be asking you for a favor some day."

A Judge Looks at Ticket Fixing

A well-known figure in traffic-court enforcement is Judge Harry H. Porter, chief justice of the court of Evanston, Illinois. He sees the matter with a realistic eye. Judge Porter puts it this way:

"One must remember that the judge is an elective official and that when he begins to bear down on traffic violators he is bound to come in for severe criticism. Many of his friends will turn against him and he is made very uncomfortable. He should be convinced that for every false friend he loses he will gain ten true friends—citizens who will support him because of his handling of traffic cases."

And that goes for every department of the government. The public must make the government understand that it is responsible and that the public expects this appalling killing of human beings and maiming of them and destruction of property to cease. And private groups must take the initiative in mobilizing public sentiment behind that.

Community action is *(Continued on page 36)*

Heartbroken Melody

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to Hugh Braintree, a young engineer whom she has loved for years, Honor Brownell goes to work in a San Francisco law office. There she is constantly with Paul Cartwright, the junior partner.

Cartwright is thirty-seven; he is wealthy; he has a wife and two small sons. Again and again, he tells Honor that he loves her; again and again, Honor (who feels strongly drawn to him) tells him that she is going to marry Hugh Braintree. Nevertheless, she is conscious that she is never happy when she is away from Cartwright.

Alone with her one evening (ostensibly to work together on a case), Cartwright informs her that his wife, Marion, has long been interested in another man: Dana Johnson: that she is anxious to have a divorce. Then: "Honor, we're definitely in for it. my dear."

Completely under his spell, the fascination of a powerful man who is accustomed to getting what he wants, Honor permits him to take her in his arms, kiss her. But when, holding her close, he asks: "Do you love me, Honor?" her reply is weak: "I don't know. I am horribly frightened. But sometimes I think that what we have is the only thing in my life."

Still, Honor does love Paul Cartwright. She loathes the idea of hurting Braintree and of telling the members of her little family: Adeline ("Addy"), *her sister; Tom, her brother, and her maiden aunt, Lucie Brownell. It is not* until after Cartwright has given her a beautiful sapphire ring that the first hint of trouble appears: Cartwright admits that his wife has decided that she doesn't want a divorce!

Honor listens, appalled. "But don't worry," Cartwright hastens to add. "She'll change her mind. I've just fired the first gun!"

IV

IT MAKES me feel perfectly horrid," Honor said thoughtfully, as if she spoke to herself.

"It'll all straighten out." Paul was peeling an orange; he flung a bright handful of chips into the thick low pile of scrub.

"Do you really think so?"

"Why, my darling," he said with a surprised glance, "I know so! This sort of thing is going on all the time. Nobody thinks anything of it."

"Just the same, I wish you were a poor man," Honor said. "I wish I didn't love you quite so much; I wish I could get on top of this feeling, instead of having it ride me like an old man of the sea!"

"Time, my darling; that's all we need. I'll have another talk with Marion in a few days, when some opportunity comes up, and she'll very probably agree to go to Reno for six weeks. But I have to handle her with gloves. Have you seen Braintree lately?" he asked, on a sudden change of thought.

"Hugh? No. Not since the night we had our second talk. I told you about that; that was more than a month ago. He'll be going up to the Walburga any time now, and I believe the new work and the change will be the best thing in the world for him. My cousin Diana Borrow is being married very quietly at Grandma Borrow's tonight over in Oakland," she said, "and we're all going over on the five-o'clock boat. I suppose Hugh will be there. But I'd just as soon meet him. I mean I think the sooner the whole family accepts the situation the easier for us all."

"He feels terrible, of course."

"It was a shock to him, Adeline says. She says that he'd never thought of it at all, my liking anyone else. Liking!" Honor interrupted herself, with a brief laugh. "I wish what I feel for you was only *liking!* But Adeline seems to think it was mostly shock."

"Too bad!" Paul said, secure enough to pity the loser.

"It is too bad. Hugh's so fine. But it was never, for Hugh, one hundredth part of what I feel for you," Honor said. "It wasn't the same sort of thing at all. I'll always like Hugh; I always have. But this other thing—yes, it may be love, too. But it's fever and excitement and unhappiness and—and being always afraid, too. It's a feeling all by itself."

"Being afraid of what, Honor?"

"Of the agony of belonging to you, of being happy," she said, her head motionless against his shoulder, her eyes far away.

"I'm afraid the same way, my darling."

"Not in the same way, Paul." Her voice was quiet and dreamy; she was still staring out to sea. "I give myself to you," she said. "I surrender. You only have to take. You only have to say, 'Here is this woman who cannot live without me, who is mine, every bit of her, soul, mind and body—' "

She stopped; tears rose in her throat and choked her.

"Now you make *me* afraid," he said. For a long time they were silent, while the warm March sun shone down on them, and the gulls circled and cried, and the fog crept slowly in from the far reaches of the quiet Pacific.

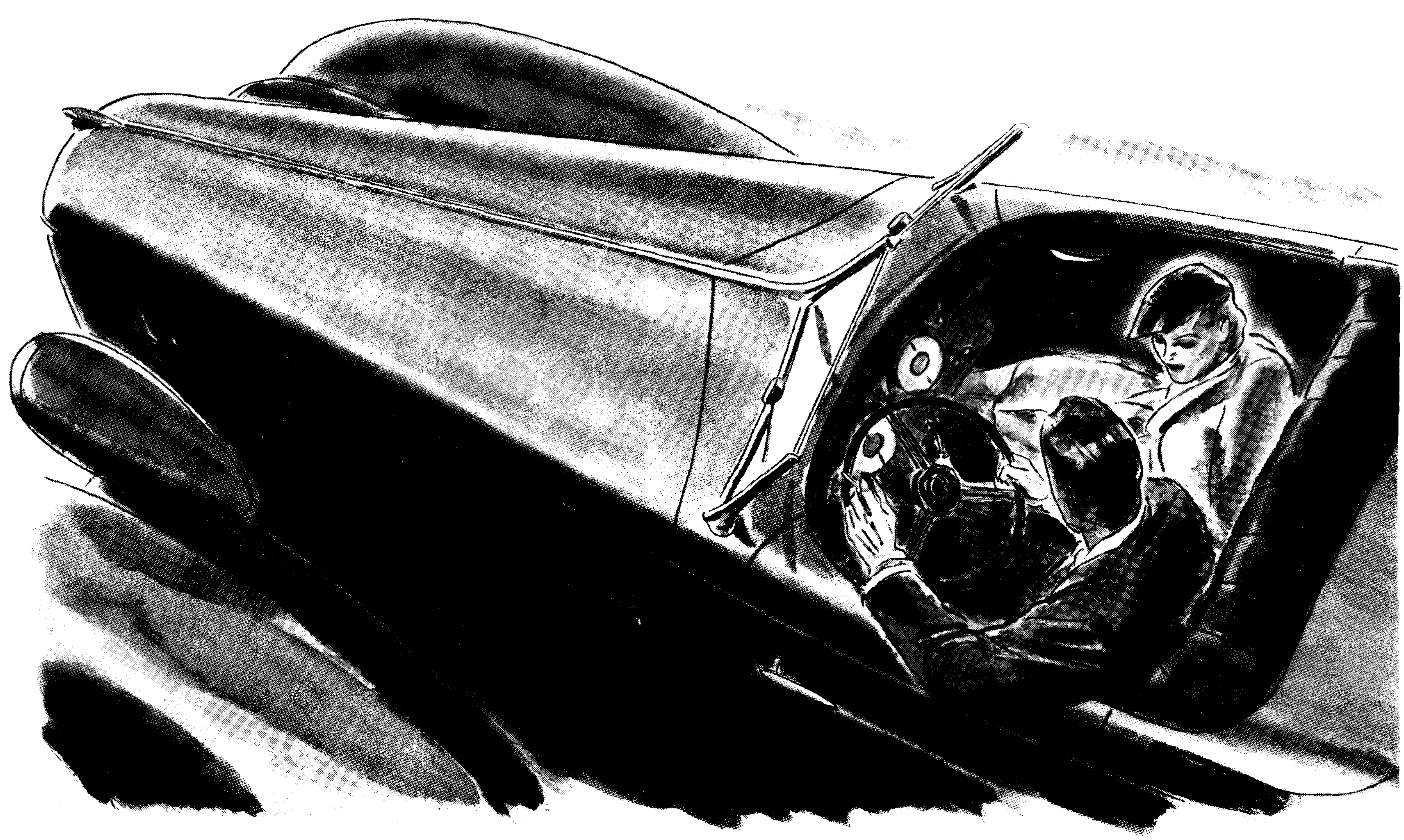
"You're lucky if you can live your life without loving like this, aren't you?" Honor said after a while.

"I don't know, sweetheart. Perhaps you are. But oh, Honor, moments like this are sweet!"

"Too sweet!" she decided with a sudden change of mood. And in another moment they were on their feet, shaking sand from clothes and basket and fringed napkins, gathering themselves regretfully for the half-hour run back into the city and the offices of Cooper and Cartwright.

THEY had forgiven her at home. Forgiven her, she told herself with a little secret irony, for doing nothing, but the atmosphere had not returned to its old happy calm; there was a barrier now between Honor and her sister and brother, and between all the other members of the big clan.

They were humble members enough for the most part; uncles who had been trusted but undistinguished clerks for many years in the wool or linoleum or rubber business; aunts who had once taught school, cousins who were teaching school now or who had jobs in the post office or who were married to fine young men with bright futures and rather low present salaries. Yet it was not entirely comfortable to have them all disapprove silently but forcefully of the course she had chosen, and she began rather to dread family gatherings, and



Presently Honor whirled away with him into that enchanted world of which he was the only tenant feel criticism where she did not believe any existed.

With Aunt Lucie, Adeline and Tom matters were more acute. They were all very fond of Hugh, and they thought of "Mr. Cartwright" as a person belonging to a quite different world, and not honest, considering that he had a wife, in his courtship of Honor. Travel and wealth and the glamor of her new position meant nothing to them, partly because they were conditions only to be reached by exercise of the imagination, and partly because they would inevitably take Honor away.

All their simple plans for her wedding were wrecked now. It was impossible for even loving little Adeline to take an interest in the details of a trousseau which had to do with the future wife of an extremely rich man; she lost all zest for picking up a lovely handkerchief at this sale, a sporting hat at that. Honor would not want these things now. She would not go over to Aunt Caroline's or Grandma Borrow's any more to play silly writing games, and dance with Hugh and Bob and Perry and Link to the strains of the radio. Honor had moved mysteriously out of their zone; not only because of her plans, but also because of a strange new dreamy abstractedness which habitually enwrapped her and took her away from them even when she was bodily present.

THE two things that interested Honor at home now were the telephone and the mail. In response to these her color would fluctuate, her manner grow suddenly animated, and the swiftness with which she would secure her letter or take her telephone call was that of a bird making one sweeping flight.

She never talked long at the telephone. The family, a few feet away in the sitting room perhaps, would hear only a few brief monosyllables, said in a voice as soft as the breath of a rose.

"Oh, yes . . . yes. Easily. I can easily do that. Thank you, dear."

And she would come back to the fire with the light in her eyes more mysteriously beautiful and the cryptic secret content of her manner more marked than ever.

By Paul she was deluged with gifts large and small in these days; Adeline's first doubtful, "But you'll not take it, Honor?" and her aunt's bitten lip and stern eye being alike ignored by her. If Tom knew anything of the offerings with which Paul was continually remembering her, he gave no sign of it. His manner with both sisters and with his aunt was necessarily brief and cold; he could not impress Honor with his disappointment and displeasure and be gracious to the others at the same time.

She had shown no one the ring, but Adeline and some of the girl cousins saw the beautiful bags—a street bag, a bag to match a new sport suit, an evening bag. They saw the handkerchiefs and the perfumes, and the odd, thoughtful gifts like extravagant soaps and bath salts, writing paper and delicate silk stockings, jade clips to wear on a black gown with a jade-green hat, Oriental robes for house wear in lavender and prune and cherry-colored brocades from Chinatown.

"It's not as if someone were dead, Grandma!" Honor said to her mother's mother one evening.

"Death isn't the worst that can happen in this world, Honor," the old woman said with dignity. And although Honor laughed affectionately, as did some of the other cousins who happened to be within hearing, and indeed especially noted this speech—to be quoted as "Grandma's latest"—she always emerged from these little family encounters feeling upset and belittled somehow. As if divorces were not going on every day! As if it were not more honest for a man and a woman to part when all affection was dead between them, than to go on pretending to love each other in a horrible travesty of true marriage!

"Grandma, not to put too fine a point upon it, makes me tired!" Honor observed disrespectfully to her sister. "If Paul wasn't so disgustingly rich Grandma'd have nothing to say! If he was a young doctor struggling to work up a practice Grandma'd be full of sympathy with him. But it's because it's the great Paul Cartwright that Grandma is raising the roof!"

Adeline evidently pondered this, for a few days later she said shyly in a gentler tone than she had used in this connection before:

"I think his being rich makes a difference to me, too, Hon."

Honor felt herself surprisingly shaken by this sign of sympathetic weakening on her sister's part. After all, there was no one in the world so close to her as Adeline.

"Just as many poor people as rich ones get divorces," she observed.

"Yes, I know," Adeline conceded. "But when it's a very rich man one has the feeling that he thinks he can buy anything—" she developed it doubtfully.

"NOT me!" Honor protested quickly.

"No, I suppose not you. And yet—if he does get a divorce, Honor, and you are married, will it mean so much to you? The money, I mean, and having butlers and chauffeurs and everything?"

"Not a thing!" But after the exclamation Honor caught herself up. "But of course it will," she corrected herself honestly; "without Paul it wouldn't mean anything. I'd keep house in two rooms with him; I'd go live on a beach somewhere. But *with* him—it's going to be thrilling, Sis, always to be dressed correctly and at the right places, in box seats and with the entrée everywhere. He told me once that I was a 'career woman.' I'm not quite sure what it means, if it means anything. But I feel as if I were one. I mean destined to travel and know people, and live through changes and excitements. Maybe that's a silly way to talk, but just lately I've felt so—so lifted! So much more at home in beautiful places, the clubs and the hotels, with waiters being tipped, and cars waiting—"

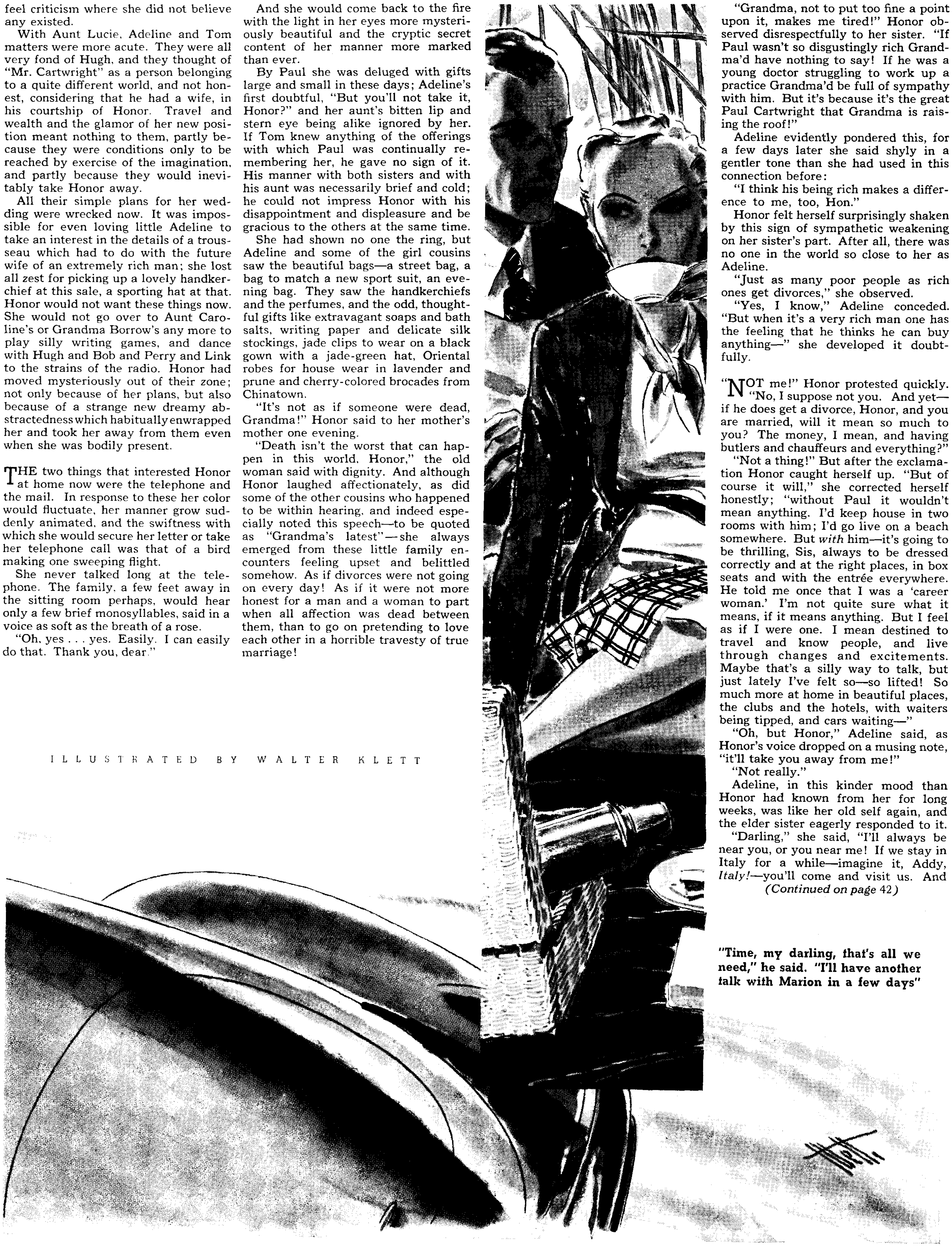
"Oh, but Honor," Adeline said, as Honor's voice dropped on a musing note, "it'll take you away from me!"

"Not really."

Adeline, in this kinder mood than Honor had known from her for long weeks, was like her old self again, and the elder sister eagerly responded to it.

"Darling," she said, "I'll always be near you, or you near me! If we stay in Italy for a while—imagine it, Addy, *Italy!*—you'll come and visit us. And

(Continued on page 42)



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

"Time, my darling, that's all we need," he said. "I'll have another talk with Marion in a few days"

My Sister who is Famous

By Daniel Fuchs

Here is the dizziest success story of modern times. It is a story that could happen only in America, where the ladies, God bless them, aren't afraid to speak up in a great man's behalf

YOU can think I'm crazy, but my sister, she's some big shot. She's got letters from Bing Crosby and I can prove it.

My sister Maura, she works for the American Bunting Works on Grand Boulevard. That's a big firm, one of the biggest; they carry ads all over and last year they made nobody knows how many millions. They got some big shots over there too, but Maura, she makes only eighteen a week there; that's not what I mean when I say she's some big shot.

See, every night she gets home from the office and first thing she does is turn on the radio. She's nuts on the radio. All night she listens in and if anything goes wrong with the tubes or something for a minute she yells holy murder. Now I admit I like the radio myself. Take Joe Penner, wanna buy a duck; Ed Wynn, s-o-o-o; you know, Eddie Cantor and Rubinoff; they're good, I mean. But all Maura likes, she likes Bing Crosby and when she can't get him on the air she listens to Don Novis, Rudy Vallee or the voice of the Masked Tenor. She listens to them all and that drives my old man nuts. My father, he can't stand Rudy Vallee. That's funny; he says Rudy makes him sick; I mean sick, genuine sick, not like you say he makes me sick, but real sick. "Stop it," my father yells, "turn it off for God's sakes, I'm going to be sick!" It's funny, and Maura, she had to stop listening in on Rudy Vallee a long time already. My mother, she says, "What's the matter with Rudy Vallee? He's human too; he's got to make a living just like everybody else in this world." But the old man says, "Can I help it if he makes me sick, can I?"

Don't get the impression my mother likes the idea of Maura listening in on the radio all night either. You know how the old folks are about girls. They got no romance; they're the older generation; all night she keeps on yelling at my big sister, "For God's sakes why don't you tear yourself away from that radio? Why don't you go out a little? Can't you get some nice young gentleman to take you to the movies? At least you could buy yourself a new dress or something." My sister Maura, that gets her mad. "All you think about is me getting married," she says. "Well, it's not like the old days, Mother. I just can't get somebody off the streets and drag him in to marry me. It's a new age now: we girls don't marry unless we're in love. We don't marry just anybody, Mother; can't you get that into your head?"

"Mother, Mother," Mom says. "What's the matter with you? Who's asking you to drag somebody off the streets? All I say is you might go out a little more, you don't have to stay tied up to the radio all night. How can you meet anybody when you're stuck in the house all night, Mary?"

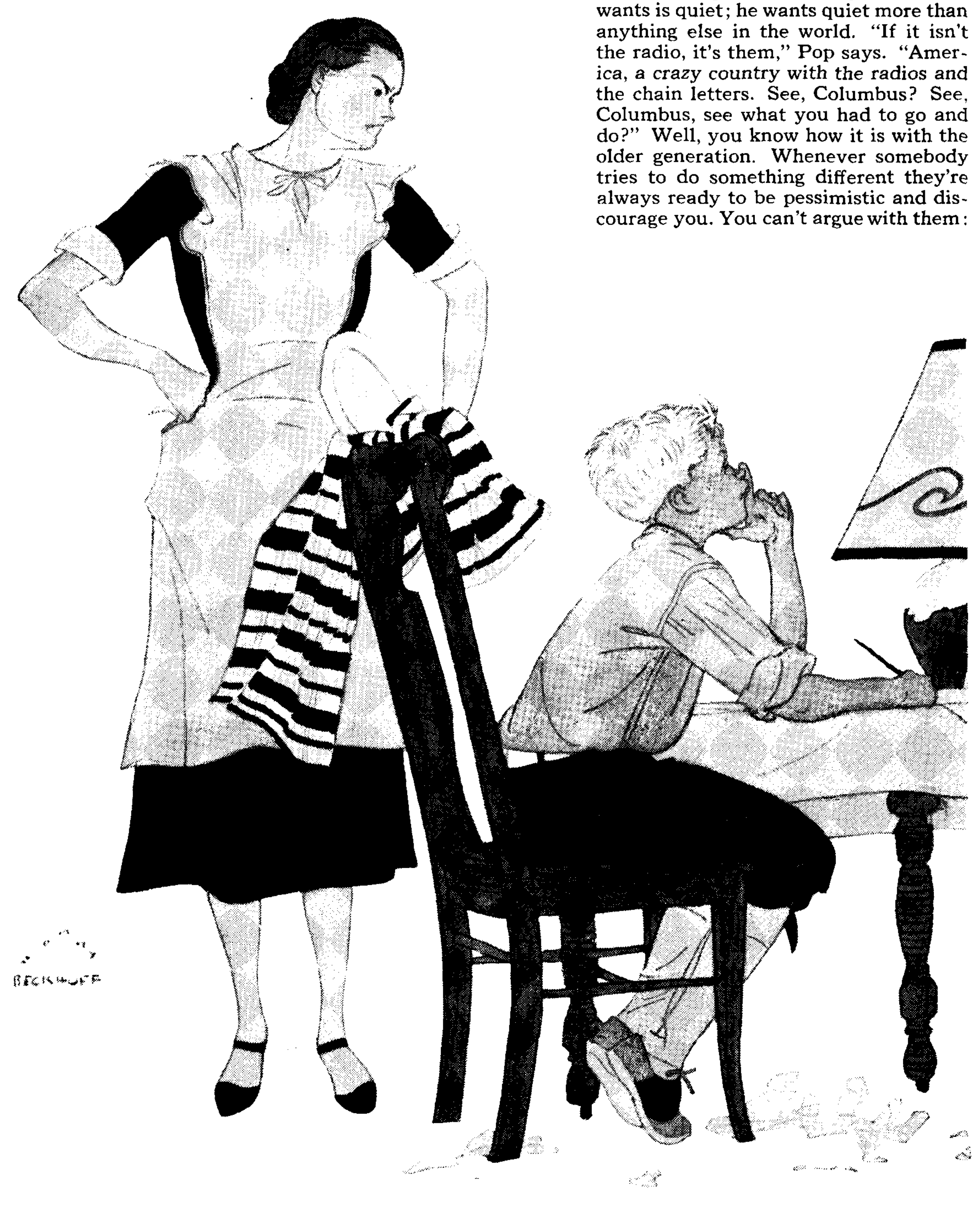
"Leave me alone for Pete's sake! Let me have a little peace and quiet!" Maura yells. "And don't call me Mary."

SEE, she don't like no one should call her Mary. That's how I used to get her sore; all I had to do was yell Mary, Mary, you know, and it made her mad. But I don't get her sore now, not since she got famous.

My big sister Maura, she was listening to the radio one night and then the idea came to her. Later she said it came out of her own head but I know better; I know she read it first in Movie Classics Magazine, but it don't make a never mind. Her idea, it was to form a Bing Crosby Radio Chain. Now I admit, when I heard it in the beginning I thought it was nuts. I gave her the old razz, but who could tell and besides that's how it is all the time when somebody gets a new idea. Take Fulton and the steamboat. Everybody laughs and says it's crazy at the start and then later they get sorry.

Maura first started sending out letters to all the girls at the American Bunting Works and told them about the Bing Crosby Radio Chain idea and what a fine thing it would be if they joined up and became members. Because the club was so new and to make it sound better Maura said they could be charter links and help start the glorious association along by submitting at least five names of girls who might like to become members. Most of the girls at the Bunting Works joined up immediately and sent in the five names. That started Maura off and the first thing you knew the letters began coming back. Holy smoke, it looked like every girl in town wanted to join the Bing Crosby Radio Chain. It was some idea and Maura, she walked around proud as anything because the chain was going so fine. My mother, she was almost nuts with the excitement and she went around jabbering all the time at Maura. "Dope," she yelled at her, "dope, all day you work at your job, you won't pay any attention to the gentlemen there, and in the evening instead of going out and enjoying yourself you stay home and listen to Bing Crosby and write letters to girls crazy as you. Why don't you go out in the evening, Mary? Why don't you meet somebody once in a while?" Maura yells back at her, "What do you want from me? Leave me alone for a minute."

THEN the two of them would start fighting around and the old man, he jumps in with his two cents' worth and starts yelling himself for quiet. All he wants is quiet; he wants quiet more than anything else in the world. "If it isn't the radio, it's them," Pop says. "America, a crazy country with the radios and the chain letters. See, Columbus? See, Columbus, see what you had to go and do?" Well, you know how it is with the older generation. Whenever somebody tries to do something different they're always ready to be pessimistic and discourage you. You can't argue with them:



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

they just don't know. It's understandable.

So pretty soon Maura had to go and get a letter mimeographed, so many girls started sending in letters they wanted to join up. I got a copy with me; I always carry one around in my billfold. "Dear Friend," it says, "it gives us great pleasure to learn through one of the members of the Bing Crosby Chain that you are an ardent admirer of Bing Crosby. You are therefore eligible to become a link in the endless chain. In order that this chain may become longer and longer, we would appreciate your sending us the names and addresses of three or more of your friends who are ardent admirers."

Sounds good. Classy, ain't it? Then she sends them a gold pin too. Of course all this costs money: the pins, stamps, stationery and me and Luigi. Luigi's father is the colored man who's the janitor of our house and he likes Italian names; he calls all his kids by Italian names. Luigi and me, we get a quarter a week from my sister for helping out with the correspondence. We have to address the envelopes and seal them, then we run errands to the post office, et cetera.

Luigi, he's kind of nuts. I don't like to mention it, it's crazy, but can you imagine it? That little jig is in love with Seemoan Seemoan. That's all he keeps on talking about when we're sending the letters to the links. Holy smoke! Luigi works after seven o'clock in the bowling alley on Throop Avenue setting up pins and in between school and the alley he comes up and works with me on the correspondence. While we work he keeps bending off my ear about Seemoan Seemoan; he's always bellyaching about her and the pictures she plays in. All right, I admit Seemoan Seemoan's got personality; she's all right, but can you imagine him being in love with her? That's nuts, in my opinion. He goes to every picture she's in two and three times. Once he stayed at the Patio, a movie dump, so long seeing Seemoan Seemoan over and over again, his mother, she got worried, naturally, and went to all the police stations looking for him. Luigi certainly got it when he came home.

LUIGI and me, we get a quarter apiece and like I say, the stamps and the pins cost money. At first Maura paid for it all herself—that was before she started sending them the pins—but now she makes the links pay ten cents apiece for expenses. But she don't make a red cent on the proposition and anybody who says so can take a leap into the lake. The Bing Crosby Radio Chain is a non-profit-making club of admirers of that wonderful man, the letter says, and that goes.

So-o-o-o, like Ed Wynn says, the chain kept on getting bigger and bigger, the ten-cent membership fee certainly didn't stop the rush, and Luigi and me, we worked like the dickens every day. Then Maura got a swell idea. You certainly got to admire the nerve of some people. I guess that's what makes them famous. Maura, she actually called up Bing Crosby's secretary and told her all about the chain.

The secretary was certainly tickled to hear about it, especially when Maura said they already got eleven thousand members with new joiners progressing fine. The secretary, she said, "Bing will be certainly glad to hear this." Then Maura made a master stroke. Gee whiz, it was certainly swell. She asked the secretary could she fix it up for Bing Crosby to join the Bing Crosby Radio Chain and make him wear the Bing Crosby pin? The secretary said, "Surely, by all means. That was a very sweet thought."

So Maura sent him the pin with a long letter. The letter—it was some letter—it was good. Maura, she sweated over it a week. It started off by telling Bing how thrilling it was for her to link together all the ardent admirers he has. "I'm sure," the letter said, "I am sure there must be millions of ardent admirers and I plan to link them all together." Maura kept on reading the letter over and over again because she didn't want nothing in it to sound wrong on account of she heard radio artists are funny about their fan mail; they take offense sometimes, et cetera. But the letter, she sent it out and two days later she got a swell letter from Bing Crosby. Boy, it was some letter. "I can't tell you how happy I am to hear about the fine work you've been doing, Maura," Bing wrote. That's why I always call him Bing, on account of he calls her Maura. Boy, it was some letter and Bing asked Maura to keep in touch with him from time to time. He said he would appreciate it.

Maura was so excited by the letter she started showing it to everybody but then she got worried it would get dirty, so she framed it and now it hangs over the dresser. My mother, she was kind of quiet about the whole business ever since Maura got famous but when she saw the letter in the frame, she couldn't keep it in and started nagging Maura again. "Bing Crosby," she said. "Maybe you'll marry Bing Crosby."

This hurt Maura a lot. "For Pete's sake, don't you stop at nothing?" she said. She's very sensitive sometimes. That's the trouble with the older generation, Maura said, they got no romance in them. They think love is something you can go out and buy in a store.

Pop, he looked at the letter in the frame and he said, "What is it? Can you eat it or something?"

"Gee whiz, Pop," I said. "It's from Bing Crosby."

"I don't give a Russian hoorah for Bing Crosby. He's just like Rudy Vallee, only he don't make me sick, thank God," Pop says and then he makes that old crack about Columbus, Columbus.

"Did you ever stop to think how much money Bing Crosby makes, Pop?" I said. "What would you say if I told you he makes over a thousand dollars a week. A week!"

"America!" Pop hollers. "America with the radios." But you could see he was impressed all right. Well, you know how the older generation is. As Maura says.

WELL, the chain got bigger and bigger. Luigi and me, we worked most of Saturday and Sunday on the correspondence and all kinds of developments took place. Some of the letters sounded kind of nutty to me. You know how it is, there's all kinds of nuts in the world and when you run an organization as big as the chain you've got to expect some of the nuts to get mixed up in it. It's the same as in everything else. For instance there was the old lady who said she was seventy-six years old. She wanted to adopt Bing, make him her son. She's got six sons already but none of them is a radio crooner and that's what she wants, so she wants Bing should be her son. That certainly was good for a laugh. You ought to hear Luigi laugh. Then every once in a while some girl would write in, she wants to go out with Bing Crosby or even she wants to marry him. Just like that. Nuts, ain't it? They would put in a picture and tell all about themselves. There were all kinds of crazy things, it would take a full year to tell them to you, and once Luigi and me got into a fight. He started laughing at the chain and said it was a crazy business.

We almost had a fist fight but my mother ran into the room and chased

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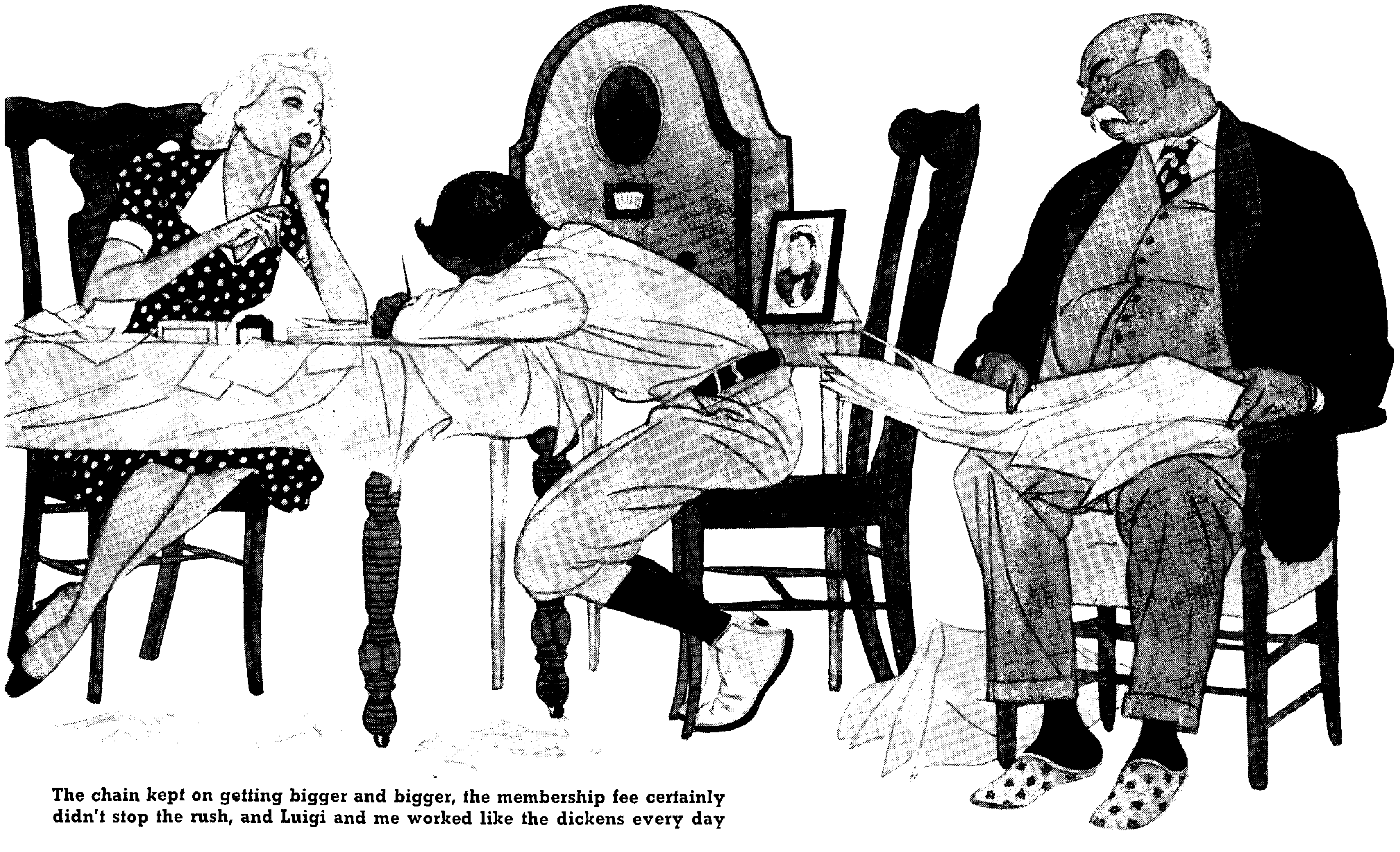
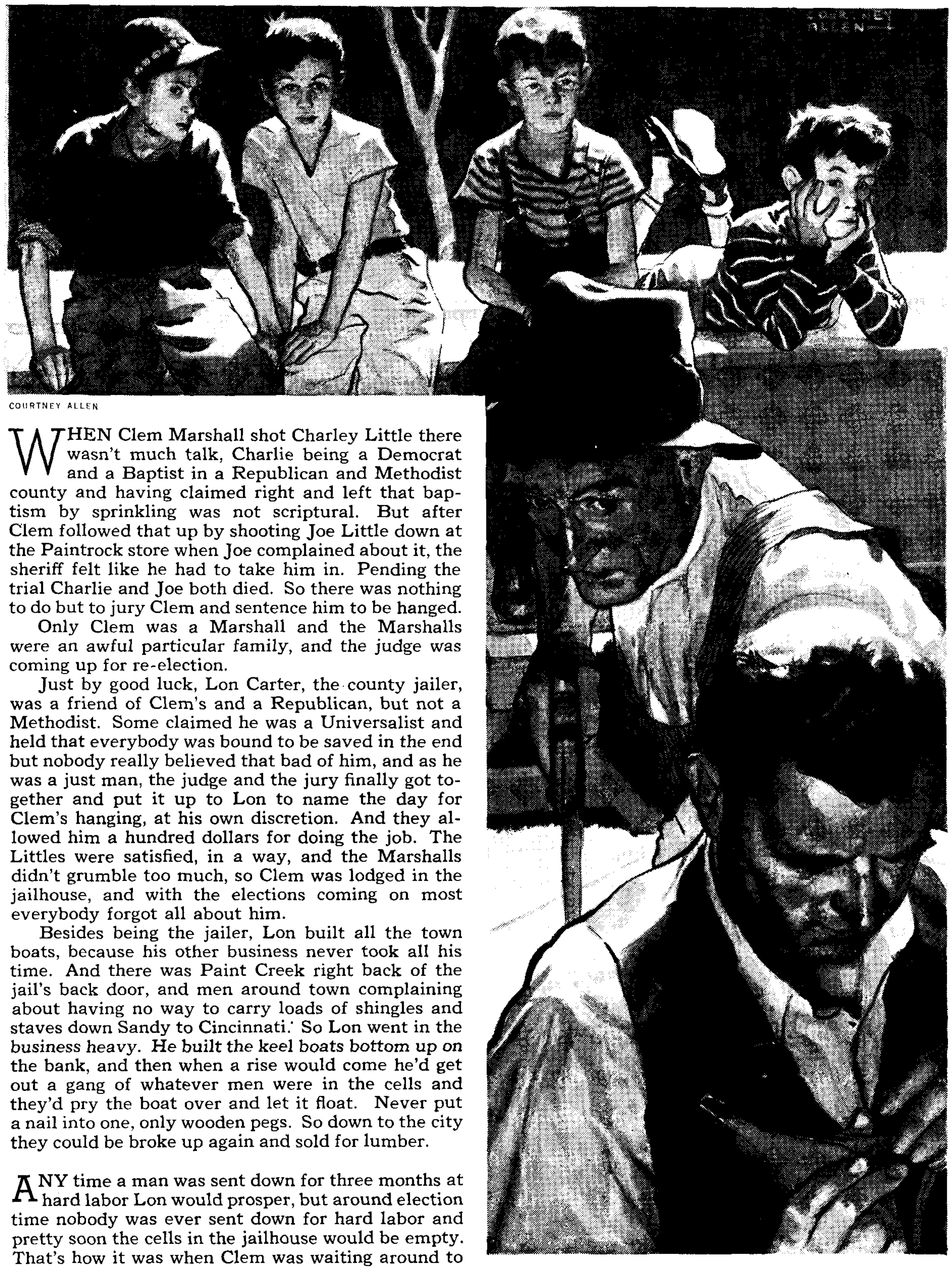


The chain kept on getting bigger and bigger, the membership fee certainly didn't stop the rush, and Luigi and me worked like the dickens every day

Satisfaction Guaranteed

By Roy Helton

We give you, with pleasure, Lon Carter and Clem Marshall, a pair of latter-day prophets who didn't fool around when it came to interpreting the Scriptures



COURTNEY ALLEN

Boys would come and sit all day watching them, hoping something would happen

WHEN Clem Marshall shot Charley Little there wasn't much talk, Charlie being a Democrat and a Baptist in a Republican and Methodist county and having claimed right and left that baptism by sprinkling was not scriptural. But after Clem followed that up by shooting Joe Little down at the Paintrock store when Joe complained about it, the sheriff felt like he had to take him in. Pending the trial Charlie and Joe both died. So there was nothing to do but to jury Clem and sentence him to be hanged.

Only Clem was a Marshall and the Marshalls were an awful particular family, and the judge was coming up for re-election.

Just by good luck, Lon Carter, the county jailer, was a friend of Clem's and a Republican, but not a Methodist. Some claimed he was a Universalist and held that everybody was bound to be saved in the end but nobody really believed that bad of him, and as he was a just man, the judge and the jury finally got together and put it up to Lon to name the day for Clem's hanging, at his own discretion. And they allowed him a hundred dollars for doing the job. The Littles were satisfied, in a way, and the Marshalls didn't grumble too much, so Clem was lodged in the jailhouse, and with the elections coming on most everybody forgot all about him.

Besides being the jailer, Lon built all the town boats, because his other business never took all his time. And there was Paint Creek right back of the jail's back door, and men around town complaining about having no way to carry loads of shingles and staves down Sandy to Cincinnati. So Lon went in the business heavy. He built the keel boats bottom up on the bank, and then when a rise would come he'd get out a gang of whatever men were in the cells and they'd pry the boat over and let it float. Never put a nail into one, only wooden pegs. So down to the city they could be broke up again and sold for lumber.

ANY time a man was sent down for three months at hard labor Lon would prosper, but around election time nobody was ever sent down for hard labor and pretty soon the cells in the jailhouse would be empty. That's how it was when Clem was waiting around to be hanged. Then one day Lon had to go up to the jail and unlock Clem's cell.

He said, "Clem, come out here and help me a minute. I got a timber I can't manage alone."

Clem said, "I'll be glad to. I'm plenty near crazy sitting in here alone. Can't even get a rat to stay with me long enough to be any comfort, this good weather."

So he came out and helped Lon with the job and after that he said, "Lon, let me saw off some of those planks for you while I'm out here."

Lon let him, and from that day on all fall they were out there together working on the boat. Boys would come and sit all day watching them, hoping something would happen. They'd sit on the bottom of the boat and sometimes bring their lunches and stay there all day, expecting Clem would cut and run and Lon would have to up and shoot him. Whenever Clem laid down his maul the boys would all take a breath and lean front a little. Their heels would go against the flat side of the stave boat and their eyes would all turn to watch Lon Carter.

For Lon took a pride in his jail work. And whenever Clem moved extra brisk, no matter what he was doing, Lon's right hand would come up slow to his side. If it was a saw he was pulling, instead of making long drags, he'd go to making short drags, back and forth, and he'd crouch down a little, so his right hand would come close to his side. Or if it was a hammer he was swinging, driving in pegs, instead of reaching back high over his head he'd move in and make like he had to give the peg a little tap to set it, and he'd keep on making little taps, with his right hand close to his side.

Lon couldn't afford to lose Clem. A hundred dollars is a big piece of money.

So Lon would say, "Laying off, Clem?"

And Clem would say, "I will for a little, Lon. Reckon I'll set down and smoke."

Lon would say, "Set."

He had to. He had to do about whatever Clem said. After he got broken in Clem could work as good as any two. Lon saved a dollar a day on labor and got a dollar a day from the county for keeping him. Lon would have been a rich man off Clem, but there was always the bother about that fee.

Clem was a sandy man and a happy-looking man, and Lon was a dark man always frowning, but they favored some, both having the same cold blue eyes, and both wearing red undershirts with their sleeves rolled up and the big muscles of their arms bulging out the sleeves.

To see them sitting there smoking together on a bench nobody would have guessed that Clem was the one who ought to have looked worried. Because the one who did was Lon. He never could stand not having things settled.

WELL, one day while they sat smoking Clem said, "Lon, she's pretty near done. Put that last line of sheathing on and tomorrow calk her and she's about there. Then we'll both pray for rain. I want to see her in the water. Who're you selling her to?"

"That's it, Clem," Lon said. "Something I want to talk to you about. Been a bad year for cane and a bad year for corn. Ain't nobody got no cash money around. I reckon I got to stock her up with a load of barrel staves and send her down the river myself."

"Ain't no doubt you'll make money," Clem said.

"That's what I figure."

"Laws no. You take a load of barrel staves, plus all the lumber we been pegging into this keel boat, and subtract all you laid out for wages, if anything, plus what it costs you to get a crew to take her down—that's a dollar and a half a day per head—or say two dollars for easy figuring—times four, times how many days it takes for the run—" Clem looked up at one of the boys sitting there watching him. "Get me a piece of paper, you Killis," he said. Clem had been a schoolteacher, and what he didn't know about ciphering was nobody's business. Always was too smart for his own good. "Get me a piece of paper and a pencil, or a pencil anyhow," he told the boy.

"Only trouble is, Clem," Lon said, "I can't get enough money to buy the staves, lessen I hang you and collect on my fee."

Well, that appeared to fetch Clem up kind of short. He leaned back and studied.

The boy had jumped down off the boat to get the pencil. He'd stuck an apple in his mouth, kind of fooling the way a kid does to see if his mouth was as big as the apple. It just was. He could have got it out again easy enough only, when Lon said that, his jaw must have opened a little unusual and the apple popped all the way in, and then he couldn't do nothing with it. He just stood there smothering, a big red Winesap apple bulging out his mouth, and noises coming out around the apple like horses grunting in their sleep.

Clem saw it first. He always was a fast-acting man. He jumped off the bench and he was to the boat in half a second and reached *(Continued on page 56)*

EUROPEAN

Adolf Hitler's home and "summer capital" on the slopes of the Obersalzberg has become the mecca of tourists and a source of annoyance to German officialdom and the foreign legations. Below: Hitler and an aide with a delegation of Chinese officials who have come to Berchtesgaden to see him

EUROPEAN

HITLER 卐卐卐 卐卐卐 ON HIGH

BY T. R. YBARRA

Surrounded by barbed wire, the Bavarian Alps and athletic henchmen, Adolf Hitler conducts affairs of state from his mountain home. Berlin chafes, foreign legations fume and in the summer capital at Berchtesgaden the Nazi atmosphere gets thicker and thicker

FROM dawn, when the encircling peaks of the Bavarian Alps emerge into daylight, until dusk, when they recede into shadow, a steady stream of Germans, men and women and boys and girls, climb the steep slopes of the Obersalzberg, towering over the lovely little town of Berchtesgaden, all with the same goal in mind.

Many of the males, in emulation of the peasants of the neighborhood, wear short leather breeches and woolen leg coverings, which leave the knees and ankles bare; and some of the women and girls have decked themselves in tight-waisted Bavarian bodices and funny little green hats with tilted brims and low crowns.

As they climb, leaning heavily on their alpenstocks, panting and perspiring, other pilgrims, bound for the same destination, rush past on motorcycles or in motorcars; and still others, wedged closely together in lumbering motorbusses, eagerly question the chauffeurs:

"How far is it?"

"Just around the next bend."

Around that bend, every eye is riveted on a low, rambling house, painted white, with the shuttered windows and peaked roof typical of the Bavarian highlands. It is set within a frame of tall pine trees, fringed by superb mountains. All the land around it is enclosed by barbed wire. From little turrets, vigilant sentinels, with steel helmets on their heads and rifles in their hands, peer searchingly along every road by which the white house can be approached.

The chauffeur of a motorbus waves his hand toward it.

"There, ladies and gentlemen, is where he lives."

They all gaze reverently.

Suddenly a big flag is run up over the roof—a square red banner, with a white patch in the middle, on which is emblazoned a black swastika. Hikers and motorists and bus patrons greet it with ecstatic excitement.

"He has arrived!"

"Hurray! We had been told that he wouldn't come until tomorrow!"

"*Der Fuehrer ist hier!*"

They push against the barbed wire, huddle as close to it as they dare, while sentinels look on good-humoredly.

For that white house, crowning the steep Obersalzberg, is Der Berghof, summer residence of Adolf Hitler, supreme ruler of Germany. That red flag with the black swastika means that he has tired once more of Berlin, his official capital, and dashed off again to Berchtesgaden, his unofficial capital, where Der Berghof is playing a leading role in one of the strangest and most significant phases in the development of Nazi Germany. That phase was graphically summed up by Paul Joseph Goebbels, director of Hitlerism's great propaganda machine, when he wrote recently in his diary:

"Tonight, in obedience to the Fuehrer's summons, I am going to Berchtesgaden. There, high up in the solitude of the mountains, he has considered the situation thoroughly and arrived at a decision."

Why Berchtesgaden? Why an overnight journey of hundreds of miles, from Prussia to Bavaria, instead of a two-minute run across the Wilhelmstrasse, from Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry to Hitler's Chancellery?

The answer is: Because Hitler loathes Prussia and loves Bavaria. Therefore, he is autocratically shifting the headquarters of the Nazi government from big Prussian Berlin, sprawling in metropolitan immensity over the north German plain, to little Bavarian Berchtesgaden, nestling in rural simplicity at the foot of South Germany's grandest peaks.

More and more frequently he vanishes from the north, leaving etiquette flat on its back and rule-ridden officials popeyed from shock. Among hardy mountaineers, who witnessed his early struggles, Adolf Hitler finds a contentment, an escape from his besetting inferiority complex, which Berlin, with its stiff Junkers and exacting duties, its miles of detail and coils of red tape, its frills and formalities and tail coats and top hats, can never give him.

Hidden away on his hilltop, gazing at magnificent mountain scenery and breathing pure mountain air, the despot of Germany makes up his mind. He nods imperiously. Underlings leap to his call. Telephones buzz. Wires hum. Paul Joseph Goebbels—or Hermann Goering or Hjalmar Schacht or Field Marshal von Blomberg—hurriedly packs a bag and dashes off from Berlin to the southward.

"Do this!" commands Hitler of Berchtesgaden. Heels click; arms shoot forward in the Nazi salute.

Next day, millions of newspaper readers all over the world, reading the Fuehrer's latest decision, arrogantly flung forth from his mountain hide-out, howl with rage or roar with joy, as the case may be. And Prussia sulks. And Bavaria chuckles. And Berlin's glory is dimmed. And Berchtesgaden's star rises.

Retreat from Berlin

So determined is Adolf Hitler to shake off the shackles of official Berlin that he is actually having built near his Berchtesgaden residence a branch chancellery—"forcing the German government to come to him instead of forcing himself to go to it," as a caustic critic remarked. In that annex there will be room enough for many government officials—already the Berghof can shelter dozens—and Hitler will have the satisfaction of being able to hold full cabinet meetings almost as far away from Berlin as you can get and still be in Germany.

Whenever he appears suddenly on his Bavarian hilltop he brings along his adjutant, Wilhelm Brueckner, who never leaves him; his special personal bodyguard, Schaub, who invariably sleeps in an adjoining room wherever his boss may be; his personal physician, Dr. Brandt; Otto Dietrich, chief of his press department, and Erich Kempka, his chauffeur.

Sometimes Hitler's head cook, Kannenberg (who formerly ran a good restaurant in Berlin a few blocks from the Wilhelmstrasse), also migrates southward, principally to look after guests. For the Fuehrer himself, who eats only vegetables and fruit and eggs and drinks nothing but milk and mineral water, has little need of culinary frills.

Der Berghof is a miniature fortress. The grounds around it, encircled by a strong fence strung with barbed wire, are patrolled night and day by the elite of the elite of the Nazi private army, the so-called Leib-Strandarte, or bodyguard, selected from the S. S., that sinister corps of black-shirted athletes who are the Praetorian Guards of present-day Germany.

Recently Hitler's protectors prevailed upon him to have the road to the summit of the Obersalzberg, which used to run right past his front door, deflected some two hundred yards to one side, which greatly simplifies the problem of guarding him. And the gossips of Berchtesgaden will tell you that once, when Hitler was away, army officers set up a dummy figure resembling him at a window of his home, and had soldiers fire at it from a near-by ridge, with rifles equipped with telescopic long-distance sights.

Sure enough, several of the bullets went right through the figure at the window. In a state of extreme agitation the officers, flocking around the Fuehrer when he returned, insisted that he must buy the ridge and close it to casual wanderers.

"Okay," said Hitler—for those bullets which had punctured that dummy had given him the shivers. Whereupon (so runs the yarn) the ridge was purchased and as thoroughly fenced and besentineled as the grounds immediately adjoining the Berghof.

Not content with that, the commanders of the German army are said to have requested their colleagues in Austria, the nearest part of which is only a couple of miles from Berchtesgaden, to refrain from holding artillery target practice close to the frontier. They had visions, you see, of some anti-Nazi Austrian gunner taking advantage of his term of military service to ease a shell over the border, on the off-chance that it might collide with Adolf Hitler.

"Ge-e-entlemen! Don't let yourselves be subme-e-erged!" ALAIN

There is scarcely a personage of prominence in Germany who is not commanded nowadays to drop everything and rush down to Bavaria. Hermann Goering, Nazi Number Two, Prime Minister of Prussia, Minister of Aviation, etc., etc., who is getting fatter every day and hence less inclined to unnecessary traveling, has built himself a villa at Berchtesgaden, where he makes longer stays every year. And Goebbels, Nazi Number Three, Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment ("more of the former and less of the latter," they whisper around Berlin), also has become a semiregular resident.

Old Doc Hjalmar Schacht, Hitler's financial wizard, who has done more than anybody else to keep his boss' regime from bankruptcy, also visits Berchtesgaden with a growing frequency; and, another visitor is Marshal von Blomberg, head of the dictator's formidable military establishment. Foreign Minister von Neurath, smiling and courtly, also climbs to the top of the Obersalzberg to report on his latest propaganda tour in foreign lands; and Franz von Papen, Nazi Ambassador to Austria, occasionally runs over from Vienna to explain his mysterious machinations among the Austrians. General Faupel also, he of the big ears, Hitler's envoy to General Franco in Spain, appeared not long ago at Der Berghof to tell about doings at Salamanca.

Bavaria Gets the Breaks

Sometimes as many as half a dozen members of the Hitler cabinet get together for conferences on his terrace. And Berchtesgaden's increasing importance as unofficial capital of Germany is shown by the fact that Herr Meissner, one of the Fuehrer's chief secretaries, has hired a house there this year.

Foreigners who have visited Hitler at his Bavarian retreat include David Lloyd George and Count Ciano, Foreign Minister of Italy and husband of Mussolini's daughter, who brought with him in his suitcase a rough draft of the agreement which—embellished later with the signatures of his papa-in-law and Hitler—became the basis of that "Rome-Berlin axis" which causes such frequent bursts of bad language in Paris, London and Moscow.

Adolf Hitler's love of Bavaria is rooted deep in his past. He has no affection for Vienna, capital of his native Austria, where he used to hang around railroad stations in the hope of earning a few coppers by carrying some traveler's bags; where he lived at a shelter for down-and-outs (supported, by the way, partly out of funds from charitable Jews) and fled in terror before the upraised stick of a well-dressed drunk from whom he had tried to beg a penny.

Despite experiences equally humiliating, he loves Bavaria's metropolis, Munich, above all other cities. It was to Munich that he slunk, after service at the front in the World War, weak and wounded, but filled with a fanatical belief that big things were in store for him.

The Nazi dictator thinks that his stays down in Bavaria are good for him and his regime. But on this point many people disagree with him violently.

There is an impression, for example, among members of the foreign diplomatic corps in Berlin that his frequent absences from the Wilhelmstrasse tend to get him out of touch with public opinion in other countries, at a time when familiarity with it might do a lot toward improving relations.

They feel that, in his faraway retreat, he is coming more and more under the baleful influence of Nazi extremists, who are constantly urging him to be one hundred per cent dictatorial. Chief Propagandist Goebbels is one of these; also Rosenberg, archexpounder of the doctrine of Aryan-Nordic racial purity for the Germans; and Himmler, head of the S. S. corps; and Hess, of the Old Guard of Nazidom; and Heydrich and Bouhler.

One thing has become quite apparent lately: the Fuehrer's absences from the German capital are not emboldening high officials left behind there to take vital decisions of policy into their own hands. It was after reflection in the Bavarian Alps that Hitler ordered German soldiers to march into the Rhineland last year—in the teeth of emphatic disapproval on the part of the Berlin General Staff, who feared that it would bring war with France and were not at all ready to engage in battle with French troops.

And the decision a few months ago to have German warships bombard the Spanish seaport of Almeria, in revenge for the bombing by Spanish government planes of the German cruiser Deutschland, was made by Hitler in Bavaria, after Admiral Raeder, head of his navy, had flown in a plane all the way from Berlin to Bavaria to lay the facts before him. Against the judgment of Raeder, who favored caution and watchful waiting, Hitler demanded instant action. And he got it.

And Don't Get Funny

In conversations on the terrace of his country home you may be sure that irreverent jokes at his expense are not included. Whereas those on the way to visit Hermann Goering like to bring along the latest of the Goering yarns, which spring up overnight in Germany like mushrooms, people headed for an audience with Hitler take special care to forget for the time being the newest story at his expense—though they may have been chuckling over it just before being led into the Presence.

Yet, despite his lack of humor, irreverent anecdotes about him are retailed in private throughout his domain; and they are still heard there even in public, though dreadful things have befallen some of those audacious enough to circulate them.

Neither in Berlin nor in Berchtesgaden has anybody been able to pin on Adolf Hitler a bona-fide love affair. His name is often coupled with that of some fair lady. But nothing ever comes of it. Despite the intensive efforts of the gossipmongers of fifty-odd countries, they are never able to get anything on Adolf into which they can really sink their teeth.

Yet women fall for him. All through his sensational career he has had a strong appeal for them. Early in his fight for power they dubbed him *"der schoene Adolf"* — beautiful Adolf — and thousands of them used to troop out of his frenzied meetings bubbling with enthusiasm for this new star of the political skies.

And now, this summer, he is back at Berchtesgaden—this impulsive and menacing mystic.

Alone and brooding, he will doubtless come to still another world-shaking decision. Will the luck of Berchtesgaden still hold good for him?

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4.00	2.50	Newark, N. J.	Fort Worth, Tex.
		Los Angeles, Cal.	Des Moines, Iowa
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		Pierre, S. D.	New York, N. Y.
5.00	3.25	Chicago, Ill.	San Francisco, Cal.
		Salt Lake City, Utah	Washington, D. C.
		Providence, R. I.	Santa Fe, N. M.
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6.00	4.00	Miami, Fla.	Los Angeles, Cal.
		Washington, D. C.	Reno, Nev.
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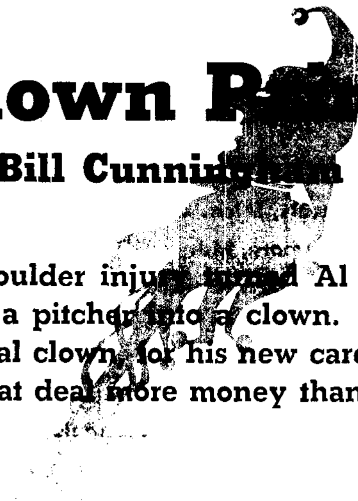
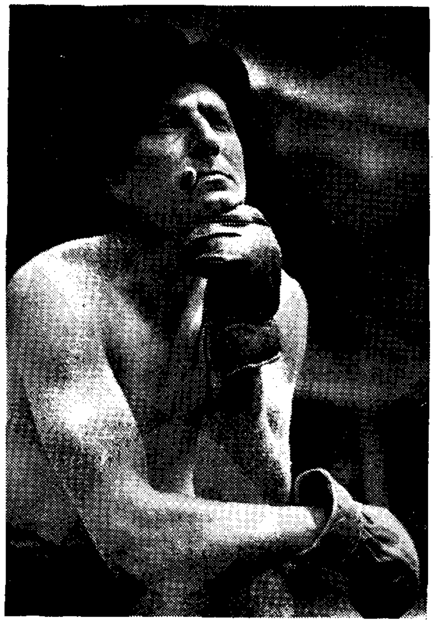


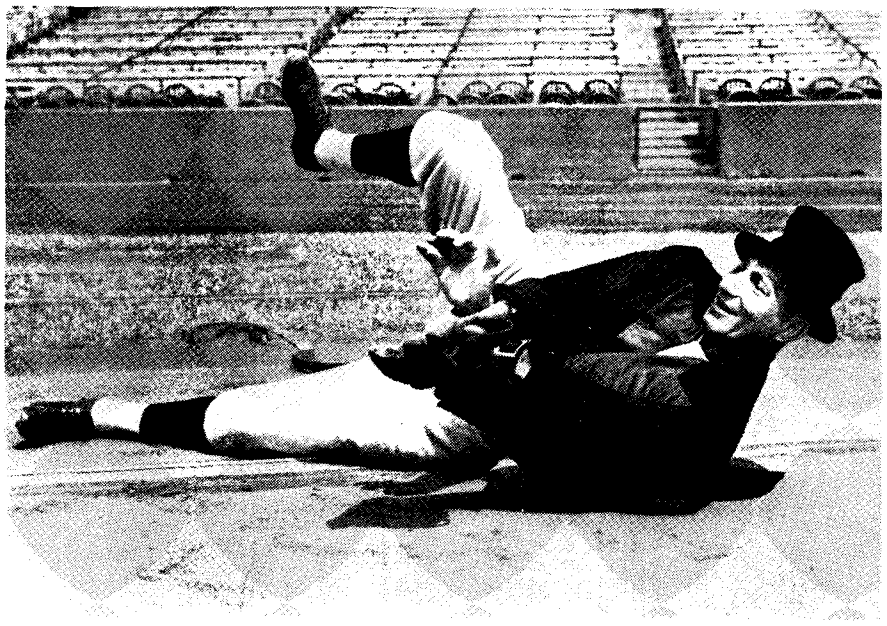
Clown Prince

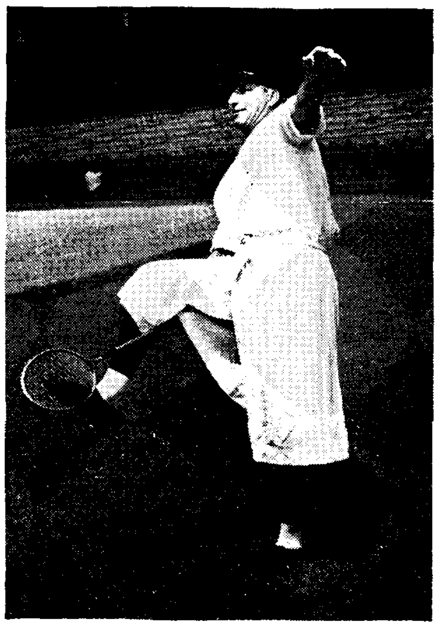
By Bill Cunningham

A shoulder injury turned Al Schacht from a pitcher into a clown. A very special clown, for his new career pays a great deal more money than his old

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER







HOOKS WILTSE, former Giants hurling star, was managing and first-baseing for Buffalo in the International League upon this fairly epochal occasion. Al Schacht, the Jersey City pitcher, had just drawn a base on balls. The game was tied, and this was the last half of the ninth.

The hit-and-run was flashed from the Jersey City dugout, and Schacht took a long lead off first. Suddenly the Bison pitcher whirled and fired toward first. Schacht streaked back and hit the dirt in a stiff-legged sprawl that raised a dust cloud of major proportions. Within its opaque interior, everything was lost, including the fate of the onion. The throw had been low. The ball had arrived simultaneously with Schacht. That was all anybody, including Wiltse, knew about it.

That worthy, figuring the missile had got through the scramble somehow, turned and began to reconnoiter wildly for it between the base and the grandstand. But Schacht, still on the ground and a little shaken by the slide, suddenly realized the orphaned pellet was resting just exactly beneath the seat of his pants.

Reaching underneath himself with as much dignity as possible, he quickly slid the ball into his hip pocket, and, arising with a deliberate show of leisure, he started to dust himself off. Then, pretending for the first time to note Mr. Wiltse's predicament, he forthwith started a mad dash for second. Winding up there with another terrific slide, he arose, began to dust, took another look at Wiltse, pretended amazement that that gentleman should still be lost in the rough, and, while the park went wild, he tore on to third and valiantly slid again.

Here he arose once more, shaded his eyes from the sun with the flat of his hand, while he peered across at Wiltse like Noah looking for land, and then he began a climactic and superdaring steal of home plate!

The entire throng was on its feet by now, erupting Comanche squawls of excitement, as our hero hit the grit with a last resounding thud and shouted to Umpire Bill O'Brien, "We win."

Anticlimax at the Home Plate

"Oh, yeah?" rasped the iron-lunged O'Brien, or whatever they were using for "Oh, yeah" back in 1919, "and what's this?"

His glowering eye was focused on a baseball that had slowly come to rest between his fiddle-shaped feet.

Al went for his hip pocket faster than an outraged son of the old southwest and the horrible realization suddenly dawned that that final slide—his masterpiece—had bounced the missing ball from its hiding place and had sent it trickling between the feet of the toughest umpire in the league.

"Aw, I was only fooling," said Al.

"I'm not," said Mr. O'Brien, "yuhhr out for interference, and I'm going to report you to President O'Toole, where it'll probably cost you fifty bucks!"

Which it did!

That's the only time Al Schacht's baseball foolishness ever cost him any personal money. The rest of the time he's made money from it and, from this time forward, for a few seasons at least, it looks as if he'll reap more coin from kidding the game and those who are in it than Lou Gehrig gets and Dizzy Dean wants.

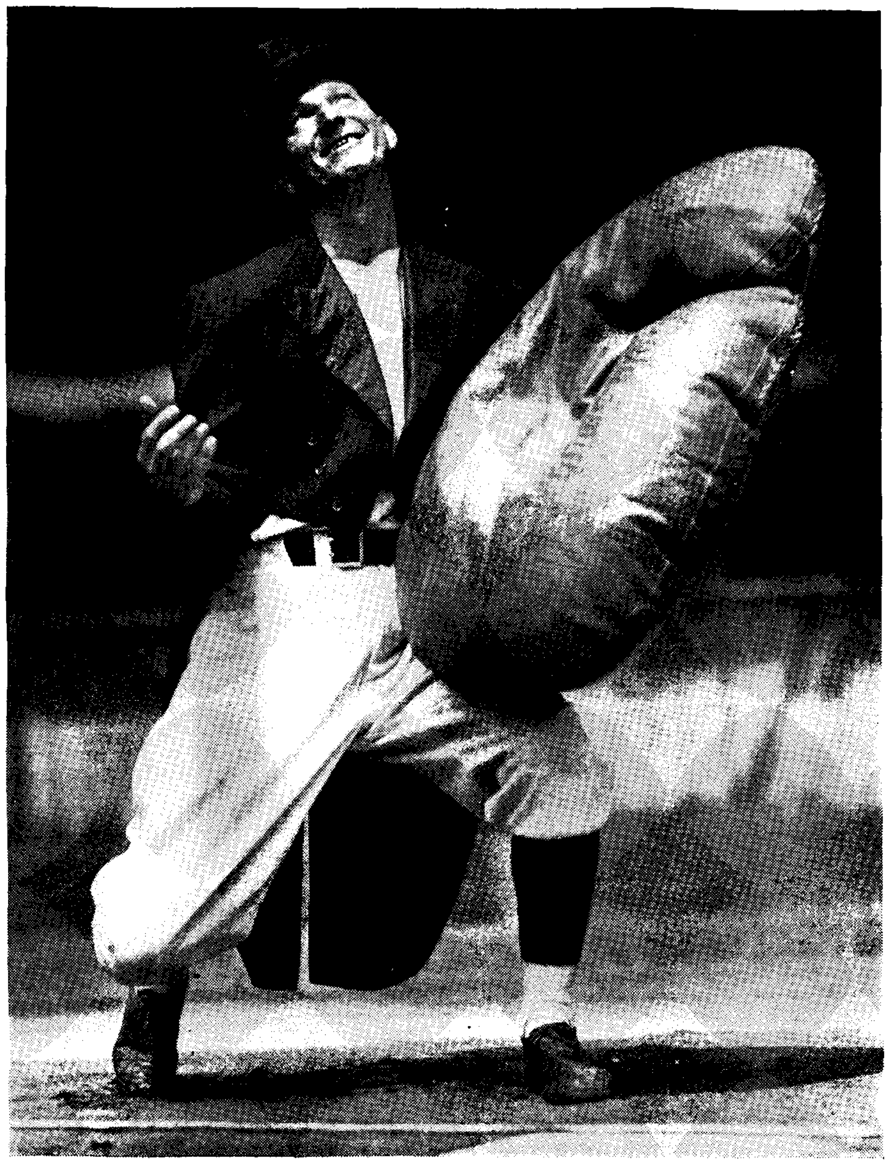
That phony base-stealing episode was practically nothing. Hearken to this one!

His bitterest rival in those International League days was another pitcher, Rube Parnham. They hated each other with a mutual venom that made a rattlesnake seem as harmless as honey. Parnham was pitching one day. Schacht wasn't, but Schacht and the rest of the Jersey City pitchers were spending most of the afternoon keeping warm in the bull pen. The Skeeters were always just ahead of Parnham's team, but their pitcher was shaky and it looked as if relief might be required any moment, and pronto.

That moment arrived in the eighth, and Schacht was waved out to take up the white man's burden. Down in the bull pen, as it chanced, he'd found a ten-cent baseball that day—a "Rocket," as the kids call it. It had apparently been dropped by some young gentleman who had carelessly passed that way sometime previously, and Schacht stuck it in his pocket for no particular reason.

On his way out to service, the gag demon suddenly possessed him and he walked up ostensibly for a conference with his catcher. Really he was slipping the genuine baseball inside his shirt and substituting this ten-cent affair made of tightly pressed waste and covered with oil cloth. Compared to the regular article it had about as much life and bounce as a pair of wadded socks.

(Continued on page 38)



Whether it's a burlesque of boxing, baseball, squash, golf or tennis, *Al Schacht's act is sure to bring* down the house. His customary costume is a frock coat, a battered plug hat and a baseball uniform

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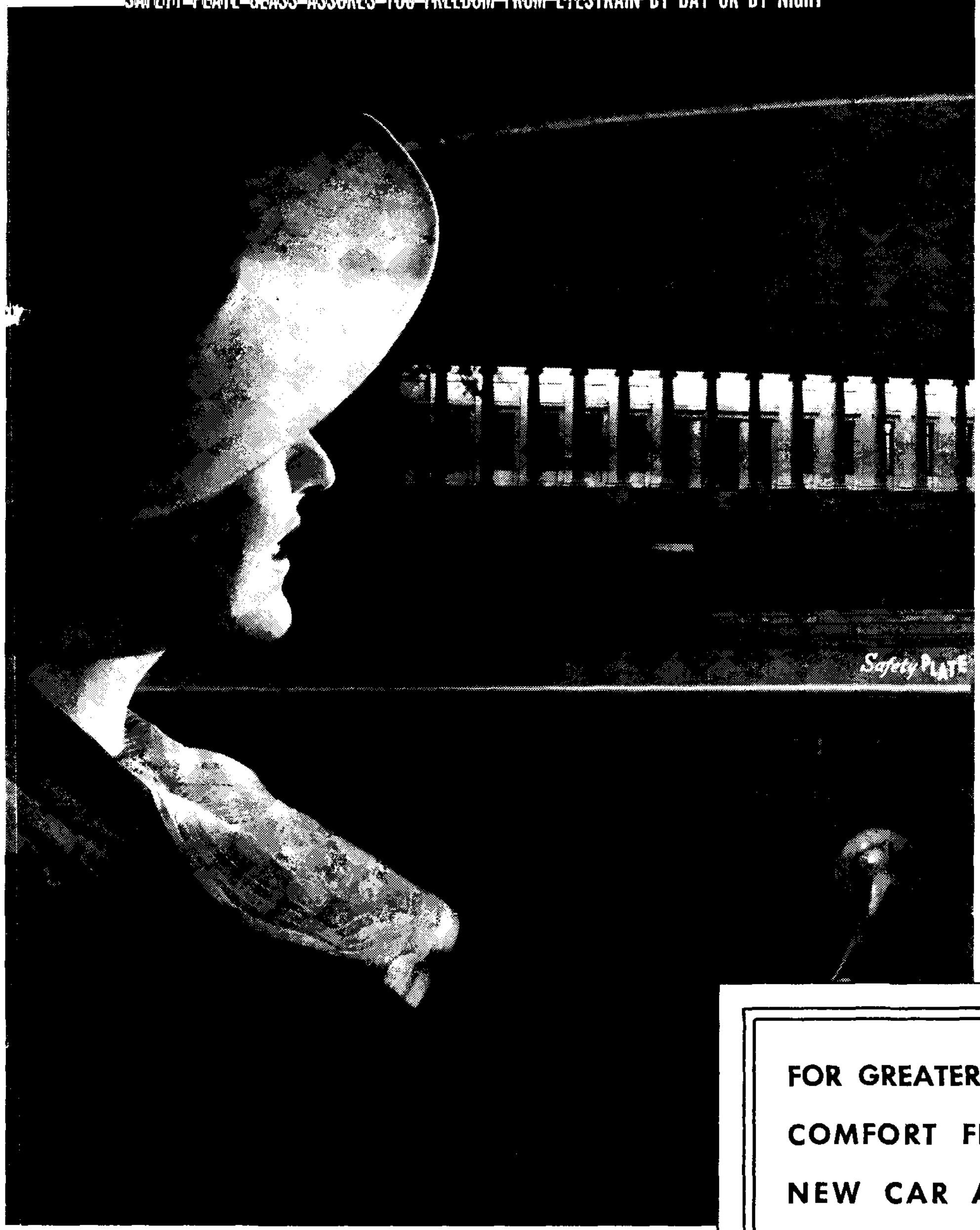

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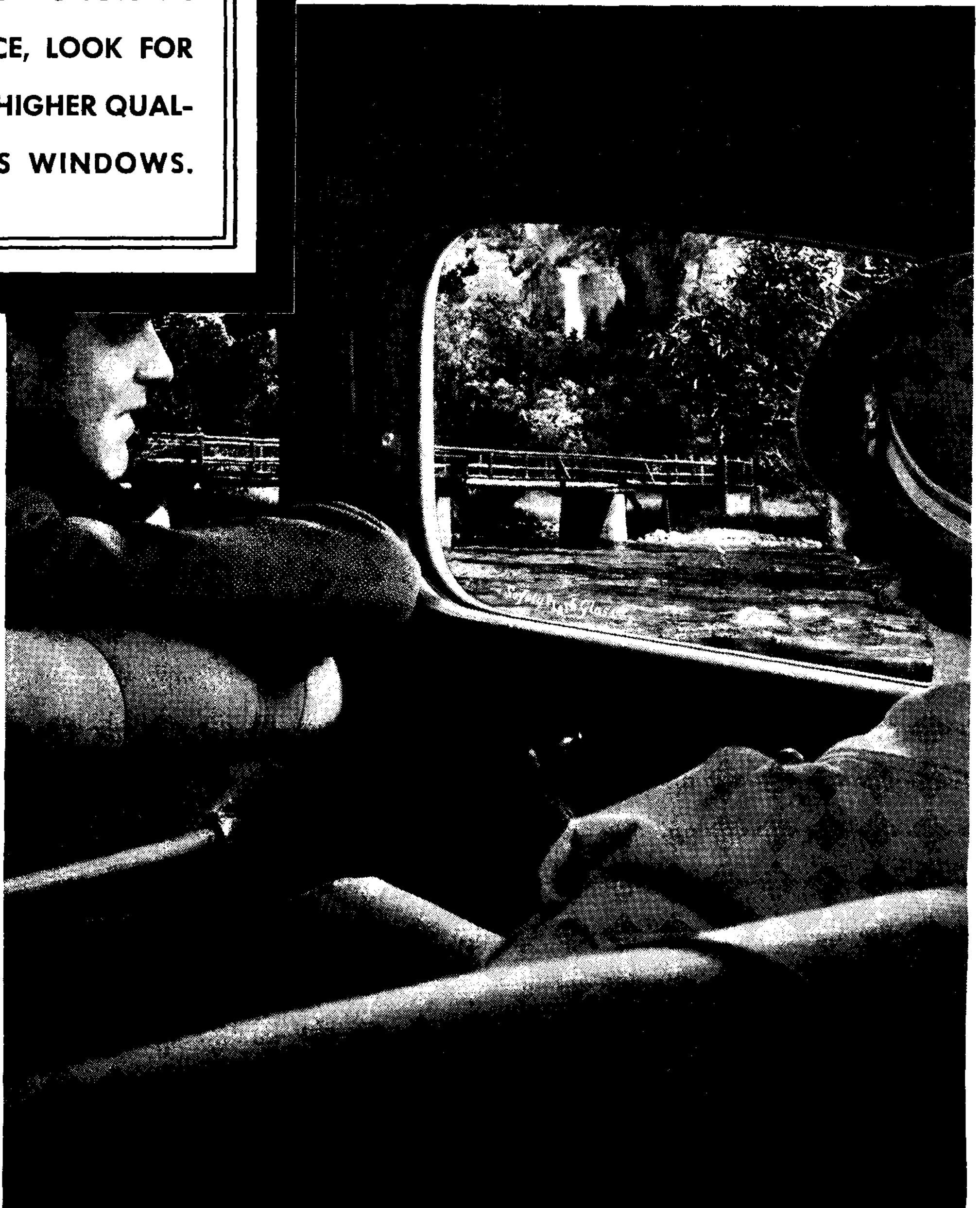
Safety PLATE Glass

SAFETY PLATE GLASS ENHANCES THE APPEARANCE OF YOUR CAR AND ITS OCCUPANTS

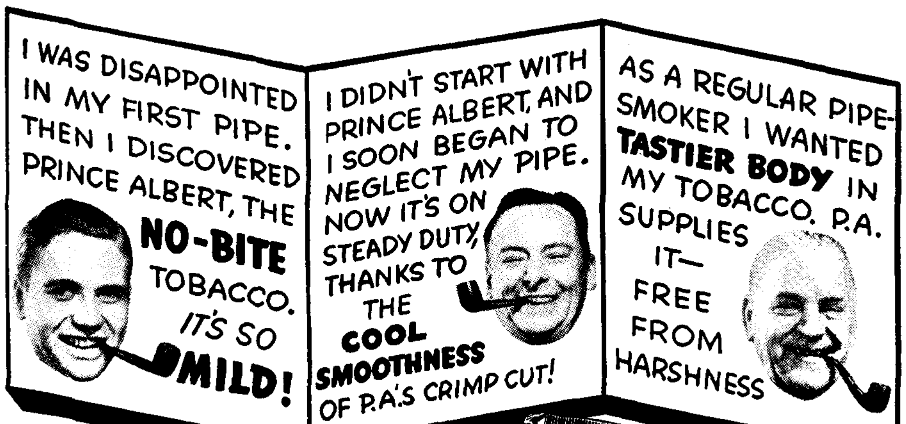


SAFETY PLATE GLASS GIVES YOU A CLEARER, BETTER VIEW OF THE PASSING LANDSCAPE WITHOUT DISTORTION

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
BELIEVE ME, THERE'S PLENTY TO SEE IN THE BLACK HILLS OF SOUTH DAKOTA!
WHAT ARE THOSE QUEER-LOOKING, POINTED ROCKS, DADDY?
THEY'RE DUE TO EROSION BY GLACIERS THAT EXISTED IN THESE BLACK HILLS AGES AGO
HOLD IT, DAD – WOOFY, STOP YOUR BARKING!
HURRY, CHUBBINS, WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THAT 'DAYS OF '76' CELEBRATION UP AT DEADWOOD!
AT THE FAMOUS NEEDLE'S-EYE IN THE BLACK HILLS
THIS 'DAYS OF '76' CELEBRATION IS HELD HERE EVERY YEAR. THERE'S HOW HIGHWAYMEN USED TO HOLD UP THE WESTERN STAGE COACHES IN YOUR GRANDFATHER'S TIME
THANK GOODNESS IT'S ONLY FUN
DEADWOOD DAYS OF '76 CELEBRA
I'M GLAD WE STOPPED BACK AT THIS MT. RUSHMORE MEMORIAL. I'M TOLD THAT WASHINGTON'S AND JEFFERSON'S FACES ARE 60 FEET HIGH AND CARVED FROM SOLID ROCK. LET'S GO UP WITH THE GUIDE
MIND IF I TRY YOUR TOBACCO, SIR? SO MANY VISITORS SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT, I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE
NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL A REALLY MILD TOBACCO! IT DOES BEAT ALL, THE COOL, SMOOTH WAY P.A. SMOKES, YET IT'S GOT SO MUCH BODY AND GOOD TASTE!
THE PRINCE ALBERT NO-BITE PROCESS TAKES OUT HARSHNESS AND THE CRIMP CUT ASSURES A SMOOTH, COOL-BURNING SMOKE. P.A. IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

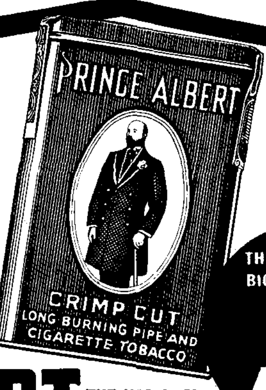
3 STAGES IN PIPE-SMOKERS' LIVES WHEN P. A. HITS THE SPOT!


I WAS DISAPPOINTED IN MY FIRST PIPE. THEN I DISCOVERED PRINCE ALBERT, THE NO-BITE TOBACCO. IT'S SO MILD!
I DIDN'T START WITH PRINCE ALBERT, AND I SOON BEGAN TO NEGLECT MY PIPE. NOW IT'S ON STEADY DUTY, THANKS TO THE COOL SMOOTHNESS OF P.A.'S CRIMP CUT!
AS A REGULAR PIPE-SMOKER I WANTED TASTIER BODY IN MY TOBACCO. P.A. SUPPLIES IT— FREE FROM HARSHNESS

NEW

PIPE JOY GUARANTEED!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company Winston-Salem, North Carolina


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

SO MILD!

ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS, TOO, ENJOY P. A.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

My Sister who is Famous

Continued from page 19

Luigi downstairs to his own apartment. I wanted to tell Maura to fire him. He wasn't doing half the work I was anyway on account of he was always having to stop at the bowling alley to go to work. But my mother wouldn't let me do nothing about it. "Can you imagine that nigger baby?" I said to my mother. "Making fun of the Bing Crosby Radio Chain and that little nigger comes around bending my ear off about Seemoan Seemoan. Can you imagine it, Mom, that eight ball is in love with Seemoan Seemoan."

"What's the matter?" my mother says. "Love, love," my mother says, and then her eyes start getting watery. I can tell what she's thinking about. It's Maura and her not getting married already.

"GEE whiz, Mom," I said, "what are you always bawling about? What are you always hollering at Maura for? She'll get married, don't you worry. Everybody gets married, only it's not like your times. This is a new age. We can't write a letter to an advertisement like you folks used to do. We got to wait until we meet the person we love."

"What are you talking about?" Mom says. "What do you know? A girl's got to get married before it's too late. A girl don't keep her looks. Look at Mary; she's fat already and going on twenty-eight; pretty soon she'll be thirty and then what? A woman falls apart if she don't get married and then no man wants her. What am I talking to you for?" Mom cries and walks away. "What do you know?"

Well, that's how they are. I give them up. The more prosperous the Bing Crosby Chain became and the more excited Maura got with the work of the organization, the more my mother walked around with a perpetual crying spell. You could see it all over her all the time. She wasn't crying all the time but she was always mopey and wanting to let it go but she kept herself in. Sometimes she couldn't. Then she would say something nasty to Maura, but Maura would say only, "Let me alone, will you?" and walk away from her.

She was pretty busy with the chain anyway; we didn't have a day's rest. By this time we were buying stamps in five- and ten-dollar bunches and I had to take the subway almost every week to Eighteenth Street to get more Bing Crosby pins from the engraver. Boy, we were sure going good. You'd think that after a while interest would drop, but we were just scratching the surface.

One thing about Maura and I've got to give her credit. No matter how important the chain was and how prosperous things were going, she never got a swell head, she never gave anybody the impression she was ritzy. After all, the Bing Crosby Radio Chain was getting to be a tremendous organization, perhaps the biggest of its kind, as the letter said. After all, Maura was getting mail from Bing Crosby himself almost every month. But she kept her head. You've got to hand it to her. I suppose that's the difference between the big shots, the real ones and the fake. The flat tires are always throwing a load of hooey about how big they are. The real ones, they just keep quiet; they don't need no publicity.

Yes, Maura kept a small-sized hat and if I live to be a hundred and fifty years old I will never forget how she broke the news to us. I can remember the day and how every single thing happened. It was a Thursday night, right after Maura got home from work. She still had her hat on and went right to the bedroom where the morning mail was stacked up in packages on the bridge table. Mom, she yelled out, "Where's the fire? Can't you even take your hat off, can't you eat your supper before you get busy on that crazy business?" Like I said, Maura paid no attention but went on looking at the letters one after the other. Then she stopped and opened one of them and she read it slowly to herself and then she said to me quiet without any boloney like you might expect. "What do you think?"

She said it so quiet that Mom got scared and thought maybe something happened and she said, "Quick, what is it? What happened?"

Then Maura, she said. "I'm going on the air. With Bing Crosby."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a ten-ton Mack truck. Mom, she threw the dishrag on a chair and said, "A great happiness has come to me," and she walked away.

"On the level, Maura?" I said.

"Look," she said, "you can read, can't you?"

Well, Maura was certainly going on the air all right. It was on the national network broadcast that Bing sang on, a special affair, it was an anniversary of Bing's advent on the air and Maura was going to represent the Bing Crosby Radio Chain and talk to all the far-flung ardent admirers. Boy, it was going to be some affair, with a special invited audience out front, with special invited stars. The letter, it told Maura she didn't have to worry about a speech, they would have one all ready for her. All she had to do would be to be at the station an hour before program time and they would take care of the rest. Well, you would think this would give Maura a swell head but nothing of the kind. Mom, she went to Madame Lillie with Maura, to make a gown and it took a week alone to make it. It was some dress, you can imagine. That left a week more and all that time Maura kept on worrying whether she'd be all right for the radio; that is, would people be able to hear her, would she talk too loud for the delicate microphones, et cetera: there are all kinds of complicated things in radio broadcasting. Then on the last day Maura took a half day off and went to the beauty parlor for the complete works: shampoo, finger wave, manicure, eyebrow and facial. She came back at five-thirty all dolled up to beat the band and all evening she had to be careful not to upset her face and hair. Mom, she made a crack when Mau[illegible] sat down to supper in her bathrob[illegible]nd didn't eat nothing, she was so excited. "For Pete's sakes," Maura said, "can't you let me alone even tonight? Have a heart, for Pete's sakes."

THEN it must have been an hour too early she got into her dress and Mom got nervous and what with Pop yelling for quiet like a chicken with its head cut off, Maura she got kind of hysterical and it was one fine crazy house that night. But finally it came seven o'clock and Maura went out. She took a taxi. I had to go all the way to Roebling Street to find the cab; it's always me who has to do the dirty work. So Maura went and we had to wait until nine o'clock when the Bing Crosby radio hour went on. It was some wait. We kept the radio on the station all night and what a load of hooey we had to listen to. I told all the kids on the block about Maura and Bing and they were upstairs, too, listening in; and Mom and Pop, they could say what they want, they were listening in, sitting on chairs close by the radio, just like anybody else. No matter what the old folks said, you could see they were proud of their daughter, too. They can't fool me for one minute.

Well, finally, after a million years, or so it seemed to me, the Bing Crosby hour came on and we pulled our chairs closer to the radio and turned it on full force, as loud as it could go and we listened. Boy, it was some program. The announcer came out and made a speech and then Jimmy Durante—real class, ain't it?—Durante sang and wisecracked for a while. He was good. It was some all-star program. Bing Crosby had every big name on stage or screen or on the air that night. There was a whole pack of them: Harry Richman, Jack Benny, Borrah Minevitch, Albert Spaulding, Lily Pons and even Joan Crawford. Boy, it was certainly a gala program. Well, after a half hour or so, Bing finishes a song and he starts talking about the chain.

"HERE it comes, Mom," I yelled, excited as anything, I admit it. "Here comes Maura." Bing was talking about the chain, very modest, you know, he has to appear modest, of course, and he lays it on thick about Maura. "Folks, I wish you were all here tonight, folks out there in the radio audience, I wish you could see this charming, lovely girl who is responsible for this glorious organization."

Then Mom, she did a crazy thing. Gee whiz, the old folks, sometimes they're half crazy or something. Take Pop, he was sitting there, you could see he was proud in spite of everything he said before, but Mom, she did the craziest thing, she started bawling! They don't understand nothing. Well, you know mothers, they're always crying about one thing or another, but this was real crying, the kind they mean, not just to make an impression. She didn't cry very loud, but it was hurting her very much, you could tell Mom meant it; it was like she was brokenhearted or something.

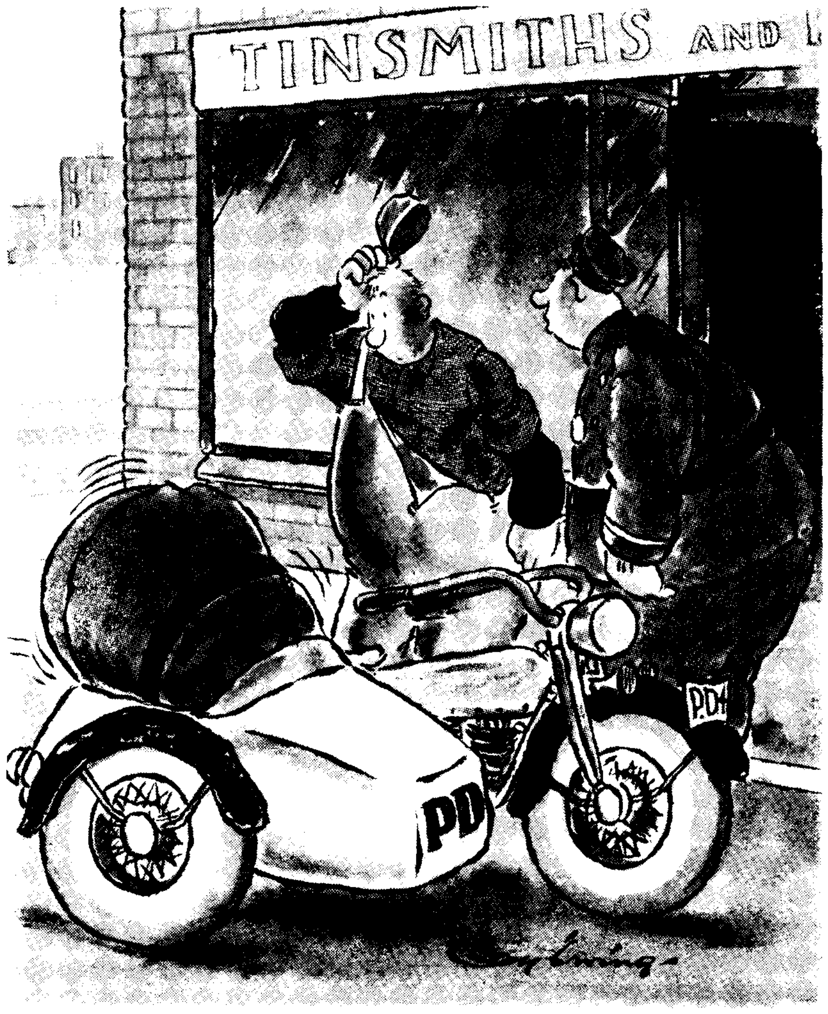
"Aw, Mom," I said, "what in the world are you crying about now? Stop bawling. How can I hear what's going on?"

So Mom cried quiet and you could hear what Bing Crosby was saying. He was going on about Maura and I say to myself, all right, now we'll have some peace for a change, but just then a big holler has to go up outside. Holy smoke, it was certainly irritating. All the women outside on the sidewalk start yelling and Mom stopped crying and Pop, he says, "Melvin, you run downstairs and see what's the matter."

Bing Crosby is now announcing Maura and I said, "Gee whiz, Pop, I want to listen. I don't want to go." But Pop, he looks mad and he says, "Melvin. I say, go down."

So I went down. As usual with these old ladies, they got nothing to do all day, it was nothing. It was Luigi. They brought him home from the bowling alley in an ambulance and when the old ladies saw him they all started hollering and making a fuss. It was nothing, just some cuts on his head and they bandaged him up so he looked like Boris Karloff and I guess it did look like hell. While Luigi was setting up the pins, he forgot to jump and some guy threw the ball down the alley and he got socked. That nigger baby don't know half the time which way he's going and no wonder he got hit, always moping about Seemoan Seemoan. Holy smoke, it's enough to drive a guy out of his mind.

By the time I got back, the house looked like the county hospital. Mom, she was bawling to beat the roof; she just sat there by the radio and bawled like it was a funeral. And Pop, he was walking to the bedroom with his hands behind his back, looking pretty gloomy. I'd been running fast as anything but when I got back it was all over, Maura was off the air and I missed it. Gee, was I sore!



"He ducked down outa th' wind to light a cigarette" JAY IRVING

"I've got a weakness

... for Barbasol Faces"

Are you getting birthday conscious?

Do you feel a bit antique when in the presence of pretty young girls?

Take confidence. It isn't how old you *are* that counts, so much as how old you *look*.

It may not be your age so much as your shaving methods that make you look older than you are.

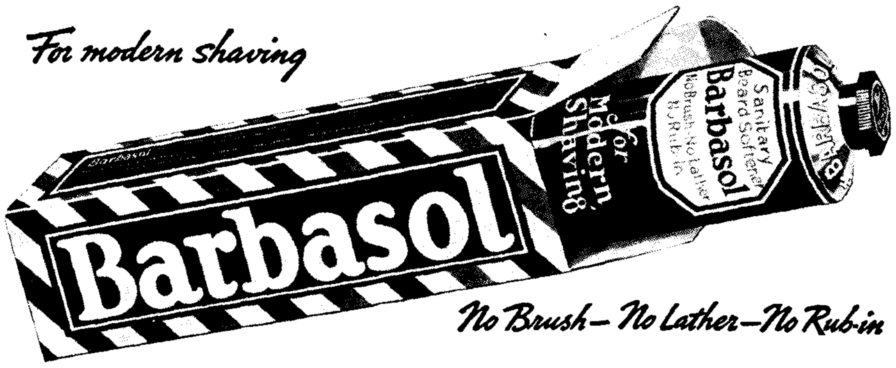
That's why thousands of men, discarding old methods and switching to modern Barbasol, are able to shave years away from their faces. Better still, start using Barbasol young and stay young.

For Barbasol is a cream. It contains none of those harsh alkalis that tighten and draw and dry out the skin, resulting in wrinkles and roughness.

On the other hand, the soothing, refreshing ingredients which Barbasol contains leave your smoothly shaved jowls feeling softer and looking younger—a handsome Barbasol Face.

Ask your druggist for a tube of Barbasol today. Try it for two solid weeks and see the wonderful improvement in your skin, the cleanness of your shaves. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades for 15¢.

For modern shaving



No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Waiting for the last coat of crackling brown before setting to on leg of lamb, barbecue style

A Good Roasting

By Rose and Bob Brown

A succulent roast over glowing coals, with plenty of lively sauce for sluicing on, is what makes a barbecue. Have a whiff and a taste, and you'll be calling all hands to rally round your fire

WE DON'T know how it all started—but suddenly, this summer, everybody went in for cooking outdoors, especially barbecuing. Up in Hillsboro, New Hampshire, the century-old barbecue oven of President Pierce has been restored on the picturesque banks of the Contoocook River, and down in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, the picnic hay rides of 1837, ending in corn roasts around the old barbecue pit, were revived during Old White Week, with hillbilly dance-downs to the tune of Turkey in the Straw and All Bound 'Round with a Woolen String. Out in Michigan a duplicate of President Pierce's whole ox roaster is doing its historic duty in feeding flocks of holiday makers.

Like a prairie fire the hungry flames have spread from camp cooking in the ashes to portable grills, charcoal pots and outdoor fireplaces in the back yard, with everybody getting ashes, smoke and cinders in his eyes over pits and spits on one week end or another, snacking on chickens scented with green apple-wood smoke, picnicking on meats broiled sweet over coals of corncob and walnut bark, everything smacking with grandmother's herbs that have also staged a comeback.

Maybe this urge for primitive gorging on meats slowly turned over glowing embers and pepped up with nifty barbecue sauces was started by millions reading about that old-fashioned barbecue in Gone with the Wind. But no matter how it happened, today in penthouse and trailer we've gone native American, while on the road there's nothing that quite fills the hole of hunger like one of those soul-satisfying barbecue sandwiches that have turned some of the old Robert E. Lee highways into one mouth-watering sign that reads: "Old Style Pit Barbecue with Green Hickory Wood."

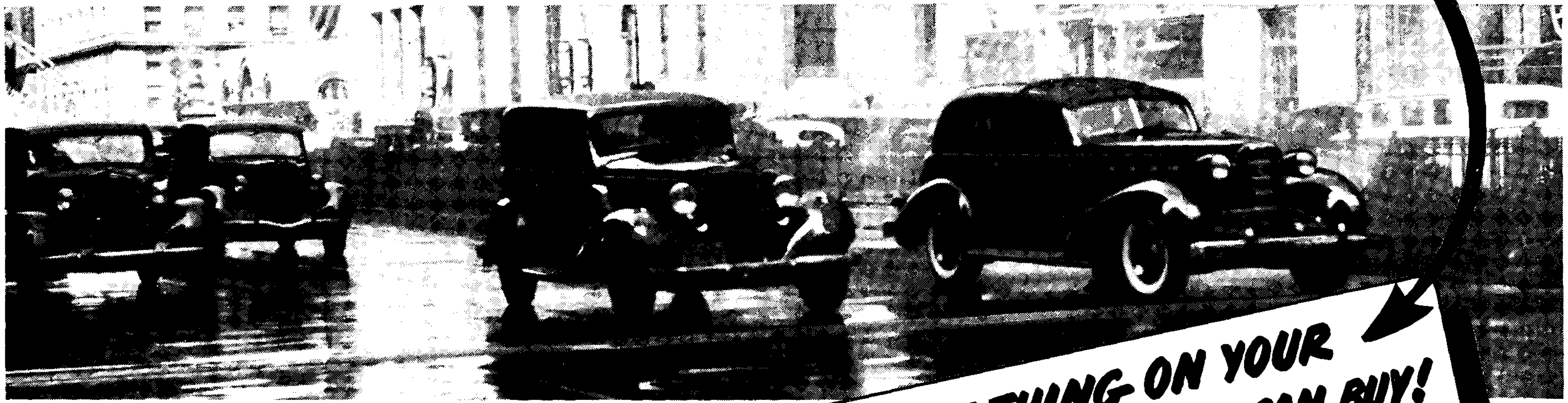
The genuine article in this line consists of luscious thin slices of crackling hot roast pork, and pork only, with just enough crisp, mellow fat on it so butter becomes redundant. It has to be generously stacked between slices of good well-knit bread or a split biscuit, piping hot and homemade, we hope, and everything lavishly sluiced with a real barbecue sauce that has pep, zest, what it takes and then some! It should taste "the most more-ish" as Nantucket Islanders say of their chicken chowder "squantum," which is another specialty of our rekindled outdoor fires. Down South, the mingled savor of pork and hickory wood rising from the pit sets the traveler's nose to twitching half a mile away and starts the old taste buds to blossoming out like sunflowers. And when finally you bite into that Old Style Sandwich it answers back sharply to the caveman appetite that yips and yaps way down deep within the best of us.

With half of us catching our meals on wheels at this season and hardly able to wait for the next snack counter that's always just around the corner, small wonder that barbecue stands have grown as thick as filling stations, especially as we cross the Mason and Dixon Line. And from there on to the Mexican border the sauce gets hotter and hotter.

This is as it should be, since those little red peppers that serve as the real base of this All-American culinary art are native to Mexico, and all the way down to the State of Tabasco we find dabsters stirring up *salsa de barbacoa*. That's the tastiest stuff we've ever dabbled a crackling brown slab of roast pork in. The recipe should be on the tip of every tongue—just get yourself a flock of limes and squeeze out about half a glass of juice; use lemon, vinegar, white wine or sherry if you must, though *the result won't be nearly so Mejicano* without those limes. But first chop up very fine a discreet amount of garlic with one big onion and cook it tenderly in plenty of butter, anyway a quarter pound. Then toss in your lime juice, with a couple of teaspoons of mustard and of salt, just ahead of two whopping tablespoons of good Texas chili powder, a can of thick tomato soup and half a cup of water. To get that extra foreign savor here's the secret: Crumble a bay leaf with some cumin seed in your palm and sprinkle it in when no rival barbecuer is looking, or try a modicum of sweet marjoram which grows as wild as sage along the border. Let all your ingredients get well acquainted by simmering them together for five minutes, stirring the while, and then you've got the real McCoy in meat spreads.

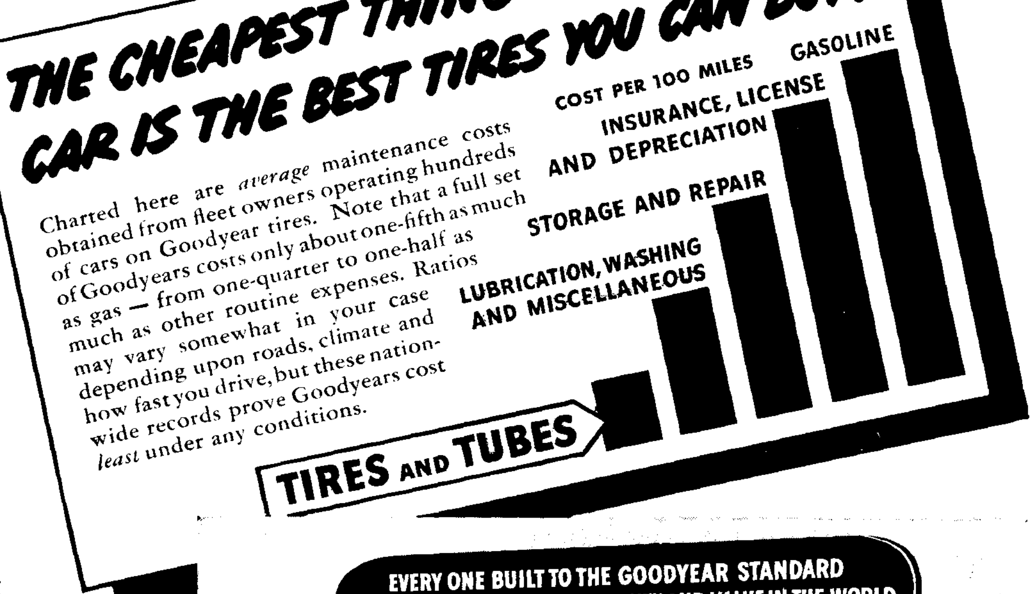
(Continued on page 45)

NO ONE HAS TO *TAKE CHANCES* ON SMOOTH TIRES THIS FALL



"THE BEST TIRE—IN ANY WEATHER!"—that's what the public says about Goodyear tires after long experience with all makes. That's why for 22 consecutive years *more people have bought Goodyear tires than any other kind!*

THE CHEAPEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!



Charted here are *average* maintenance costs obtained from fleet owners operating hundreds of cars on Goodyear tires. Note that a full set of Goodyears costs only about one-fifth as much as gas — from one-quarter to one-half as much as other routine expenses. Ratios may vary somewhat in your case depending upon roads, climate and how fast you drive, but these nationwide records prove Goodyears cost *least* under any conditions.

COST PER 100 MILES
GASOLINE
INSURANCE, LICENSE AND DEPRECIATION
STORAGE AND REPAIR
LUBRICATION, WASHING AND MISCELLANEOUS
TIRES AND TUBES

BETTER take a good look at your tires now. The slippery skiddy months are just ahead—months when tires worn smooth by hard summer wear *just aren't safe!*

Today no one has to take chances in bad-weather driving. Today everyone can afford the superior safety and traction of stout new Goodyear tires, for the simple truth is—and the records of great fleet operators verify it—*the cheapest thing on your car is the best tires you can buy!*

Why be without the quick-stopping grip of Goodyear center traction—the Goodyear Margin of Safety that prevents skidding accidents—the proved blowout protection of patented Supertwist Cord in every ply — when all this extra security costs you only ONE-FIFTH as much per mile as you spend for gasoline!

Top quality—in every price class

You get these top-rank features, *more miles of safety,* in every Goodyear tire—in the super-mileage "G-3" All-Weather, in the sensational new "R-1," in Goodyears at lower prices—because the world's largest tire-maker can give you greatest value for your money.

And here's something else to remember: tires broken in during cooler weather average 30% longer wear. By buying now you get maximum safety when you need it most, and extra wear next summer, too.

That's why it will pay you to see your Goodyear dealer now — to select the Goodyear that fits your need and your purse. You'll be sure of first-class safety all winter long — *at far less cost than any other running expense on your car!*

EVERY ONE BUILT TO THE GOODYEAR STANDARD
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY AND VALUE IN THE WORLD
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR G-3 ALL-WEATHER
GOODYEAR SPEEDWAY
GOODYEAR R-1

SENSATIONAL NEW VALUE—the big, he-man "R-1"—one of the greatest tire values of all time, at the price you're accustomed to paying.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

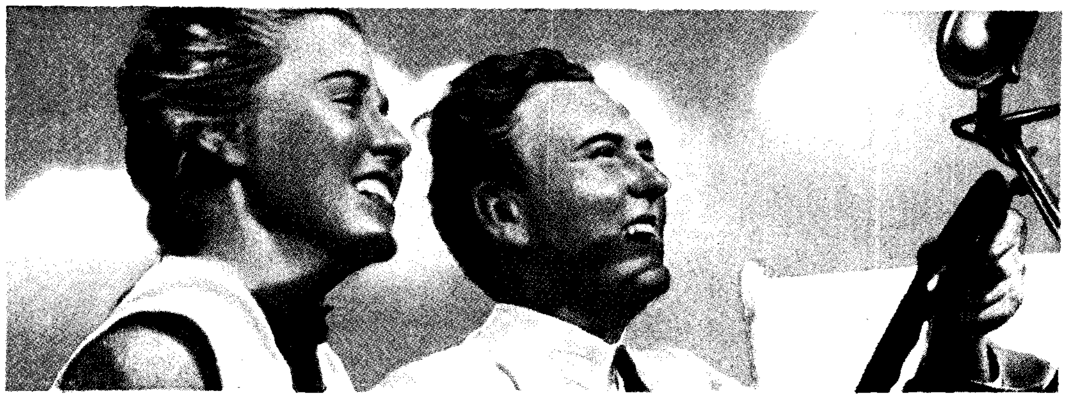
GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

GASOLI

WORTH GETTING

MOBILGAS MUST BE BETTER— 1½ MILLION MOTORISTS EVERY DAY PREFER IT TO ANY OTHER BRAND!



THE CROWD GOES WILD at Yankee Stadium! 80,000 roaring fans watch the season's biggest double-header!

80,000 excited people!...just a handful to Mobilgas dealers, who serve more than *1,000 a minute!*

Do people get excited about Mobilgas? You bet they do. They talk about it. Tell their friends. There's a difference they can *feel* in that very first tankful:

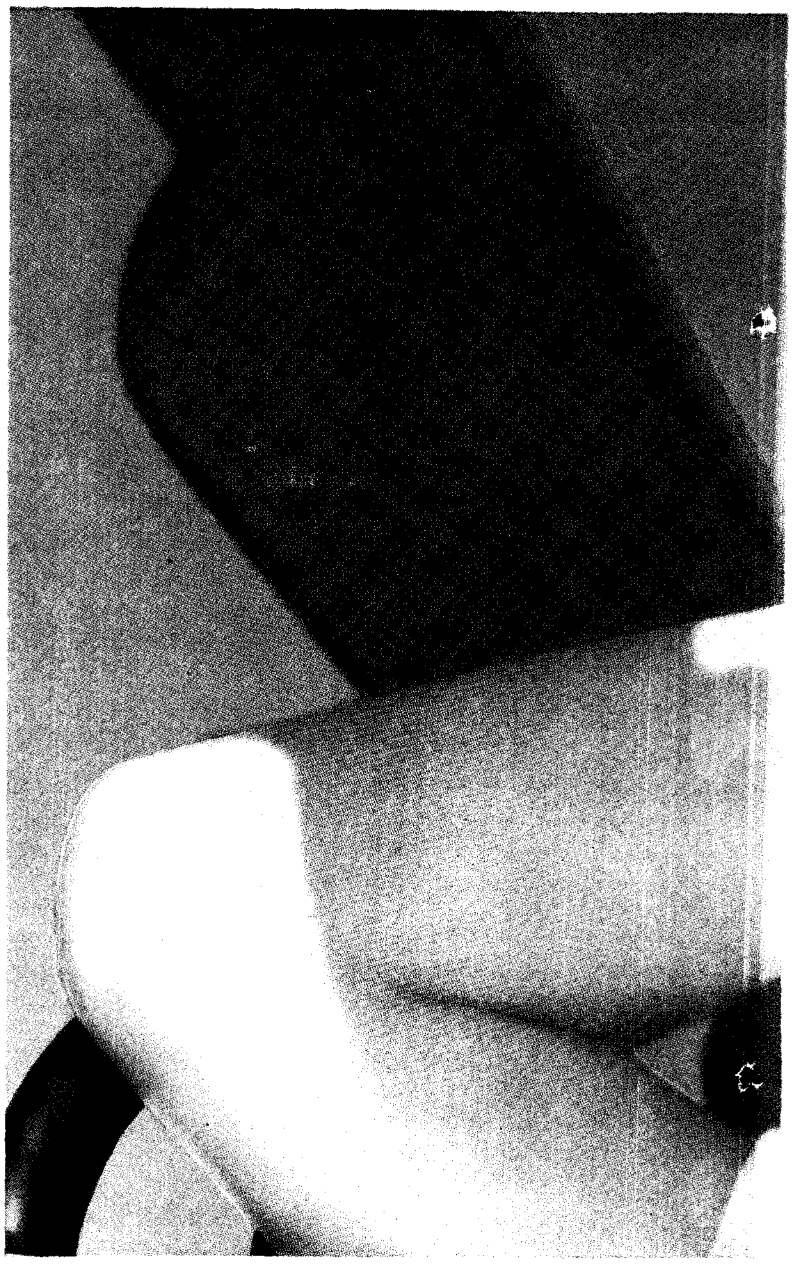
Faster pick-up and "hills-in-high" driving. More miles. Smoother miles.

Why is Mobilgas better than others?

For several reasons: Years of work by Doctors of Science. Ultra-modern refineries. The greatest experience in the refining industry! Rigid inspection! Fast distribution.

Test Mobilgas fairly under every driving condition. Then see if you don't agree with 1½ million customers a day—it's the best gasoline you can buy.

Stop today at the Sign of Friendly Service—for America's largest-selling gas!



MOBILGAS AND MOB

NE

SOLD AT THE SIGN OF
"FRIENDLY SERVICE"

EXCITED ABOUT !

LOIL

SOCONY-VACUUM
OIL COMPANY, INC.

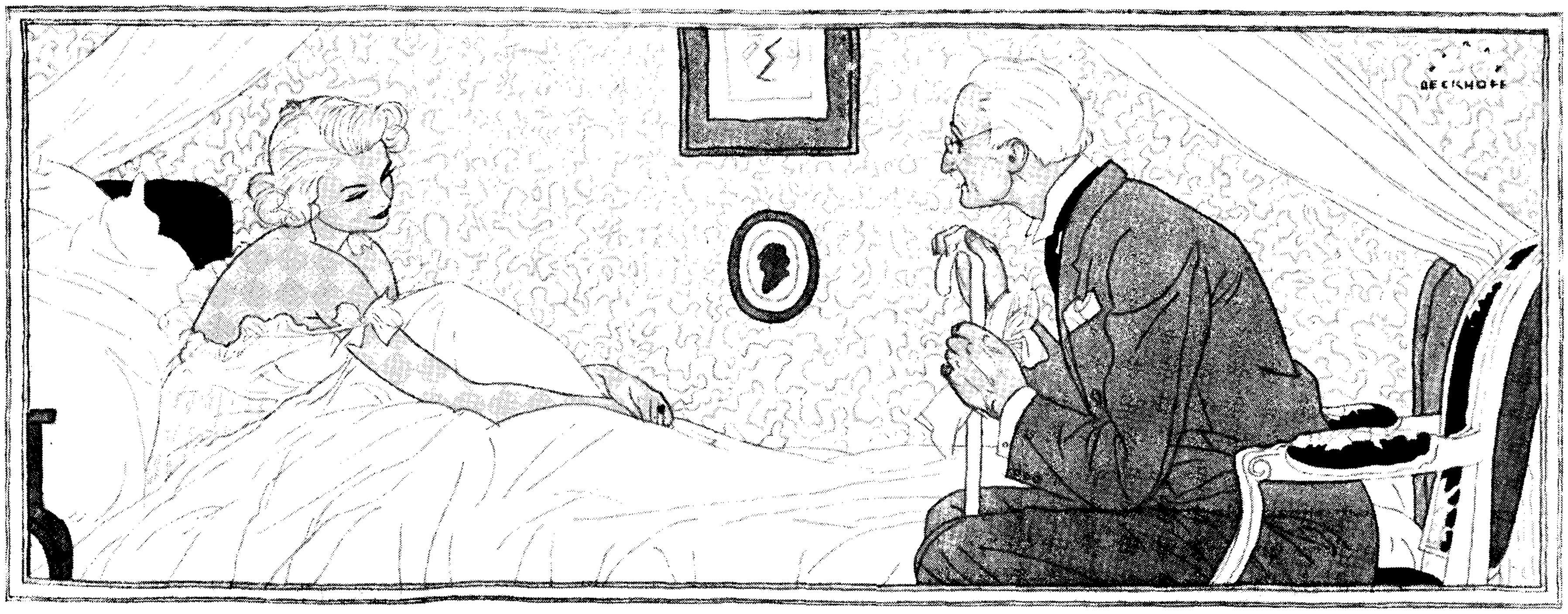
Mobilgas

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

Chamber Music

By Henri Duvernois

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



"I can give you a very useful piece of advice," he said, "for Emile is a good deal like his mother"

MADAME MIZONNEAU'S voice was at its shrillest the minute she woke up. It used to give Monsieur Mizonneau a headache for the rest of the day. And so, years ago, he had adopted the habit of getting up before his wife. Washed, shaved and dressed, he could face it with less pain.

"My husband is perfectly useless," Madame Mizonneau used to say, "but to do him justice he doesn't lie in bed in the morning. Whatever time I get up he's always ready. It's one of his peculiarities. Of course it does him no good, for he spends the rest of his time reading useless books, wandering around museums and twiddling his thumbs."

But this particular morning was an exception. Madame Mizonneau woke up first.

"Cyprien!" she shouted. "Are you asleep?"

Cyprien rolled despairing eyes toward the ceiling. "I was asleep," he admitted. "But not any more."

"Do you know what's happening while you lie there taking your ease?"

"No, but I have a premonition that it's nothing pleasant."

"It's about your son's home."

"What, again?"

"Things aren't as they should be. You know that, but you don't care."

"I'm a good father."

"You think you're a good father just because you're not a bad one. Look at me: I'm a mother in the fullest sense of the word."

"And a mother-in-law—"

"Who knows what's what. Shall I tell you what's going to happen? There'll be a divorce."

"But you approved the marriage."

"Suzanne seemed an insignificant little creature. Well, she has changed. Emile is unhappy. Oh, he hasn't said anything, but my instinct tells me he's unhappy. The other evening when we had dinner there the soup was cold, and your daughter-in-law seemed to think that was perfectly all right. Emile made a scene.

"What's more, she doesn't keep the household accounts the way my son told her to—in a special book with double entries. And so there are quarrels. The other evening when I stopped in unexpectedly they were shouting."

"Whose voice was louder?"

"Emile's, of course. My son's no milksop. I think it's time to do something. I don't want to interfere myself because your silly pretense of being a martyr has given me a reputation for bossiness. If you have any fatherly instincts left, you'll act. Talk to Suzanne. And for once in your life, be firm. Put her in her place. Our child's happiness depends on it."

"You may count on me," said Monsieur Mizonneau. "I'm not as useless as you think. I'll attend to everything."

HE DRESSED quickly and left the house. Home, some cynic has said, is never so dear as when one is leaving it or returning to it. In Monsieur Mizonneau's case only the first part of the statement was true.

It was a little before ten when he got to his daughter-in-law's. She was still in bed, and he couldn't help noticing how charming she looked with her tumbled hair, her soft arms and charming eyes.

"Papa," she cried, "I have the worst luck. The first time I stay in bed late you find me. I don't know what you'll think. But I was sad this morning and it's so dark outside!"

"Think nothing of it, my child. I was in this neighborhood and I said to myself: 'Why not stop in and see Suzanne?' "

"You know, Papa, I like you a lot."

"And I like you. Tell me, are you happy?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Completely?"

"No, Papa."

"What's wrong?"

"It's about Emile. He's driving me wild. I know his good points. He's generous and faithful to me and I appreciate it. But he's so strict. That's why I'm sad this morning. We woke up at seven-thirty and immediately, without so much as saying good morning, Emile began a whole list of complaints and criticisms. At such times he has a special voice, sharp and petulant—"

"And it gives you a headache?"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Yes. It seems to me that when you wake up you ought to devote an hour—one hour isn't asking too much, is it?—to agreeable things. You know that there's going to be plenty of unpleasantness before the day's over, but why dwell upon it when one has just been dreaming? And why should Emile choose just that moment to point out all my imperfections, faults and mistakes? Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, I see."

"Do you think I'm wicked?"

"No, Suzanne."

"Tell me what to do."

"All right. As a matter of fact, it was partly for that reason that I came here. I can give you a very useful piece of advice, for Emile is a good deal like his mother. Act exactly the opposite from the way I have acted. If he shouts, don't hesitate—shout louder. At all costs you must keep him from considering you an insignificant little creature. Oppose him stoutly. He'll give way. If he interferes with the way you run the house, tell him to keep his nose out of your affairs. And, most important of all, interrupt him. Remember this, my child: if you are silent it will only encourage him. Cultivate an ear-splitting voice. What you say doesn't matter so long as you say it violently. A few mornings of that and your husband will calm down. I'm giving you the fruit of thirty years' experience. Look what's happened to me because I didn't have the courage to use it. But, in my case, a weak voice is congenital. You are young, you have good lungs: shout!

"Perhaps you had better say nothing about this. What I advise is for your happiness and Emile's, but I don't believe Madame Mizonneau would understand."

IT WAS noon when Monsieur Mizonneau got home.

"You certainly took long enough," said his wife. "I hope at least you got some results."

"Let the matter rest for a month and you'll see."

"You didn't beat around the bush, did you, the way you do when you have something to tell me?"

Foreseeing an argument, Monsieur Mizonneau closed his eyes. "I was firm as a rock," he said. "You'll have cause to congratulate me."

And, as a matter of fact, a few days later he did receive congratulations.

"I can't understand it," Madame Mizonneau admitted, "but now Emile and Suzanne are getting on beautifully. There was just one thing I noticed: before he says anything Emile looks at his wife for permission. It's simply amazing: at such moments I could swear he looks like you."

Dreams are Real

Continued from page 13

anything. He put his arm around her and she drew away, so he let his arm rest on the deck back of the seat and stared at the pale blur her face made in the darkness.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Oh, nothing."

He took his arm off the deck and closed it over her hand where it lay on her knee. "No kidding, Molly; what's the matter?"

She cried desperately, "Oh, nothing, nothing!" and pulled her hand away.

He twisted on the seat and grabbed her by the shoulders and pressed hard against her but she whipped her head to one side and downward.

"Take me home, please, Chick, please."

"Sure. One night you let me kiss you a dozen times and now it's 'take me home, please.' "

She reached out and put her hand on his; she patted it.

"Chick."

"Yes."

"Take me home."

HE SLAPPED at the switch and slammed his foot down on the starter button. He spun the car in the clearing and charged up the narrow road.

"Chick!" she cried. "Be careful!"

Muddy water threshed beneath them and splashed against the windshield. He forgot a bad turn and, though he saw it just in time to avoid hitting a tree, the traction was not good enough to bring the car to a stop. Mudguards and radiator whanged and crackled through dense bushes and when he threw the gears in reverse the rear wheels whined in the mud but the car did not back up. He tried for five minutes, then sat back and let the motor idle. He could hear Molly panting beside him.

He muttered, "I'm sorry, Molly. I oughta have my head examined."

"We'll never get out."

"You leave that to me. I got chains in back."

But it took him over half an hour to jack the car up and put the chains on and another fifteen minutes to back the car out into the road without jamming it against a tree. Then when they got to the state road, he had to stop and take the chains off.

"There!" he said, climbing back into the car. "I told you we'd get out."

"But look at you—you're mud from head to foot!"

He laughed. "Think nothing of it, baby."

"And it's half past eight!"

"I'll have you home in a shake."

She lay back. "Stop on the highway, near the bridge. I'll walk over Depot Street."

"Listen, why can't I go home with you? Why can't I meet the folks?"

"No, no. Let me off near the bridge."

His mouth drew down at one corner and one eye squinted. Instead of stopping near the bridge, he swung into Depot Street and said, "Which house?"

She was bolt upright, crying out, "I told you—"

"I know what you told me, but if they're going to give you hell, kid, I'm going to be there."

"No! Stop!"

"Shut up. Which house?"

"I won't tell you."

"Okay. Then I'll shoot right over to Main Street and ask somebody."

Her body relaxed, hung limp. She mumbled, "That one, on the left, the little one."

Going in behind her, close behind her, he saw a middle-aged man with a small head atop a long neck, and a fat, middle-aged woman with rosy cheeks and plump, freckled arms. And he saw Stella, neat and trim, with hard black hair and wide, hueless lips.

Molly faltered, "Ma, Pa, this is—"

"I know who he is!" Stella ripped in. "So you went to the library, Miss Molly Hight? I suppose it takes an hour to get from the library here!"

Chick said, "Now wait a minute. I—"

"You mind your own business!" Stella snapped.

Ma looked upset. "Stella, now, after all—"

"You keep out of this, too!" Stella shrieked. "I help support this family and it's my name and I'm not going to have her chasing around with every loafer that drifts in here in the summertime. You don't forget, and neither do I, the time she was out all night with that—"

Molly choked, "Oh, you horrible, horrible—"

Pa stood up and cleared his throat. "Stella, as your father—"

"Sit down!" she spat at him.

He sat down and snatched up a magazine and thumbed the pages irritably.

"Molly," Stella said, "get upstairs. Do you hear me? Get upstairs!"

Molly ran, red with shame.

Chick shouted, "Molly, come back here!"

But she didn't stop. Her feet hammered up the stairs and then a door slammed.

Chick was dazed. He said slowly, dazedly, "We didn't do anything wrong. We got stuck. It was my fault. I asked her—I wanted her to—"

"Get out," Stella said grimly. Her arms were folded. "If you come around here again, I'll have the state cop come over and throw you out. I've got some influence around here."

He stared at her, unable to believe all he had seen and heard. Finally he dropped his eyes, turned and went out.

It wasn't until he was a mile out of town that he remembered what she had said about Molly being out all night with a guy. And in the next minute he didn't believe it. Or if it happened, he told himself, it wasn't the way Stella said it did. Anger rushed hot and swift through him.

"I'll go back!" he said. "I'll show her! I'll go back tomorrow and if she makes one more crack I'll slap her down!"

But he really didn't have to go back to the house, because next evening he saw Molly walking down Main Street. He quickened his pace and called quietly, "Molly!"

SHE turned her head but didn't stop. When he caught up with her she said, "I don't ever want to see you again. Please stop following me."

"I suppose it annoys you."

"Yes, it annoys me."

He stopped and spaded his hands into his hip pockets and watched her walk away.

"Okay, sister," he said to himself. "It's okay by me. They come a dime a dozen." He strolled back to Huttimann's and killed a couple of hours drinking beer.

He was standing in front of Carberry's drugstore a week later when he saw her come across the street with the big towheaded kid she'd danced with at the pavilion. She looked right at Chick, right through him, without a bit of expression and went into Carberry's with the kid. It took Chick almost a minute to get down the lump in his throat.

Next day he said to his boss, "You

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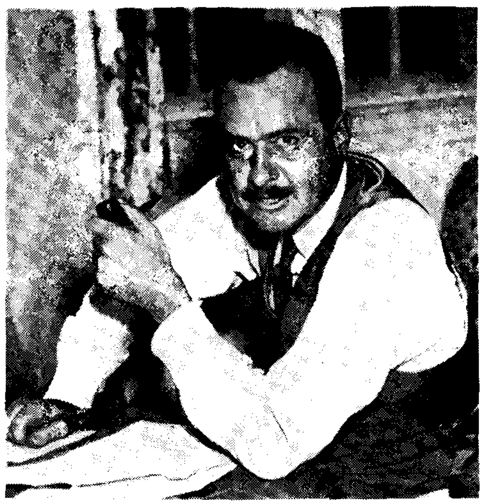

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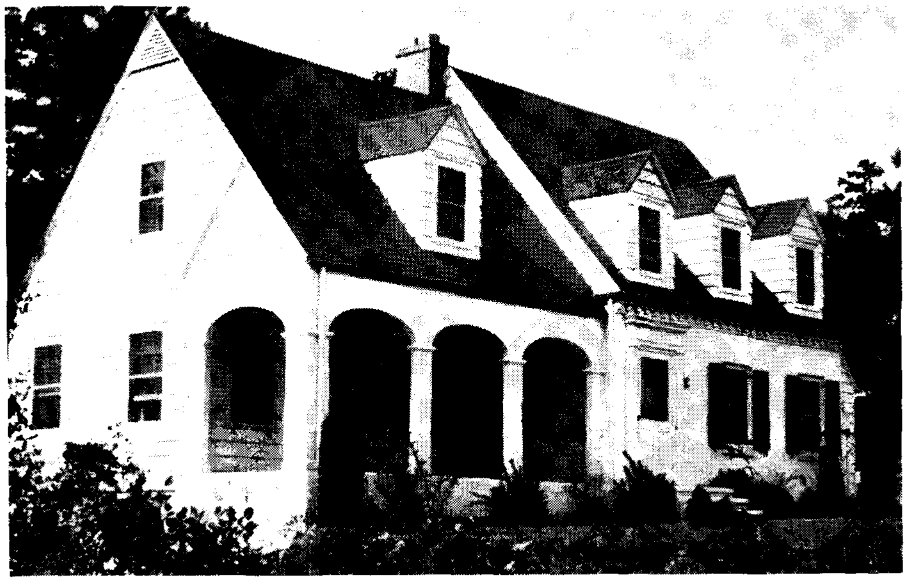

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better get in a new guy. I'm leaving the end of the week."

He pulled out Saturday at noon and cut over to Mechanic Falls. It was a grand day, sunny and windy, almost the end of June. He had his week's salary in his pocket and over in a Portland savings bank two hundred and sixty more. But he was going to Augusta first. He hadn't been there in over a year. He stopped outside Lewiston to drink a bottle of beer and then took Route 3 into Augusta. Sunday morning he went out to the cemetery with some flowers and put them on the graves—his father's, his mother's, and his little sister's. It made him feel blue while he was there, but after he left he felt better than he'd felt in a long time, sort of uplifted. He spent the afternoon visiting some old friends and rode slowly past the house where he was born. It was now a roadside stand with the name Karykas out front.

MONDAY morning he lit out on U. S. 201 to Brunswick and took U. S. 1 into Portland. He got a room across the street from the railroad station and killed a week in Portland. He saw all the movies, ate at a chop-suey joint, picked up a girl on the beach at Old Orchard, and ran into a guy he'd once run night freight with between Portland and Boston. Eddie Anderson.

"The boss is looking for a good guy for the Burlington run."

"I'm having a vacation," Chick said.

"Filthy rich, huh?"

"Yeah."

He went down to Boston the first week in July. The days were too long and full of nothing.

After a week in Boston he was filled up. One afternoon, late, he decided to go back to Portland.

It was getting dark when he rolled through Everett. The Newburyport Pike is a rangy, fast highway, and he was about ten miles south of Newburyport when a car blasted past him, cut in sharp and drove him off the road. His brakes screeched as he fought the wheel; a tire blew; he raked hard into a stone wall and woke up in a hospital.

Of all things, he was whole and there was not a cut on his face, only a blue mark on his chin and some bruises on his body. He had been knocked out. The other guy had never stopped, they told him. Somebody else had brought him in.

He was out in three days and when he went to look at his car he wondered how he'd ever survived the crash: his car was a complete wreck; useless. He took a bus the rest of the way to Portland. And in the bus he met Honus Schmidt.

"Well, look who's here!" Honus cried.

"Hello, Honie."

He'd once driven a bus on the old Scarlet Line when Honus was a starter there.

"Working?" Honus asked.

"No."

"I need an extra on the Bangor run. You were always a good guy at the wheel."

"I guess I still am."

He ran extra on the Bangor run, and as far as Bar Harbor, for a month, and in the middle of August they put him on steady. He tacked up a good time record, he was rarely behind schedule, and his accounts were always straight. At the end of August he was shifted to the White Mountain run and his lips tightened when he saw that his route ran through Burridgeton.

It was a good run. But those narrow, twisting mountain roads were tough on the arms and back, and you had to be on the lookout every minute.

There were two stops at Burridgeton, one at the northern end of the town, the hotel, which was a regular stop, and another at the southern edge, near the bridge, where you stopped on signal. September came in and Labor Day went past and not once did he see Molly. The leaves turned all colors and the days grew shorter, cooler. Traffic slacked off and October opened with heavy rains. Portland-bound now, it was dark, eight o'clock when he passed through Burridgeton.

It was very dark, very wet, the night he saw a white hand raised at the signal stop near the bridge. His lights shone on a shiny black umbrella, a girl's legs. He opened the door and Molly got in and went past him without seeing him. She carried a small overnight bag. The black curtain back of his seat was pulled down and she would not see him until she got off. He was thankful for that. It would give him time to think.

But he had other things to keep his mind on also. The rain came down harder, in sheets, in streams, and it was black country and the road was black, too, with dark shoulders so that you never knew where the edge of it was. And there was a bus connection to make in Portland.

He made it. He wheeled his big bus in beside the hotel marquee, cut the motor and took one instant to stretch his legs, his arms, his aching shoulders. Then he jumped out and stood waiting to collect the fares. When Molly didn't appear, he climbed in and saw her far in back, asleep.

He walked down the aisle and stood for a moment beside the seat.

"Molly, wake up."

She opened her eyes and gazed at him for a couple of seconds vacantly, sleepily. Then she sat up and her hand flew to her breast. He picked up the bag beside her on the seat.

"We're in Portland. Come on."

She choked, "You—you drove *this?*"

"Yeah. I picked you up at the bridge. You catching that bus out to Boston? If you are, you better snap out of it."

She stared at the back of the seat ahead and said slowly, "No."

"This hotel?"

"No." She inhaled slowly. "I want to find a room."

He gave her a long, somber scrutiny. Then he said, "Come on, get out. Wait in the hotel lobby. I'll be back in half an hour."

She picked up her umbrella and purse and followed him down the aisle, and as he handed her out she asked, "How much is it, the fare?"

"A dollar sixty. But keep it. It's on me."

"Oh, no, I couldn't—"

"Don't argue. It's raining cats and dogs. Go in and wait in the lobby, like I told you. Come on." He carried her bag into the lobby, set it down and said, "Now wait here."

HE PUT the bus in the garage, got out of his uniform and put on a blue suit and a slicker. When he got back to the hotel lobby, she was still there, pale and frightened.

"Well, what happened?" he said, sitting down beside her. He lit a cigarette and leaned back, dead tired, and waited.

Her lips hardly moved. "I ran away."

His heart felt big and thick and it was clubbing him slowly in the chest. "Where to?" he muttered.

Her shoulders moved. "Anywhere. I'll look for a job."

"How much dough you got?"

"Oh, enough."

"How much is enough?"

Her lower lip trembled. "Ten, eleven or so. But I'll—"

"Yeah, I know, I know." His face was bitter, gloomy. "That sour-pussed sister of yours! You know what? By tomorrow she'll have every cop in the state looking for you and by tomorrow night you'll be right back where you started from."

Molly murmured, "Why—why do you worry about me?"

His eyes flared under bent brows. "Damn it, because I'm nuts about you! You got me! I ain't been able to get you out o' my mind! Even though you practically kicked me in the face the last time—"

"It was because she told you about that boy. It made me so ashamed! She's always held that over my head. And it was nothing. She knows in her heart it wasn't. There was a bridge washed out one night and we couldn't get home. We had to go way around, miles, back roads, mud and all, and it was six in the morning when—"

He growled, "Why tell me?" and struck his knee.

She gazed at him and the corners of her mouth softened and her eyes grew wet. "Because I'm the way you said you were. Nuts about you." She gripped his hand. "Oh, Chick, what am I going to do? Stella'll raise the roof off the place—and poor Ma and Pa, she runs them the same way, too!"

He pressed her hand. "Steady, kid." His eyes were glittering. "Lemme think." He kept pressing her hand. "You wait here. Right here. I'm going over to the garage and borrow a car."

"But, Chick, we can't run away, both of us!"

"We ain't running away, baby," he said.

WHEN he brought around the car, a sedan, she was waiting outside under the marquee. He opened the door and she climbed in.

"This way," he said, "is the straight way."

"Chick, I don't understand—"

"Burridgeton. Home."

She held on hard to his arm and moaned, "But, honey, she'll never—"

"Leggo, Molly. I got to drive."

He made Burridgeton in two hours flat. When he pulled up in front of the house at half past twelve, the lights were on. He took the bag in one hand and Molly's arm in the other and said:

"Now keep your mouth shut."

He banged the bag against the door and Pa opened it.

"It's Mr. Bennett!" he shouted. "And Molly!"

"Oh, Molly, Molly!" her mother cried. "My little baby!"

"So there you are," Stella said in a tart, measured voice. "Up to your old tricks again. Your family all broken up worrying about you and I just about to call the police—"

"Pipe down," said Chick, and skated the bag across the floor.

"As for you, you dirty loafer—"

"You heard me; pipe down," he said. "I just brought her back from Portland because you drove her out, and about as fast as we can do it we're going to get married."

Stella was quivering with rage. "I'll have no loafer like you in this family! She's no good, she'll never be any good! The minute she gets out of sight, she's in trouble! I know! I've stood it for years!" She went on and on, her face flaming, a blind glassy look in her eyes. Her father broke in, her mother broke in, but she yelled them down. She stamped on the floor.

Chick was working up to something he had never done in his life before. He stood in front of her, squinting at her, moving his lips tightly against his teeth, taking her insults for himself and for Molly; waiting; holding back. But he knew he couldn't hold back much longer, if she didn't stop. And she didn't stop.

So he stopped her. He stopped her with the flat of his hand, one quick sharp slap across the mouth. And suddenly the room was very still, Ma and Pa petrified and Molly covering her face with her hands and Stella holding her mouth, her eyes round, stricken, terrified.

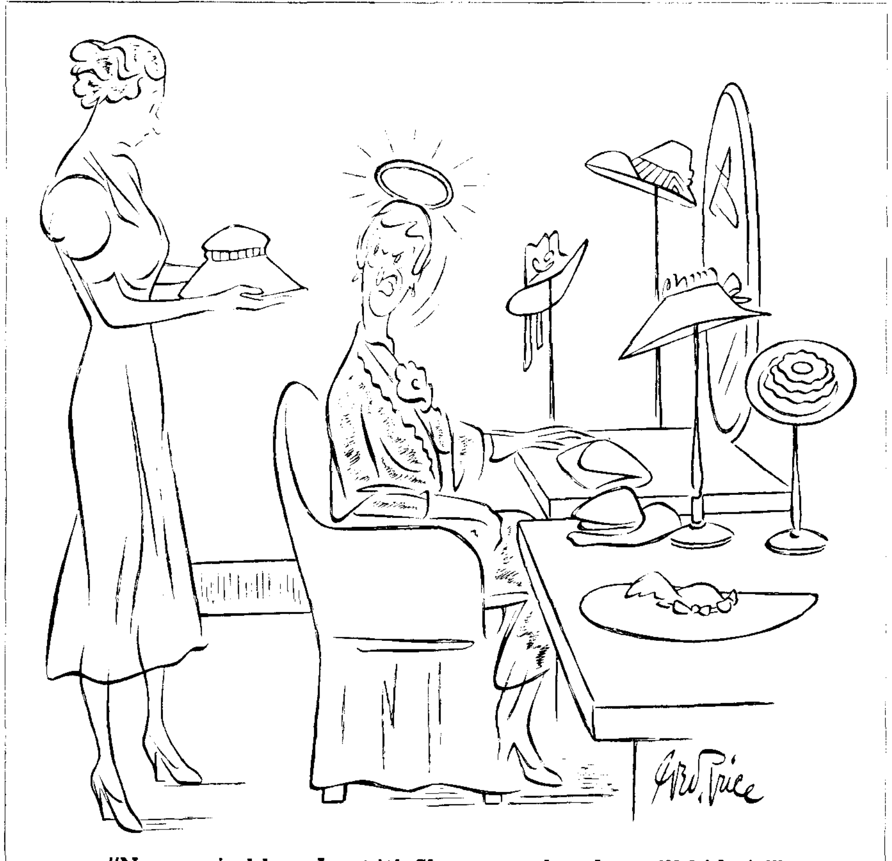
Chick said, "Get upstairs. I want to talk to your ma and pa and I don't want you in my hair while I'm doing it. Go on, get upstairs!"

She fled, just as Molly had fled up the same stairs on another night.

Chick turned. He went over and took hold of Molly's hands and pulled them away from her face. "Don't worry, baby," he said. She rubbed her forehead against his chest and he looked across the top of her head and said, "Hello, Ma. Hello, Pa. I guess I got to talk to you about things."

Ma dropped heavily into a rocker and fanned herself with her apron. "Go down the cellar, Pa," she said, "and draw some cider."

Molly sighed, "It's like a dream."



"Never mind how I got it! Show me a hat that will hide it!"

GEORGE PRICE

How to Figure Depreciation on a Husband

IS his forehead creeping higher? Is there a first faint hint of dignity at his belt line? He's still young, of course, but every husband and every wife must face this fact: eventually he will wear out or drop out—grow old or die. Either way his earnings will stop.

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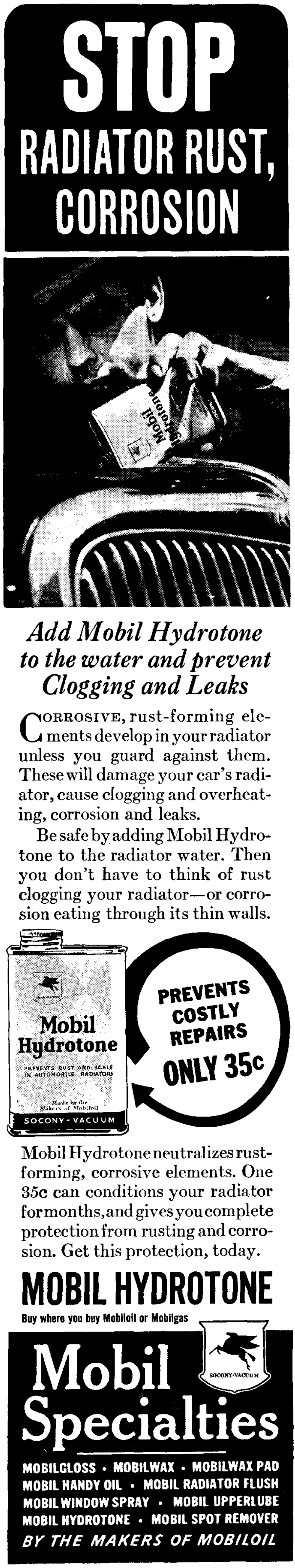
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SOCONY-VACUUM

Thou Shalt Not Kill

Continued from page 15

essential to stimulate and support the public authorities, but in the end it is the public authorities—the state government, the highway departments, the police and the courts—which must get this job done.

The first thing a state needs is an agency or mechanism for getting the facts about its motor-vehicle accidents. Accidents are definitely classifiable—they come from a limited number of well-understood causes; they happen in a limited number of places. The first thing a state must know is just which of these causes is doing the damage.

The first place to look for accident causes is in the car. But strangely enough this trouble is really to be found in the car owner and not the car. If there are bad brakes on the car it is the owner's fault and if there is a nice little thin front tire ready to blow out and send the car into a loop-the-loop, that is the fault of the owner. And so the defective car as a cause of accident may be classed as one of the characteristics of the defective owner.

One of the amazing features of the modern automobile age is the laxity of law and society about the driver. A railroad engine runs along a track, with a legal right of way, with all crossings policed, with an elaborate system of signals all along the track, with every other train under central control of a dispatcher and the engine itself running along a pair of rails which permit no turning out or deviation from its course. Yet the engineer is isolated; he is permitted to run his engine only after years of training; he is held to rigid rules, not the least of which is that a drop of liquor on his breath means instant dismissal.

But an automobile runs as fast as a locomotive, goes under the loosest control along a highway used by cars weaving in and out, passing countless crossings only partly policed, and we permit it to be operated by an immature driver with only the sketchiest notion of whether he can really drive and without knowing whether he knows the rules of the road.

The hardest part of the whole job of highway life-saving is the education of the driver and the pedestrian. And it can be done only by ceaseless, day-after-day hammering through the press, the movies, the radio, public meetings, distribution of pamphlets and leaflets and by certain public regulations, backed by inescapable enforcement.

One of the most important functions of the driver is the hardest one to drive home in this process of education, and that is the necessity of keeping his car in control. You can even get him to pay attention to signs if the signs are made properly—that is if, instead of being peremptory orders to do this or that, they explain in a word or two the reasons for the requirement. You can get him to obey lights and you can even get him to read and understand rules. But it is extremely difficult to make him understand the potentialities of the powerful engine he pilots.

How Soon Can You Stop?

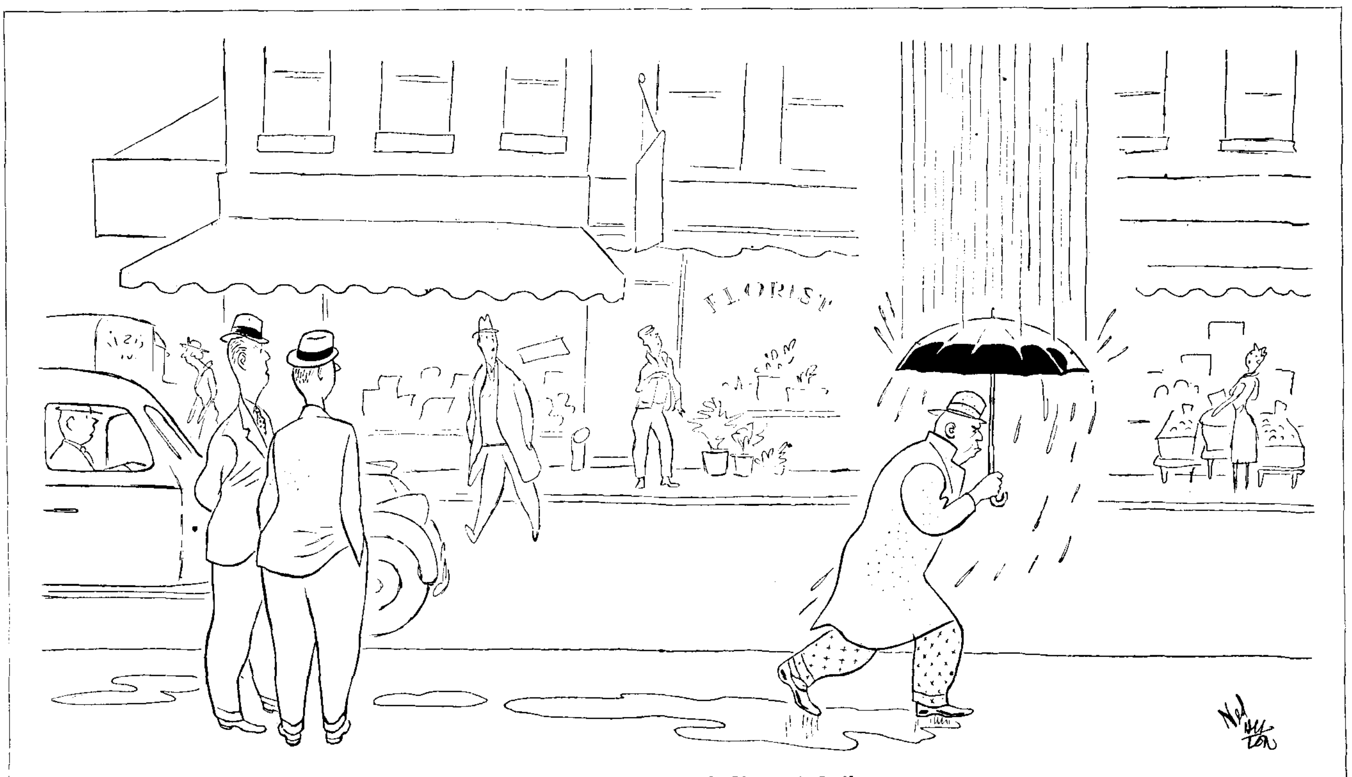
For instance, here is a very sober fact that ought to make any driver pause. Forty miles an hour is not a killing pace for an automobile now. Ask a driver how quickly he can stop his car going at forty miles an hour. He will tell you—assuming the brakes are good—"Oh, very quickly, almost instantly." But can he? Before a driver can stop a car he has got to decide to stop it. That is, he has got to see something ahead, some hazard or danger. He has got to recognize that, make up his mind to stop the car, telegraph that decision along his nerve and muscular lines to his foot, put the foot on the brake and push it down. After he does—and not until then—does the brake begin to stop the car.

Now if you are going forty miles an hour, how far do you think your car will travel before those seemingly instantaneous operations of deciding, sending the notification to the foot and pressing it down, are completed? Well, if you are an ordinary person, with average reactions, the car will travel forty-four feet before you get that brake pressed down. If the brakes are in good working condition it will take another eighty-eight feet before the brakes do their work. If you are going sixty miles an hour, it will take sixty-six feet before you can get that brake down and 198 feet after that to bring the car to a stop.

The terrible part of all this is that so large a part of car driving is done, even by so-called careful drivers, with a gay indifference to the hazards of the road. Lolling back in the seat as if in a rocker on a porch, with one hand lazily resting on the wheel, looking about at the scenery, engaged in a discussion of the business situation or perhaps putting on a show for the lady alongside, arguing with the people in the back seat, worrying about things at the office or just plain woolgathering—these are the hardest of all driver weaknesses to break up.

But nothing the highway managers can do will avail anything unless two things are made sure. One is absolutely inevitable and sure enforcement. Commissioner Wallace told me that in Iowa the people now know there is simply no such thing as a "fix." There is no one in Iowa who would think of trying to get a traffic ticket handled for him. The other thing is to have the public on the side of the enforcement staff. "Just about one of the worst things a state enforcement department can have around," Commissioner Wallace emphasized to me, "is the wrathy, abusive and insulting traffic officer. A bawling out from a traffic officer gives the offender a sense of righteous resentment. He forgets about his own traffic offense in his reaction to the abuse. Other people hear the angry officer and resent it. Citizens are quick to recognize and admit their sins on the highway but they rebel at being insulted by an enforcement agent. And they are right. In Iowa the officer who treats a driver or pedestrian at fault with abuse or excited anger is sure of dismissal. We want people on our side, not on the side of the offender. We have succeeded. And to that we feel we owe the record made by our enforcement officers."

And now the war country where all this goes on is the public highway. There is a growing feeling that we are trying to operate the motor age in a collection of city streets and on highways that were never intended for this kind of civilization. We are pushing 1937 motor engines through horse-and-buggy cities much as if we were trying to sail Normandies and Queen Marys on the Erie Canal and pilot streamlined express



"Maybe he doesn't live right"

NED HILTON

trains along our old corduroy roads. Last year I wrote in Collier's a piece called "Roads Into the Future," which undertook to describe the ambitious program for remaking our road systems which forward-looking engineers nurse. That, of course, will take some years. And pending that, there is plenty that can be done on existing highways to lessen the loss of life, limb and dollars.

There are kinks and tricks and traps in the roadway itself that capture those motorists who do not know how to use extra precautions.

These are what are called "hot spots." They are to be found everywhere. Every state and city has them. Sometimes it's merely because too much traffic converges at that fatal corner. Sometimes it's because the corner is badly planned and laid out. Almost every day it is my lot to pass what is, I am informed, the worst corner in New York. That's at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. On either side are two famous traffic corners—Forty-second Street and Broadway and Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue—which, with their ceaseless flow of human beings and automobiles trying to move along those sometimes impassable cross streets, make most people imagine that these two latter corners are the worst. But it is at Sixth Avenue where the police found most trouble.

In a comparatively short time eleven accidents occurred at this corner. Why more did not show up I do not know. But the police made a study and were able to put their fingers on the precise cause. The traffic signal was so suspended that the elevated structure hid it from most pedestrians and from drivers in lanes outside the elevated railway pillars. It cost a few additional signal lights, but it put an end to the accidents.

Down in Birmingham an extremely bad spot was found at Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. Accidents began to pile up there. It seemed strange because the intersection was an open area with extremely wide streets. That turned out to be the cause of the trouble—too much free space. It made drivers careless, left them too much ground to move about out of traffic channels. So the police merely cut out some of the space by setting up barriers which channelized the traffic. In the eight months succeeding that measure not a single accident has occurred.

First, Find the Hot Spots

In fact, this business of wide open spaces on the streets illustrates one phase of the queer psychology of the man in the motorcar. In Milwaukee, famed for its wise street operation, there is a very wide intersection—along North Story Parkway—so wide that when a driver entered it he seemed to think all rules were off. There was so much snarling of traffic and unhitching of fenders and an occasional killing that the intersection came to be known as the Battle Ground. When the authorities studied it they decided it was not well to leave the car driver free to wander about any more than it is well to let a locomotive engineer give his engine its head. So they channelized him at the intersection—cut the wide street up into smaller ones by building parkways there and put an end to the snarls, quarrels, accidents and deaths.

But you can see at a glance that the first thing to do is to locate these hot spots—locate them before they pile up their quota of deaths. And you see that to locate them you have got to have some traffic sleuths, investigators who will find out where these potential death and delay traps are.

And this reveals instantly the need for data. This, in the opinion of men like Mr. Wallace, is one of the first and most important moves any state must make in search for greater safety.

And it must be the state, because these hot spots are not all in the towns. In fact there are more of them outside the towns.

There are so many sides to this problem that it is not possible to mention more of them here. But always I come back to the proposition that this is a field of life and property loss where it is tragic to continue because it is so well known how to check it. Even while I write this a bulletin comes to my desk, pointing out that there is a greater percentage of deaths among adults than among children because safety has been hammered at in the schools and the education has begun to take effect. It reminded me of what a motor-vehicle official once said to me: "The next time you are out, if you will keep your eyes open you will see some older person with a child in tow crossing the street at the wrong place and the child tugging to prevent its adult guide from doing so." That's because the youth of this generation has become oriented to its dangers and hazards. It proves something can be done.

And now to press along the campaign numerous organizations have united their energies—such as the Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the Association of Highway Officials, the Automobile Manufacturers Association, National Safety Council, American Legion and many others.

Seven Points for Safety

They have put their endorsement behind what they call a seven-point program. That program covers:

Legislation—model traffic ordinances, the five acts of the uniform vehicle code, uniform signs and markings.

Motor Vehicle Administration—proper examination of drivers, adequate reporting system.

Enforcement — adequately equipped personnel and co-operation of all state and city agencies.

Engineering—traffic engineer in cities over 100,000 and central advisory state engineering.

Education—school program and use of movies, radio, newspapers and other public agencies.

Safety Leaders—scientific training of traffic officers, traffic engineers, safety teachers, safety organization personnel.

Research—co-operation of universities, federal, state and local departments in study of accident causes, and prevention measures.

What will all this cost and what will it do? Mr. Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Automotive Safety Foundation, supported by the automobile industry, answered these questions for me.

"It is a mere estimate that the forty-eight states now spend $15,000,000 on their auto safety programs. A good job could be done for $40,000,000. That means we must spend $25,000,000 more. That may seem like a lot of money, but distributed over our forty-eight states, it is really quite small. And remember these two facts. Last year automobile accidents resulted in property damage of almost a billion dollars. Also, automobile owners paid $146,000,000 in gasoline taxes last year which were diverted to uses other than road-building or maintenance.

"What will it accomplish? I am being utterly realistic when I say that we can pull the fatality figure down from 21 per 10,000,000 gallons of gasoline consumed to 10, and nonfatal accidents proportionately. Measured in terms of 1936 that means we could save 20,000 lives, 500,000 nonfatal accidents, and a cash loss of $600,000,000."

On that basis the cost would be nothing. We actually would save money.

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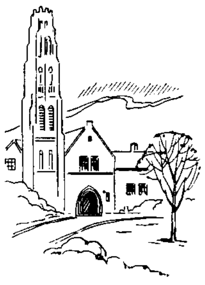

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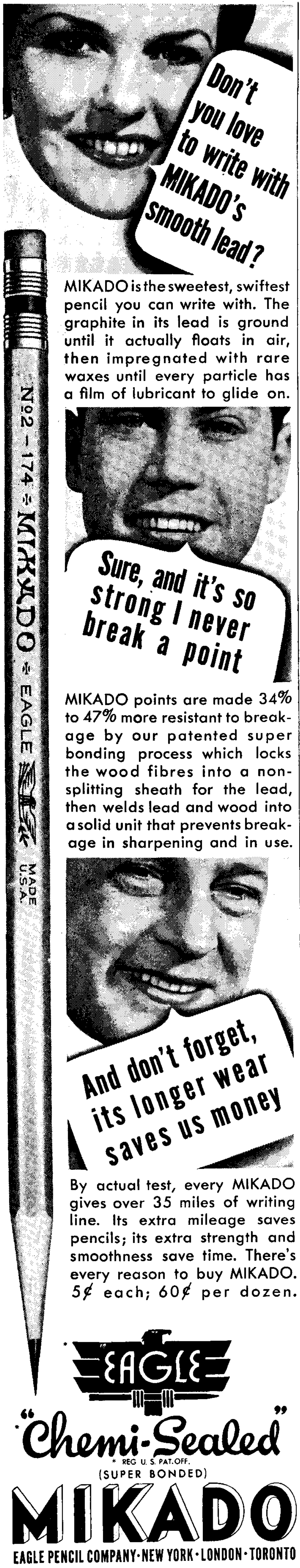

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Clown Prince

Continued from page 24

Warning his catcher to be on the *qui vive*, as the boys say, he strode grimly to the mound, faced the first batter, who chanced to be Max Boley, went through an elaborate windup and then threw this little souvenir from the five-and-ten exactly up the middle and exactly where Boley liked 'em.

Maximilian met it on the snout with a mighty smite that would have ridden the regulation article into the neighboring township, but all he got with this one was a peculiar-looking blank that started in a straight line at a high angle out across the infield, but suddenly stopped like a shot duck and dropped dead into the shortstop's hands for an easy out.

Gravely Schacht massaged the lopsided beanbag back into shape, made a great show of shaking off a couple of signals, and then accepting one. And again he wound up like a cross between a gyroscope and the Queen Mary's propellers and served the apple straight and easy to the next batsman, Lena Stiles.

And again, almost the identical thing happened.

Lena smashed the ball hard enough to break every stitch in it, but it merely swooshed up over the infield, cut three or four crazy kinds of arcs, and finally Schacht himself fielded it on the fly close to second base.

And now here came his archenemy, Mr. Parnham.

Licking his lips in anticipation, the lean and saturnine Alexander gave even a greater exhibition of sizing up a batter's strength and up again came that easy, mid-channel teaser. Digging in his toes, the farther to give it a ride, the embattled Parnham swung—and connected!

And the ball almost literally chased him to first base like a hornet, buzzing round and round his head in angry circles. It was Schacht who covered first and who made the putout with a ball as lopsided as a biscuit. Parnham had slid for the bag and there was considerable local action, during which Schacht managed to slip the phony ball inside his shirt and get the real one out.

"Lemme see 'at ball! Lemme see 'at ball!" the enraged Parnham was bellowing as the excitement subsided.

"Why, certainly," said Mr. Schacht in most dignified fashion. He was some ten yards away by this time and he calmly tossed the real ball to his belligerent versus, as per his request.

Parnham took one look and so great was his choler that he hauled off and threw it over the roof of the grandstand —completely out of the ball park.

For this unseemly display of annoyance the nearest umpire promptly collared him, banished him instantly from the premises, fined him $25 and suspended him for a week!

Gags! The word is trite now, but they were, and are, Mr. Schacht's guiding star.

The Pride of P. S. 42

Born forty-two years ago on the approximate site of the present Yankee Stadium, he pitched Public School 42 to the city school championship in 1908. From P. S. 42 he matured into a scholar in and pitcher for the High School of Commerce, on 65th Street off Broadway. Veteran experts say this was positively the greatest high-school team ever assembled, and the records seem to second the motion.

Betweentimes Schacht hung around the Polo Grounds and old Highlanders Park up on 168th Street. Roger Bresnahan was his idol and the immortal Christy Mathewson taught him in person how to throw his famous "fadeaway." The boy grew older. He played independent ball. He almost went to Brown. He played minor-league ball with Erie, Pennsylvania, and this place and that, including a whirl with Cleveland in the United States League, which became the Federal League just before that blew up, but ever and always he kept returning to New York, where he could make around $75 a week playing independent ball with two different teams as against the $120 or $130 per month the minors offered.

Then came the International League —he signed on with Newark in 1913—the war, which found him soldiering the duration at Fort Slocum, and 1919 with Jersey City, where he pitched ten shutouts with a last-place club, and won 20 of the 48 games the Skeeters won that year.

X marks the spot here where he gagged his way into the majors. After every shutout victory, he carefully clipped the account of it and mailed it with a letter to Clark Griffith of the Washington Senators. The wording of the letters never deviated. They always read:

"Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find clipping of Al Schacht's work. He is without doubt the best pitcher in the International League. I happened to see him pitch all his shutouts this season, and if he were with a good club he'd have several more. As I used to be in baseball myself, I think I know a pitcher when I see one. Why don't you get wise to yourself and get this fellow?

"Yours truly,

"Just a Fan."

Intrigued by this steady postal paean, Mr. Griffith eventually journeyed to Jersey City personally to view this nonpareil. Schacht celebrated the occasion by pitching his tenth shutout of the season vs. Baltimore. Griff bought him that night. He was delivered next day, which was Sunday. The next Wednesday he defeated St. Louis 3 to 1, and in the last game of the season, four days later, he set down the Boston Red Sox 6 to 2.

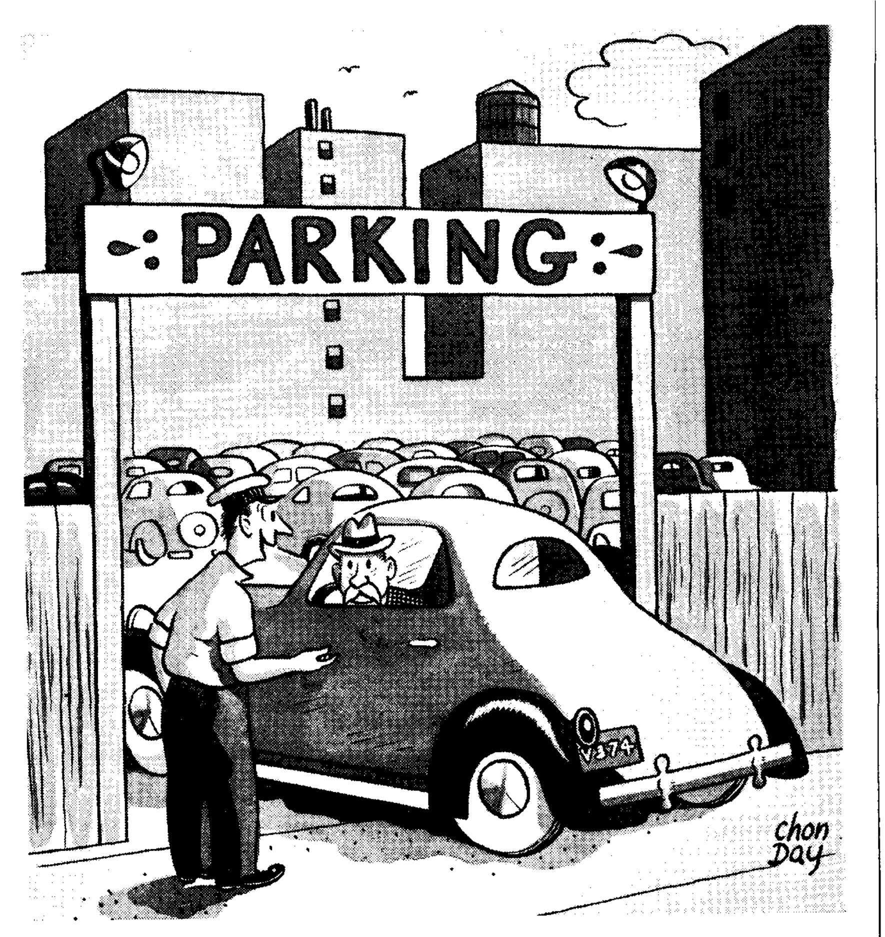
It wasn't until ten years later that Griff found out about those letters.

A Slide to Fame

Schacht might have been a pretty fair pitcher with the Washingtonians: He started out that season of '20 winning six and losing two, and then he came into hard collision at second base in a Washington-Detroit game with Donie Bush. Bush, shortstopping for the Tigers, leaped high in the air for a wild peg and fell heavily upon the sliding Schacht's pitching shoulder—the guy was always sliding, it seems. That really wound him up as a ballplayer, although it took a couple of seasons to prove beyond hope that he'd never be able to pitch effective baseball again.

But here began the tender and at first wholly impromptu sproutings of an entirely different sort of career. It was with the Washington club that he began to pair up with the noted zany, Nick Altrock, in odd-moments foolishness. Nick was a diamond humorist of an entirely different sort. He could do fancy juggling tricks with a baseball, make himself look ridiculous by wearing the bill of his cap around over one ear, and he sometimes clowned in batting practice, by running bases the wrong way, or covering first by sitting comfortably on the bag.

But Schacht came up with regular skits — enacted gags — featuring burlesques so ridiculous they even delighted the intelligentsia, and pantomime so artistic in its way that even some of the movie people began seriously to watch



"Two bits for parking—and for a buck more we'll get you out, too!"

CHON DAY

him. He and Altrock, for several years, formed a well-nigh perfect team. They became so famous around the circuit for their good-natured foolishness that they were offered $1,000 apiece to perform in the 1921 World's Series played by the Yankees and the Giants.

Schacht thinks, of them all—and he's worked in fourteen World Series—the feature stunt in the 1922 Series quite accidentally turned out to be the absolute tops. The Giants and Yanks were the contenders again. The night before the opening day's game, Schacht went to the movies, where the feature chanced to be a new and sensational picture, "Blood and Sand," featuring that current star of stars, Rudolf Valentino. The big smash of the movie was a bullfight, and that gave Mr. Schacht an idea. Calling in some of his lady friends, he managed to get the makings of a Carmen's costume for Altrock. For himself, he got a ratty-looking toreador's cape, a hat that turned up at the edges, and a wooden sword.

Now there was a goat in a lumber yard near where he lived. After a few feeds of cabbage leaves, the goat was Schacht's pal. He followed him through the stile and into the Polo Grounds like Mary's Little Lamb. In fact, Schacht had a hard time getting away from the animal. George Kelley, the burly Giant first baseman, had to hold him on the bench while Schacht went out to the middle of the diamond when time came to put on the stunt, and there was a pregnant moment of doubt as to whether the goat would play ball when turned loose.

But finally at a signal from Schacht, Kelley urged the animal moundward with a push. The push was unnecessary. With a glad bleat of greeting, the can-eater started on a glad lope for his big pal out there. Perhaps he could smell the tender aroma of the cabbage leaves Schacht had in every pocket, up his pants legs and even inside his shirt.

But the Goat Stole the Show

As he got close, Schacht made a sudden pass at him with his wooden sword, and, somewhat bewildered at this unfraternal action, the goat fell back to ponder, only to gather new courage and charge again in an "Aw, quit your fooling, it's only me" fashion. Again Schacht made a dab with his scantling. Again the goat went into reverse, then recharged, while the crowd rocked and roared its delight.

The climax came when Schacht broke his sword in a very funny stage fall, got up, closed, and began to wrestle with the goat. The animal proved considerably stronger than he had anticipated. He had a potent tussle with it but he finally got it down by twisting its neck with all his might and main.

At this point, Uncle Nicodemus Carmen Altrock came galloping out from a first-base box with a Spanish comb perched somehow in what's left of his hair, a mantilla over his dirty baseball uniform and a red, red rose in his teeth. He tossed the rose to the supine Schacht, and after being very coy about it gave him a hand to kiss.

And then they both stood up bowing in acknowledgment of the thundering applause. But all at once they realized something was screwy, for the ovation was growing louder, the laughter more general, and the applause more deafening as if the show weren't over. And looking down, they saw that the goat was standing beside them taking bow for bow with them. The animal was really trying to straighten out its neck Al had twisted, but it looked like orthodox bowing from the distance.

Altrock, the elder of the pair, finally wearied of this sort of foolishness and for the last four years Schacht has clowned it alone at the World Series, the All Star Games, holidays, feature double-headers and other big attractions. He has enlarged his repertoire to include some 20 different stunts. His customary costume is a wrinkled frock coat and a battered plug hat, worn over a baseball uniform. He mimics, in perfect pantomime, the stars of golf, tennis, boxing and wrestling. The umpires, too, come in for theirs. He does a burlesque boxing act in which he knocks himself out and he did it so well in New York last fall, with Jack Dempsey acting as referee, that he chipped a piece off his collarbone.

He does the Dance of the Seven Veils. He does a burlesque tight-wire act, walking a clothesline laid on the ground. He always has a lot of fun with the band, pretending to play difficult solos.

And It's Just a Side Line

Except for the World Series money and an occasional few weeks on the stage, Schacht had never capitalized on his ability to make throngs laugh, although by box-office figures he estimates that 35,000,000 baseball fans have laughed at and applauded his monkeyshines. Always until now he's been technically and actually a third-base coach, and one of the best in the business, too, baseball men say. He was with Washington until '35, and when Joe Cronin transferred to the Rex Sox one of the stipulations he laid upon the transfer was that Schacht come along with him, as Mr. Schacht knows his baseball.

But all said and done, there isn't any future in third-base coaching, and the pay isn't anything to retire on. On his off days, he began to get invitations to come to this town and that as "an extra added attraction."

In Columbus, Ohio, 16,000 people paid their way in to see him on a Thursday night. In Albany on the last night of the season, with a seventh-place club playing an eighth-place club as the baseball attraction, there were 8,900 paid admissions, after the management said that if as many as 3,000 came they'd pay him $150. He drew 5,800 people in Greensboro, North Carolina, on a Wednesday night, and that's the way the list went.

He began to ponder these matters and to inquire discreetly if there'd be enough demand for his comedy to form a regular schedule in districts away from the East. Somewhat to his amazement, he was forthwith inundated with enthusiastic summonses. It seems almost everybody wants to see him. There are 32 minor leagues and 7,000 independent ball clubs in this land and country. It will take Mr. Schacht more than seven years to visit every one and to visit no one of them twice.

Fitting the dates one after the other so he'll have no layoffs is something of a mathematical problem, but with layoffs and all, he figures that in his first season he'll net over $25,000 and he may run as high as $50,000, which will top any playing salary in baseball now that Babe Ruth is through.

During the past two months this clown prince of baseball has broken all sorts of attendance records at minor-league parks. He has appeared all over the country from Los Angeles to Albany, from the deepest South to northern New England. He has made more money this summer than he made in the previous ten years. He has even made a movie test.

Critics of baseball say it suffers because it hasn't had a new idea in fifty years. Here's one, new to most addresses, unquestionably unique and unrivaled, and don't say you won't laugh. If you don't, you'd better hurry to your doctor, for this guy's fuller of laughs than a zoo full of hyenas.

"Woman to woman—isn't this the *best* pineapple juice?"

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PINEAPPLE JUICE

Isn't it grand and glorious?

Imagine any fruit drink—even a tropic juice—with so much sunshine in it! Days, weeks, months of sunshine packed into that glass you hold!

Can't you almost see the pineapples it came from? Big, luscious ones. Fairly bursting with ripeness. Sun-sweetened and sun-flavored.

What a drink! Well—it should be pretty fine. For it's DEL MONTE—*DEL MONTE* Pineapple Juice! And you know what *that* means when it comes to flavor!

So treat yourself. Drink deep. Fill your glass again and again. Brimful! Here's to real *enjoyment!*

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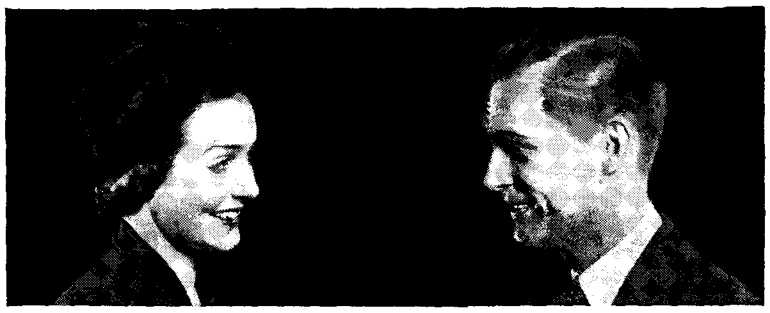
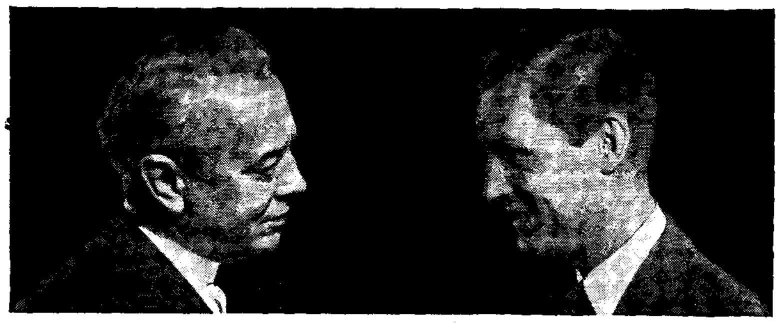
A survey among motorists was recently made by an independent research organization. It was noticeable that users of Fire-Chief were able to give definite and real reasons for their choice. Below are some of the things that were said about this gasoline to the interviewer:

"Our mileage is much better with Texaco and we have no trouble starting the car at all. On our trip to Troy, New York, we averaged about 18 miles per gallon. We used Texaco on the trip and it really seemed to give the car power. We had no trouble on the hills at all."



"Texaco is my standby. I have been using it for a very long time. It's very good on hills and seems to make the car pull better. The station attendants are pleasant and always seem glad to be of service."



"I always get a grin a mile wide from a Texaco Dealer whether I am buying gasoline, asking the direction, or just going through his station as a short cut. Texaco is dependable in all weather and in all kinds of cars."

Heartbroken Melody

Continued from page 17

when we get back, even if it's New York, New York isn't so far!"

"Are you going to live in New York, Honor?"

"Well, Paul wants to. I don't know, and I don't care! There's a big firm there that has asked him to come on and take charge of their legal interests, and that influences him, of course. But you see, Ad," Honor went on, revealing in this moment of intimacy and understanding, "we can't do anything until she makes up her mind!"

"His wife?"

"Marion, yes. She shilly-shallies, and she will and she won't, and it drives him almost mad!"

"Perhaps she loves him, Hon."

"Love? Ha-ha. She loves the idea that he pays all the household expenses and for the boys at school; that's what *she* loves! No, she has a beau, and she's afraid that if she got a divorce she'd have to marry him; that's *her* trouble."

Adeline's forehead wrinkled.

"That's *disgusting*. It sounds so *common*."

"Well—" Honor's shrug seemed to concede that the subject of their talk was in itself disgusting.

"Do you love him so much, Hon?" Adeline asked suddenly.

"Paul?" It was only a meaningless monosyllable, but the girl's whole aspect changed as she said it, and her voice took on an odd note. "You can't know him and not love him," she added, as her sister, a little awed by this glimpse of passion, was still. "There's a fineness and a cleverness and a gentleness about him that makes him the—the most genuine person I ever knew. With servants—and talking with clients in the office—and the way he uses his hands—

"And then he's so well-read, Addy," Honor presently resumed, speaking half to herself now for pure pleasure in thinking of him, "he knows plays and music and—oh, I don't know, the patterns on silver and little funny tricks and words about traveling—about London—"

"Oh, he's magnificent enough!" Adeline agreed with a sigh.

"He is really, Addy. He's magnificent. And some day you'll love him too, Ad."

"I love Hugh," Adeline said mildly.

"I'M HORRIBLY sorry about Hugh, of course." Honor's exalted mood changed instantly, and she spoke in a subdued voice. "Natalie was telling me that he's gotten—well, she didn't say bitter, exactly, but silent—ungracious. Not a bit like Hugh!"

"He hates Paul Cartwright."

"And something went wrong at the Walburga?"

"Just floods. The plant was almost washed away and has to be rebuilt and Mr. Torrey wanted Hugh to go over the new plans with the architect down in Los Angeles, so Hugh hasn't gone up there. I suppose it really was a blessing, Honor, for they all expected him to get married, and bring you up there."

"Yes, I know. And I've wished a thousand times that I hadn't ever gone there, because that made it seem so much more real to them, and so much harder now for him to explain. But it couldn't be helped!"

"You'd have been happy at the mine, Honor?"

"I've always been happy everywhere, except for getting sick of the office or worrying about Tom's colds or something like that." Honor had completed her dressing now; she stood looking at herself in the mirror. She wore the jade clips on the plain black gown that had a little handkerchief-fold of delicate lace at the throat, and the hat of jade and black. Her soft full topcoat was black, and on her shoulder as a finishing touch she pinned a crisp row of three great fragrant gardenias, fresh from wet tissue paper. Against the dark felt of her hat her hair shone gold; there was unwonted color in her smooth cheeks; dark sparkles lighted her purple-blue eyes.

"Where are you dining tonight?" her sister, watching her, asked with a sigh. "We miss you, Hon," she added wistfully.

"I don't know where we're dining." Honor stooped to lay the fresh sweetness of her cheek for a moment against her sister's. "I miss you, too," she said. "It's an absorbing business, this being in love. But I haven't changed, Addy, not one speck, and some day you'll all know it."

Paul's little double ring sounded at the door, and Honor went to open it and took him into the sitting room. Adeline joined them, but Aunt Lucie was nowhere to be seen. She rarely risked encounters with Honor's new friends; in fact, Honor knew that her retiring little aunt was doing an annoying amount of praying and weeping over the present situation, and would have considered any civilities toward Paul a distinct compromise with her conscience.

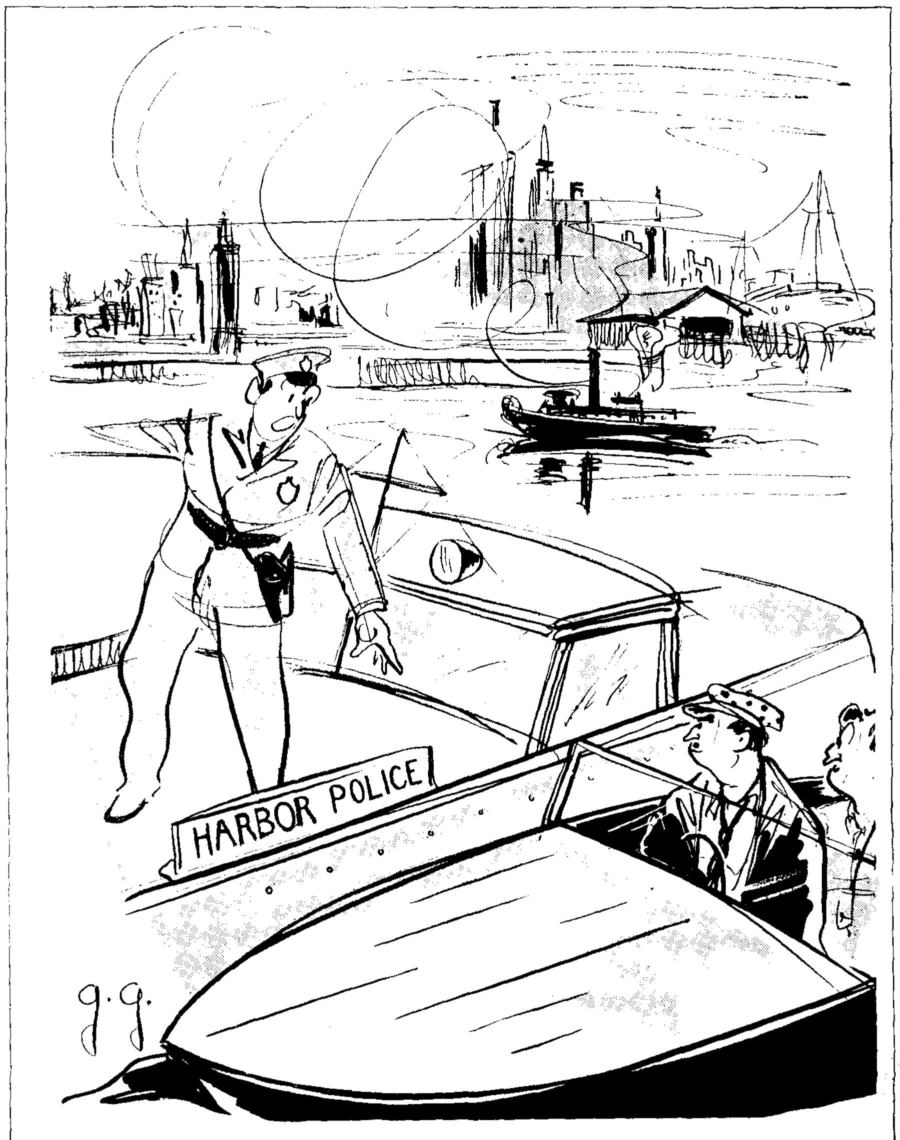
Paul stood tall and handsome and sure of himself in the small room, making a special effort, Honor knew—only with Paul one never saw any sign of effort!—to win Adeline, or to confirm rather Adeline's already admiring opinion of him. He was animatedly interested in the muscle-adjusting that some amateur osteopath had demonstrated upon him at the club that noontime, and was experimenting with Adeline's delicate blue-veined little wrist when Honor, who had gone to get her gloves and bag, rejoined them. Adeline was laughing and twisting her shoulders, and at the same time protesting that it did feel wonderful!

"Here, Honor—see what he does—it's the darnedest thing!" Paul said eagerly. "There was a fellow there with a lame foot—he'd been limping—I don't know *what he does, but it feels* like just clutching at your muscles—"

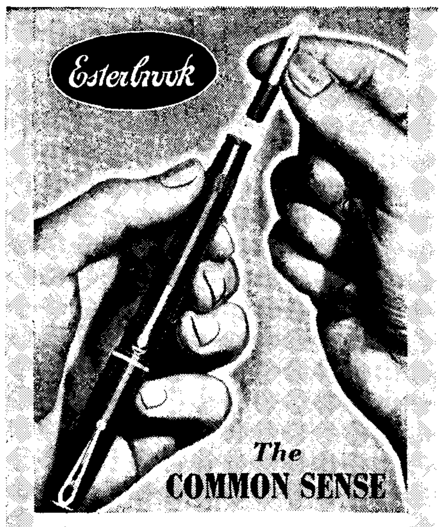
Honor laughed. She loved his enthusiasm for anything he did not understand; his admiration for knowledge of any sort.

THEY presently went off together, the radiant girl and the proud and attentive man, Paul bending his head a little to listen to her as they walked to the big car. Honor whirled away with him into that enchanted world of which he was the only tenant. Just the grip of his big gloved hand on hers, just the sound of his voice, whatever it said, just the meeting of their eyes was enough to make her happy with a height and breadth of happiness that had been unimaginable to her a few months ago.

Tonight they dined in another of his "finds," a little Italian restaurant down the Peninsula where the *minestrone* was thick and hot, the *gnocchi* delicately powdered with Parmesan cheese, the *zabayone* a creamy masterpiece as mys-



"Pull over to the curb—er—a—I mean, heave to" GERALD GREEN



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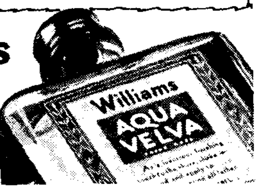

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terious as a flower. Their talk went on and on at the little table that was covered by a checked blue-and-red cloth and placed at a window which opened upon the spring-scented darkness of a garden. After a while it grew grave.

"She will not give in, Honor."

"Marion." It was a statement, not a question. Honor's eyes darkened. "Isn't it strange that one person can completely wreck two other persons' lives, Paul, just by saying yes or no?"

"It's uncivilized, of course. Marion was in a regular tantrum because I wouldn't give her a divorce, a few years ago. I wouldn't yield then because the boys were so small, and partly because the man with whom she was infatuated at the moment was such a scoundrel. Marion had some money then, and he knew it, and it made me sick to think of the boys spending part of their time with a stepfather like that. So I held on. Now, when I want it, when she and I have been like strangers living in the same house for three or four years, she hesitates and argues. I was with her for half an hour today. She says her mother will leave all her money to the other daughter if she gets a divorce. And she says she doesn't want to share the boys."

THE bright beautiful eyes met his in fear and pain. In a bitterness of despair Honor could not speak.

"Ordinarily a man can cut down on the income," Paul presently said, in a speculative voice that attempted to be merely businesslike. "But that's a cheap sort of thing to do, and I'd hate to do it. In any case it wouldn't work, because Marion's mother would be perfectly delighted to have them all go to her, and would finance them as long as they liked! Marion wouldn't like it particularly, the old lady is pretty strait-laced, but she'd put up with it for ten years rather than give in!"

"Then there's nothing to be done, Paul?" Honor asked slowly.

"There are several things to be done," Paul said briskly, "but I hate to do them. For one thing she's quite capable of behaving herself—walking a chalked line for a while, if she thought I was having her watched. And that would create a difficulty."

"You mean getting counterevidence? That seems—" Her tone was reluctant. "That seems a horrible thing to do," Honor said, clearing her throat.

"It *is* a horrible thing to do. But Murray—I had a talk with young Murray at the office about it later, and he says there wouldn't be much trouble in getting all the proof we wanted. She has, as a matter of fact, made a fool about herself over Johnson; everyone knows it. But, as I say," Paul concluded, with a little philosophical shrug, "she's quite smart enough to keep away from him for a while if she realizes that she is being shadowed."

"I hate the idea of being forced to get something on *her*," Honor mused aloud.

"I know. But it's done every day. That doesn't make it decent, of course, or civilized or excusable. Divorce laws are all rotten," Paul said, spreading cheese on a small cracker, putting it on her plate.

"The other way," the girl said, speaking slowly, looking away into space, "is for me to get out. For you and me simply to say goodby. I'll keep all your letters, and I'll keep some of the lovely things you've given me, and I'll keep every word you've ever said, deep in my heart. And every hour and every day, as long as I live, I'll remember them—read the letters over—hold them in my hands. And that'll be the end of it."

Her lips were trembling, her eyes brimming with tears. She stopped, her gaze fixed on distance.

"We couldn't do that," Paul said simply. Honor made no answer.

After a moment she found her handkerchief and quite openly wiped her eyes, trying to smile as she brought her look to his. "Could we?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Why, but you know we couldn't, Honor."

"I would have to leave the office—oh, I've thought of it," she said resolutely, if a little unsteadily. "I'd get a job somewhere else, never see you, try to get interested in everything—anything—just to make the days go by. You're so much of me, Paul," Honor went on, her eyes filling again, "that it isn't easy even to think what would be left in my life without you. No you at the telephone, no packages coming, no notes, none of these little dinners together, no plans. It's—it's *hard* to think about! But perhaps that's the way. Perhaps it's just all been a silly dream, our loving each other, our going together into a new kind of living—ships and strange cities and—and breakfasts in Italy, and dinners in Paris—"

Her voice thickened, and she put her elbows on the table and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes with both hands.

"For what?" he said in a low tone. "Don't cry, Honor, you'll kill me! I've never seen you cry. For what would we make that sacrifice? For Marion? She doesn't want me; she doesn't make any pretense of wanting me. She never says, 'I'm fond of you, Paul, let's try again.' She doesn't feel that way and neither do I. Her objections are all those of a pettish little girl: 'Mother wouldn't like it,' and, 'Then how could I keep from marrying Dana?' and she'll burst out into silly laughing, and say, 'Oh, old Paul's got a girl and he wants to get married again!' There's no sense to it, there's no real feeling behind it. Today she said, 'Why don't you get your face lifted, Paul? I hear your girl's ten years younger than you are!' "

Honor, her tears dried, was listening somberly.

"She doesn't matter, does she?" she asked wearily.

"She shouldn't. But she can hold us up indefinitely, just the same."

"Eventually, doesn't she have to give in?"

"Not necessarily. Joe Esterhazy's wife never has given in. Mrs. Polk goes about telling people what Fentriss Polk has offered her for a divorce. He's wanted to marry Georgie Watts for five years. Marion's an unimportant little thing and she loves power. In Junior League things and with servants, she loves to boss. I've always noticed it. Now she can be stubborn, and argued with, and pleaded with, and she likes it! How long she'll like it, or when matters will give me a break, so that I can put some pressure on her, the Lord alone knows!"

"SHE sounds *common*," Honor said suddenly, with feeling.

"Well, she's undeveloped. And the funny thing, Honor," Paul went on, "is that I feel myself the—the decent member of the two, the one who stands out for the code, who wants to do the honorable thing. And as for you, you're the finest, the most aristocratic—well, *gentlewoman* I've ever known! You're unique. In any gathering of women you'd be the noticed, the admired one! And yet it's you and I who are in the position of the rebels. It's to laugh."

But there was no laughter in his eyes, nor in hers as she looked at him seriously.

"I suppose we must part, Paul, until she sees it differently. We can't—we can't go on seeing each other. It's got to be everything or nothing, now."

"Part?" he asked, frowning and looking away. "*Can* we?"

Honor laughed forlornly.

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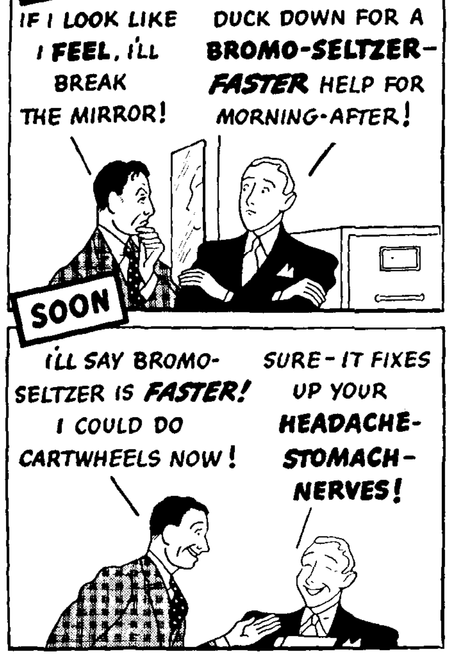
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"How do you mean, 'Can we?' We *must*."

"Not see each other at all," he said, thinking.

"Not see each other at all."

"Ah, but Honor, my dearest, that's impossible! That means to take all the glory, all the beauty out of life! It means nothing to hope for, nothing to think about!" Paul stretched a hand toward her, palm upward, and she laid her soft warm one in it, and the full beauty of her shadowed blue eyes was turned upon him.

"Isn't it ridiculous?" she said slowly. "You and I—loving each other so much, always so happy together! And a person who has nothing to do with us—who doesn't really care, one way or another, can keep us apart. Forever, if she wants to."

"She can't want to, forever."

"She might. It might just suit her to have you always in the background, Paul. She may want to go on indefinitely with her love affairs, with you as a safeguard. Only—only couldn't *you* sue her, then?" Honor asked.

"But she'll be very careful—Marion. She's affectionate and vain when these new infatuations start up. But she never loses her head. She never has lost her head over anyone or anything. She calculates. She suspects now where my mother's sapphire is. Twice she's asked me if it's in the safe-deposit box. She cares about that."

HONOR, exquisite in the soft light, leaned toward him, her eyes themselves glowing like dark sapphires.

"Paul, if it would make any difference, let her have it! I don't want it!"

"I don't believe you do," he said smiling. "But it wouldn't make any difference except to make her feel even more sure of her position."

"So we drag on this way," Honor summarized it slowly, "or we stop short."

"There's a third way, of course," he said suddenly. Her eyes came to meet his, rounded into a question. "Honolulu and Tahiti and Peiping and Cannes, all the beautiful places and ports in the world. Years of it—years of holiday! We could have a yacht—I don't mean a sports-magazine yacht with a staff of twenty, but a good square little craft with sails and ropes and just one cabin for us two. We could go to Alaska; I've always wanted to get in among those waterways in summer, and fish and open cans of beans and asparagus—"

A violin somewhere out of sight was whining a heartbroken melody. Most of the diners had finished and gone now, and in the little room with its latticed windows opened to a warm spring night, only a few scattered candles, hooded in red, were burning. Honor did not move her hand from the warm big grip of the hand that held it as she said steadily:

"You're telling me that it has to be 'goodby!' Now, tonight, Paul."

"Yes," he said. "I'm telling you that it has to be goodby, I suppose. But what a waste of happiness—what a waste of living, my dearest!"

They got up, and somehow she was in her coat again, and they had left the restaurant and walked to the waiting car in silence.

THE next day chanced to be a Saturday, a day on which Adeline need not hurry. She was loitering over a late breakfast when Honor came in hatted and coated, returning from some early expedition.

"Home?" the younger sister asked, surprised.

"Yes, and I didn't have any breakfast either. I went downtown at half past seven. Don't get up, Addy; I'll get it." Honor went into the kitchen, returned with cut bread and the cream pitcher. "Do me some toast," she said, busying herself with the electric percolator.

Adeline had set a fresh place: she began busily on toast.

"I thought, of course, you'd had your breakfast, Hon."

"No, I wanted to get down to the office early to get my papers and things." Honor sat down, poured herself a smoking cup, bit into the fresh-buttered toast. "I've left them," she announced.

"Left them! Left Cooper and Cartwright?" Adeline demanded, stupefied.

"Yes," Honor answered lightly, *not* meeting her sister's eye. "I've been thinking about it for weeks; last night I quite suddenly made up my mind to do it. Is Aunt Lucie here?"

"She just went in next door to see Aunt Mag. Honor!" Adeline said, not for one instant diverted from the original topic. "How d'you mean you've left *them*? Aren't you working there any more?"

"No. I left a little note for the judge; I'll go in and see him some day when I'm sure—" Honor's voice thickened and she stopped short. Somehow she could not say, "—sure Paul won't be there!"

"You're married to Paul Cartwright!" Adeline exclaimed in a panic. Her sister smiled, a sad wise smile that had no happiness in it.

"Nobody can marry Paul Cartwright while his wife is still his wife," she said patiently.

"Oh, of course not!" Adeline said, apologetically.

"She'll not let him go."

"Well, but—well, but there are ways of making her!" the little sister protested.

"We don't know what they are, Ad."

"If she has a beau—if she's flirting with some man—"

"Yes, but she'll be very careful from now on not to do anything that could be questioned! Paul told me yesterday that this man—Johnson, his name is—is a weak sort of sister who's disappeared from the problem entirely in the last week, gone to Mexico to paint pueblos or something. She won't run any risk of Paul's forcing a divorce on her!"

"But what a—what a strange thing," Adeline murmured wonderingly.

"We had a long talk about it last night." Honor had fallen upon her breakfast with a great air of hurry, but now, Adeline noticed uneasily, she had pushed the food aside almost untouched. "She simply—won't stir," Honor said; "she likes things as they are. She likes to be Mrs. Paul Cartwright; she talks to him about what her mother will think, and fairness to the boys! And he says she won't change. So—I've left the firm. I'm a member—" Honor's lip trembled on a defiant smile—"I'm a member of the great army of the unemployed this *morning!*" she said bitterly.

"You'll not have the least trouble in the world getting another position!" Adeline said loyally. "Tom Borrow wanted you last fall, *remember?* And you could always—after all, you did pass the Civil Service exams."

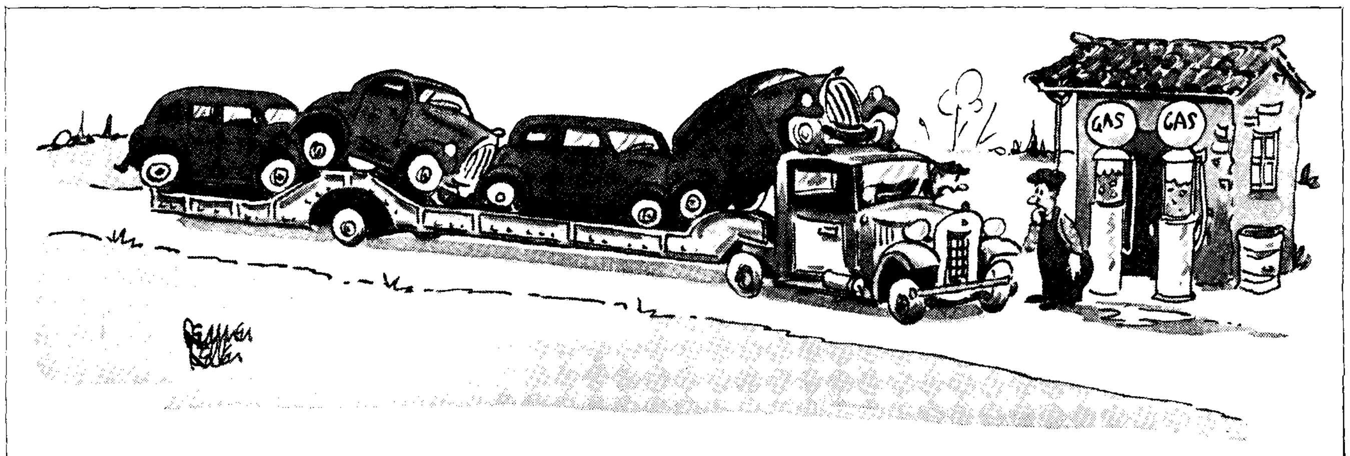
"No, I don't suppose I'll have any trouble getting work," Honor said, dully. "I'm always getting offers of jobs. That doesn't mean much when you start in to ask for them, but it may mean something."

SHE stared into space for a few minutes, her elbows on the table, her face framed in both hands. Suddenly she went on, not very steadily:

"I've always thought I was rather a—rather a superior person, Sis. At school, and always, I've been—oh, I don't know, different from the rest. Mother started us that way, of course, and Aunt Lucie, fussy as she's always been, has kept it up; we've that to thank her for. I mean niceness at the table and in speech and reading fine books and spending our money on concerts and lectures. And ahead of it all, it used to seem to me that there might be real living, something to work toward—living the way these other people live. Beautiful homes, beautiful cars, country clubs, beach places, travel! They're never touched, these people, by anything that isn't fine. Flowers, furs and hats and servants bowing with trays of glasses—

"I'm a fool, I suppose," Honor went on darkly, as Adeline could only look at her with infinite distress and find nothing to say. "Any girl's a fool to dream that there's anything ahead of her but dull, hard office work, and a return at night to her brother and aunt and sister, and great rejoicings when the president of the firm dies and there's a holiday; Aunt Mag finding a little seamstress who'll make us dresses for nothing, and asparagus down at last to four pounds for a quarter; that's my life. What a fool to try to escape from it!

"But, Ad," she said, her eyes watering, "it wasn't only that, or mostly that! It wasn't the money and the travel, it was Paul—it's Paul that made it all sound so wonderful. You don't know him, just the comfort it is to be with him,



"$15.68? What the heck did you do? Fill them all up?"

REAMER KELLER

to watch him while he talks and plans—always so gentle, always so strong! And she doesn't want him, you know, that's the hardest part of all. She hasn't paid the slightest attention to him for years. She's had one affair after another; she lives her life entirely apart from his. And now, when we've found each other, she can hold him as if she were the most faithful wife in the world!"

"Honor, you've been happy, here with Tom and me?" Adeline pleaded, not hearing the latter part of the speech because of her hurt over the beginning. Honor looked at her as if newly conscious of her presence.

"I DIDN'T mean that, Ad. Of course I've been happy. We had a problem to work out and we have worked it out, and it's all been happy. I'm fond of all the aunts and cousins, too. I never," Honor reminded her sister proudly, "I never complained. I never rebelled. I've always thought that we were lucky. But *now*," she went on, her tone growing bitter again, "now I've had a chance to see what luckier women can take for granted, and what to me looks like the door to the kingdom of heaven! Just in time to see it close! And he loves me so, Sis," Honor faltered, her lip trembling and her eyes brimming with tears; "we love each other so dearly! We want so much to be together, just ourselves, living our own lives and not interfering with anyone else's. It seems so—so hard to have to separate just because a narrow little selfish woman—

"But no, it's not her fault," she interrupted herself to say in a hard, musing tone. "It's mine. It's mine, for not having courage. I'm weak and I'm scared and I'm still under the influence of people who believe you ought to obey laws made by dead old fanatics!"

"Honor, how could it possibly be your fault! You've been magnificent all through. And now you've ended it!" Adeline argued lovingly. Honor smiled sardonically.

"I could have gone away with him," she said. "I could have said that if men make laws by which a woman like that can hold a man as fine as Paul, as generous and understanding and—and *fine* as Paul, then at least I wouldn't live by those laws! I wouldn't be one of the *fools*, one of the *sheep*"—Honor rushed on, viciously accenting her words—"who have to turn back to the—to the Puritan fathers to know whether they can kiss their husbands on Sundays!"

Adeline was pale with horror.

"Go away with him without being married, Hon?" she presently asked.

"Why not? Whatever I do, Grandma isn't going to think it's a marriage. I should think she'd just as soon have it that way as by a Justice of the Peace! And the law would say the Justice of the Peace marriage was legal! It's all such utter *nonsense*—" her voice dwindled away to brooding silence. Adeline, after a moment, said sympathetically, and yet with a hopefulness she could not conceal:

"But you're really not going to see him again, Hon?"

"No. He was going—he's gone by now—to Los Angeles this morning. We'll never meet naturally; our lives won't ever touch again," Honor said, her tear-stained eyes dark as she stared into space. "We said goodby, here in the sitting room, last night. There's nothing more to say."

(To be continued next week)

A Good Roasting

Continued from page 28

Of course the best place to enjoy a real steer roast out of doors is down in Texas, where such parties are thrown to celebrate almost anything from a baptism to a by-election. So let us start out the day before the big party with a couple of those lean, pit-hardened experts who pick out the prime fat steer, or steers, in plenty of time and superintend the digging of the fire holes and stacking of good hardwood handy before the real work begins—at midnight. They try to have everything ready by sundown on the day before, so they can catch a few winks before arriving on the job at the witching hour, loaded down with lanterns, pitchforks, shovels, brooms, rakes, plenty of peppers and big bottles full of Worcestershire and tabasco. As soon as the pit fires are lighted you can see their silhouettes and shadows weaving like imps around the flames as they heap on the fuel, rake hot coals level, shovel in a little earth here to retard a blaze, pull out a hot stone there, gradually building a smooth, smokeless bed of embers, readying everything for the ravenous crowd that'll arrive around noontime with jaws raring to go.

All in all, a bang-up barbecue takes about twenty-four hours' preparation and a lot of skill. The seasoned specialists in charge know their stuff and it's hot stuff, too, for first the juicy beef is soaked all the juicier in fiery *chili-ajo*, the standard marinating bath of a whole state. Then each barbecuer mixes a second sauce for basting the beast, filling washtubs sloshing full of minced peppers, garlic, herbs, tomatoes, lime juice and sundry condiments, according to magic private formulae carefully guarded and handed down within the craft. With this mixture the roasting steer is basted for eight solid hours, to give it that unbeatable hunter's style flavor, making tame beef taste as gamy as pioneer buffalo humps, grizzly bear steaks or elk, and Mary's little lamb like Rocky Mountain sheep.

The enormous beef, run through from chin whiskers to tail, or "barbe" to "cue," with a sharp steel spit to hold it securely in place over the glowing pit, is kept turning by dexterous jabs of the pitchfork. A steel spit is the thing; never green wood, for steel is such a perfect conductor of heat that the inside of the meat will be as thoroughly cooked as the outside. The basting is done wholesale by dipping new brooms in the tubs of sauce and swabbing down the sides of meat evenly.

Free Feast

After a first quick searing on all sides to seal the juices in, the slow roasting begins and continues from dawn till high noon, when a triumphant gleam comes into the chief chef's eye as he shoves his rolled shirt sleeves a notch higher and sharpens his carving kit, to begin the real fancy work just at the moment when the outside crust is spiciest and the inside is cooked through to the bones. Crowds close in to watch the knife-wielding, each expecting to get the choicest tidbit as it's expertly dipped in the hot sauce and slapped onto slabs of yaller bread. In this clash between sharp knives and sharper appetites, corn liquor passes freely and everything's hotsy-totsy. The tang of wood fires and odor of crisping beef whip up gargantuan appetites, especially if the artful barbecuer throws an armful of sage on the dying coals at the finish to accent the whole roast—then the amount of lusty

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• • •

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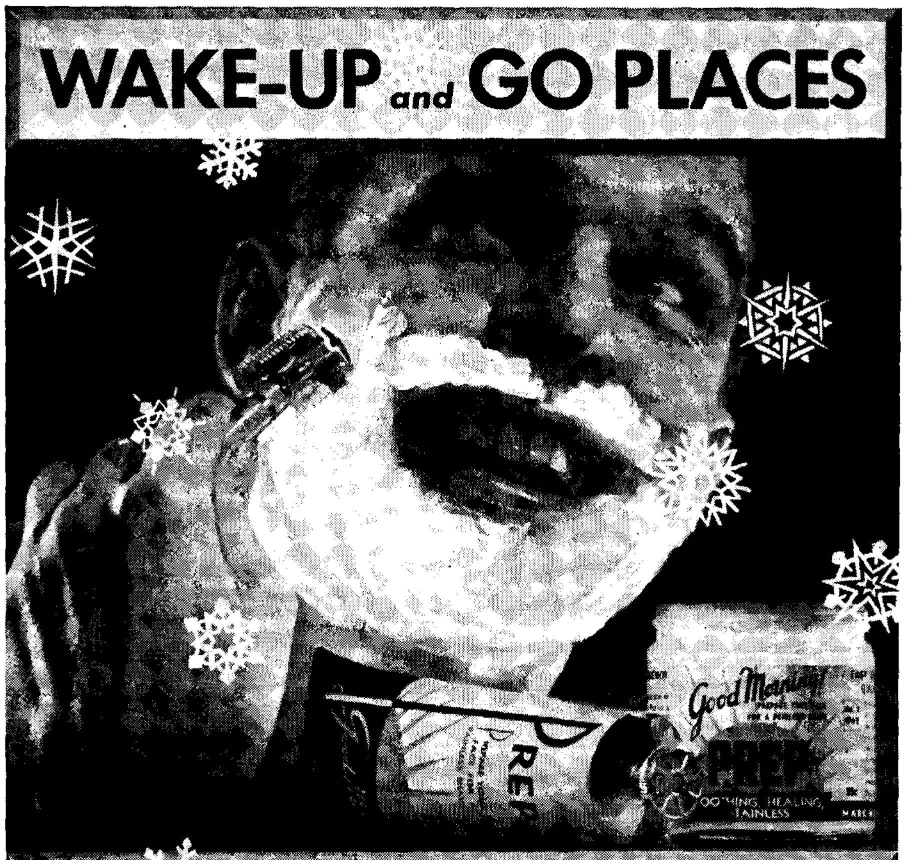

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munching such a crowd can do is limited only by the size of its rounding eyes and whether the feast is free or not—and usually it is.

Old-time pit barbecues on Southern plantations, such as that lively one where Scarlett O'Hara wrought her feminine havoc, are much more ladylike. They are staged in shady groves equipped with picnic tables on wooden trestles, stretching from one county to the next and carefully covered with starched linen, hallmarked silver (if there's any left in the family), all set forth with pickles, fresh biscuits, jellies, watermelon and cake, besides the whole pigs, lambs and chickens roasted instead of the Texas steer—and with plenty of scuppernong wine punch in place of redeye. That's the kind to attract belles and cavaliers for miles around who agree with Scarlett's saying, "I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow. . . . There's nothing worse than a barbecue turned into an indoor picnic."

But in this respect we have gone soft, for nowadays it doesn't really matter to most of us whether this unique kind of jamboree is held indoors or out, and compared to the pioneer and frontier feeds a small modern barbecue is a cinch. As a matter of fact, it doesn't take much more time or trouble than spitchcocking an eel or steaming an impromptu clambake on the beach, if not actually in the living-room fireplace.

An indoor barbecue is done right at the kitchen range, either on a spit or in a roasting pan, perhaps in the dining room on one of those spiffy electric rotisseries, even in the lady's parlor over a charcoal grill that shoots its fumes up the fireplace chimney. In fact, such a citified version can be held in a skyscraper, as was recently demonstrated by Mrs. Helen Angell, who walked off with the $500 prize at the national cooking contest on the strength of barbecuing a leg of lamb in the ultramodern kitchen of a mid-Manhattan hotel.

The Tang of Outdoors

There's not much of the outdoors left in Mrs. Angell's barbecue of lamb, of course, except the tang of the sauce; but it makes the job simple to do. First rub salt and pepper over the leg and make a few slashes in it so the juice will run, then slap it into a roasting pan and leave the cover off so it can be constantly basted with this swell sauce—half a bottle each of Worcestershire, A-1 sauce and ketchup, with two tablespoons of butter and half a pound of fat, everything melted together and flavored with sugar, vinegar and a squirt or two from the tabasco bottle. Then tie a whole sliced onion together with three cloves of garlic in a bit of cheesecloth, drop it into the exciting mixture and begin twirling your basting spoon. At the finish, all pan gravy is poured over the roast, so not a drop of meat essence is wasted.

Chicken may be barbecued in the same painless fashion. Just slit a broiler down the back, put it in a well-greased pan and sear it on both sides beneath a blistering fire. Then slow down the fire and when the bird is golden brown try this old Pennsylvania Dutch sauce for a change: Melt half a cup of butter and snap it up with a tablespoon of tomato paste, then toss in a third of a cup of vinegar, a teaspoon each of Worcestershire and kitchen bouquet and half as much of onion juice, salt, pepper and paprika, never forgetting those three buds of garlic, which should be taken out before serving to save the sensitive feelings of some. A paintbrush is excellent for daubing this on, and at the finish you'll have extra-fine dripping in which to dunk sippets of bread and fresh hot biscuit.

Or buy three pounds of boned sirloin and marinate it in a pint of American white wine made all the more intoxicating with a teaspoon of genuine Texas chili powder—that is, all the more intoxicating in flavor, for none of the alcohol is left in the meat after it's cooked. When you add one grated onion and the inevitable clove of garlic you have the *chili-ajo*, that spicy mixture of chilies and garlic in which most meats are drenched in Mexico and along the border. Turn the meat a few times while it's taking the stimulating wine bath, let it stay there a couple of hours; then take it out, dry it off and rub in salt, cayenne pepper and bacon grease. If possible, do the barbecuing over hot coals; if not, under the gas grill.

The whole trick is in marinating, which softens and flavors the meat, and in basting lavishly with sauce of any peppery degree Fahrenheit. Naturally there is no limit to suitable kinds of meat, flesh, fish and fowl. Game is great in this fashion, especially obese young possum or porcupine, and tame ducks come out almost as tasty as wild ones. If you want a dish that will lay them in the hammocks, try Mexican Duck.

On the Trail of Barbecues

First catch a brace of them, the bigger and tenderer the better, and tie two bay leaves over their protruding bay windows, dip 'em in a bath made with one cup of water and another of onion juice, chant a line of "California, here we come!" and dump in a pint of native sherry to keep the ducks contented. A quarter pound of butter will do to start things spluttering nicely and half that much olive oil, say a wineglassful, to give that foreign smack. Besides salt and black pepper, half a teaspoon of red cayenne goes in and a whole tablespoon of dried marjoram out of your herb chest. After sousing the ducks in their natty vests of bay leaf with plenty of this sauce you perch them on the grill and start basting. Turn them often and when they've acquired a regular Miami tan just pop 'em into a roasting pan, give 'em a shower bath by dumping on all the liquid that's left; then let 'em sizzle away till you can't wait any longer.

We Browns took up the fragrant trail in Texas some years ago and had the time of our young lives following it through big outdoor frolics called *fiestas campestras* (countryside fetes) and *barbacoas serranas* (hillside barbecues). At most of these roundups the roasting was done on hot stones under the ground, and all the way through Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, the Argentine and Brazil we burned tongues and fingers in sampling local styles.

We spent years with South American peons, señores, Indians, hidalgos and padraos, growling over our portions of venison, paca, wild pig and equally porcine armadillos cooked in their shells, with accompanying *papas* (potatoes), *camotes, chayotes* and *chuchu*, yams, tropical squashes and fruits roasted to a turn in the embers. In this way we learned the unbeatable succulence of Bermuda onions roasted all the sweeter in their skins, beets too, with the garden loam still clinging to them, wrapped in leaves and all the outside earth and skin shelled off before eating. A whole rainbow of both bananas and green corn, including green plantain and pink popcorn. All sorts of potatoes, both sweet and Irish, and that tastiest of squash, the small one called acorn and nutmeg after its shape and likewise from its flavor being improved by a sprinkling of nutmeg. And the secret of the success of all these is the same as that with which we are familiar in roasting murphies in their jackets—the outside is instantly and hermetically sealed, so not one salubrious drop of juice can escape.

You and Yours

Continued from page 11

said, "I hate to interfere with your curriculum or anything like that, but I wonder if you'd be good enough to indulge me just this once."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Steers. Anything at all that we—"

"I'll tell you what I'd like to do. I'd like to come up there and take my son out for the balance of the day. It's a rather important engagement I want him to attend with me, and if—"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Steers."

"Then would you be good enough to call him out of class and put him on this wire for me?" I said.

"Certainly, Mr. Steers."

After a minute or so, I heard the receiver being picked up again.

"Hello," I said, "Dick?"

"Yes, Dad," he said in a small scared voice. "What's the—what's the matter?"

I laughed to reassure him.

"I'll tell you why I called, son," I said. "How'd you like to go up and see the world series game this afternoon?"

"The what?"

"The world series game," I said. "I've got a couple of swell box seats—"

I STOPPED. It didn't sound right. How the hell did you talk to twelve-year-old kids?

"But, Dad," he said finally. "I'm in —I mean, I'm in—I'm in school now."

"That's all right, son," I said heartily. "I just spoke to the principal. He said you could have the rest of the day off. What do you say?"

He still didn't answer. What a damn' fool I'd been not to have spent more of my time with him. Now I had to start from scratch.

"Sure, Dad," he said finally.

I grinned to myself. Who said I couldn't do it? I could almost see that mud-pack look on her face begin to slip already.

WHEN I came into the dining room for breakfast she was already at the table.

"Good morning, Harriet," I said.

"Good morning," she said.

I could feel her watching me as I poured my coffee.

"Have you decided on a date yet?" she asked finally.

I looked at her in surprise.

"Oh, yes," I said, as though I had just remembered. "Why, I'll tell you, Harriet, I've been so busy lately that I completely forgot about the divorce. But I'll be getting around to it one of these days. *You're* not in any terrific hurry about it, are you, Harriet?"

She touched her napkin to her lips.

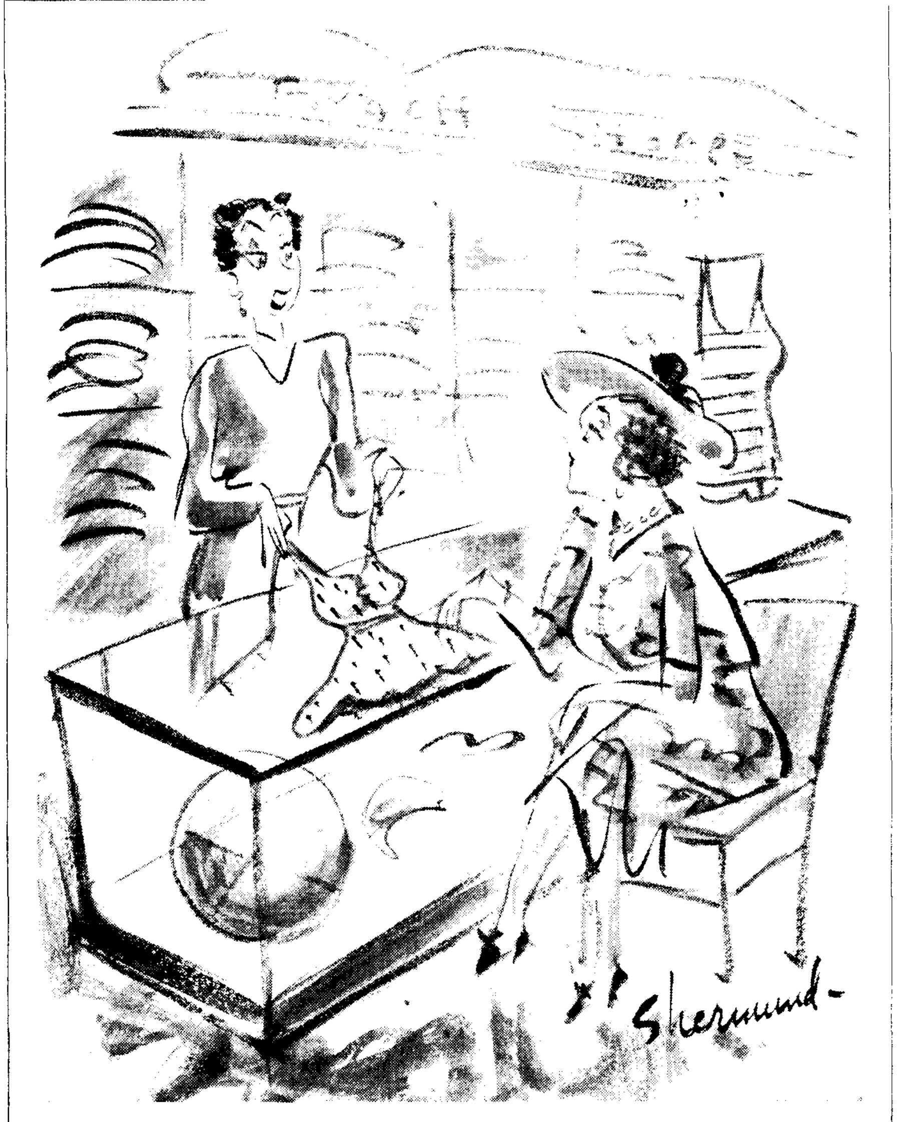
"You know how I feel about it."

Sure I knew. But I knew something else that *she* didn't know. I knew how she was going to feel before very long.

"Well, if you can just bear up a little while longer, till I get things cleared up at the office," I said, "I'll see if I can't put you out of your misery."

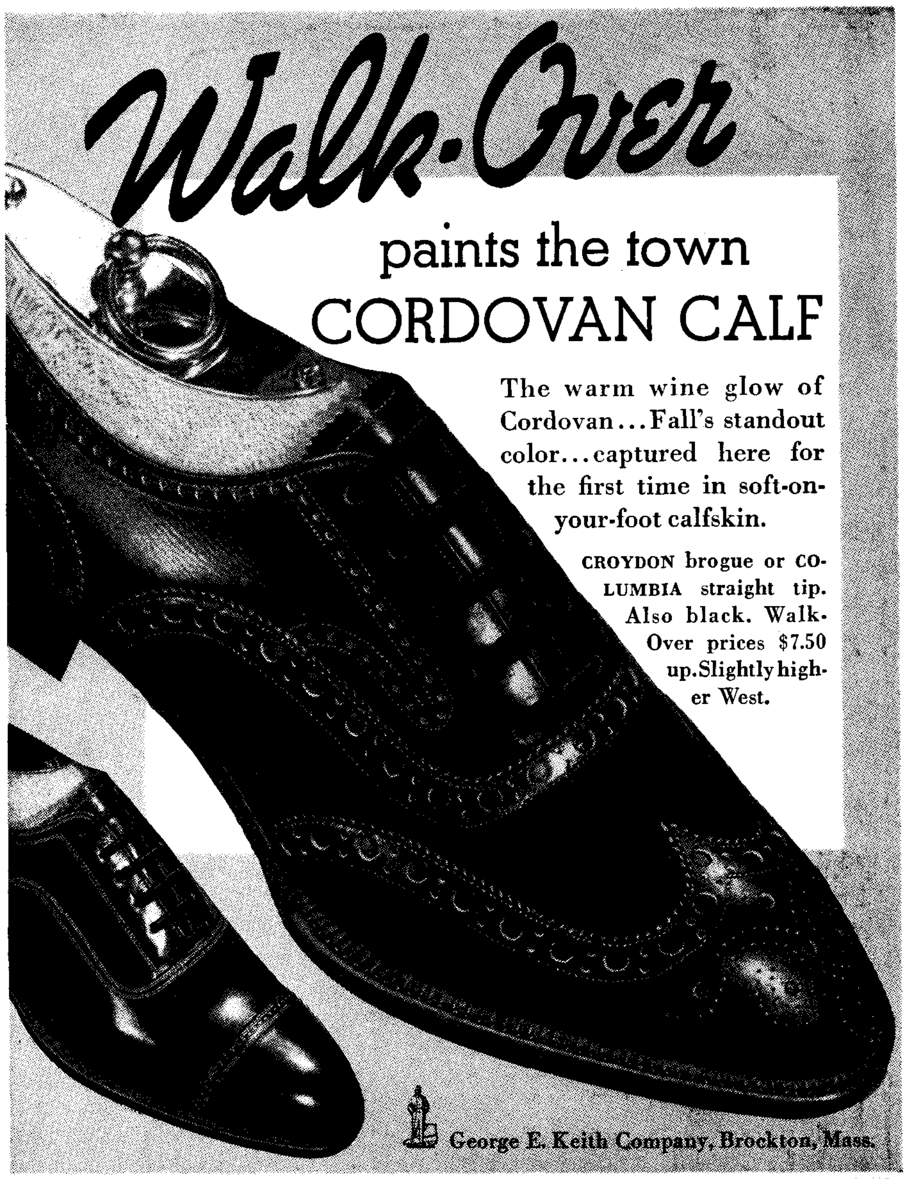
The crack she was going to make next must have been a honey, but she didn't say it. Dick came into the room with a quiet "Good morning," and took his place at table guiltily.

"Really, Richard," she said gently,



"Of course, if you attempt to swim in this suit, you're liable to run into trouble"

B. SHERMUND



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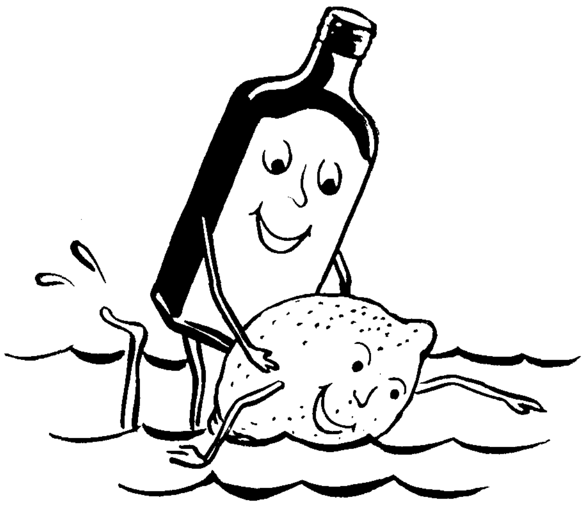

Does it mix?

It is a **mixing** gin, we think, when you neither **smell** nor **taste** it in the finished drink

THE REAL
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MIXER
90 PROOF
4/5 Quart

Gin must support the lemon or lime in a perfect Tom Collins . . . never drown it with a heavy gin smell or gin taste. It takes a real mixer to show this blend of strength and smoothness.

Mixed drinks are an American idea. To meet the American taste for smoothness, Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for *mixing*—from American grain.

Fleischmann's is the original American gin, established 1870. Our secret formula makes it the real American Mixer. Buy a bottle. And when you order a Tom Collins, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's." (Copr., 1937, by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.)

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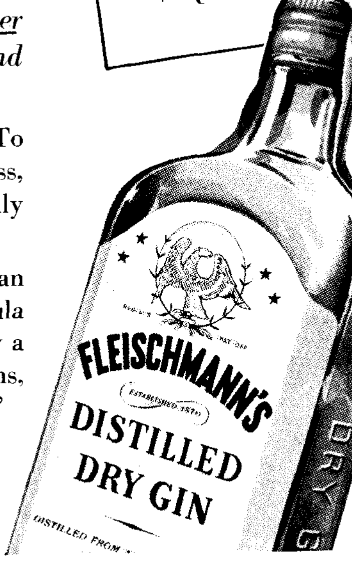


"you should try to be more prompt. I don't want you to bolt your food, and now you'll be late for school."

"I'm sorry, Mother," he said.

"Oh, come, now, Harriet," I said in a cheerful tone, "don't blame the boy. It's my fault, really. I kept him up so late last night at the fights that I don't really blame him for oversleeping. It's not his fault at all." I turned to him. "How do you feel, Dick?"

He smiled at me.

"Swell, Dad," he said.

"That's good," I said. "Take it easy there on the food. There's no rush. I'll drive you down to school myself. And if they get tough with you down at the school, why I'll come in and tell them a couple things."

We both laughed.

"How'd you like that fourth round?" I asked.

"You mean when he bounced off the ropes, Dad? Timmens, I mean? And he hit him with the left?"

"That's the one," I said

He forgot his food and turned toward me excitedly.

"Gee, Dad, did you see the way his head snapped back when he landed with that left? Boy, I knew he was through then. He's a fighter, that Timmens, isn't he, Dad?"

"I'll say he is," I said. I tapped the newspaper in front of me. "They're giving him a crack at the champ next."

"You mean it, Dad?"

"Sure, here, look." I pushed the paper toward him and he looked at the headlines quickly. "They're going to fight in Los Angeles, probably in a couple of months or so."

He looked up from the paper.

"Boy, Dad, I bet he knocks the champ out!"

"He ought to," I said.

She coughed at my elbow to attract attention and said, "Do you want some more coffee, Benjamin?"

"No," I said shortly, speaking over my shoulder in her direction. But I was laughing to myself. It looked like she was getting wise to the plan of attack.

I leaned over and slipped my arm across Dick's shoulders.

"How'd you like to go out west to see the fight, Dick?" I asked with a smile.

I COULD almost see the scared look begin to creep over her face, but I didn't look at her. I looked at the boy. He looked startled.

"You mean, way out—?" he began.

"Sure," I said. "We could make a nice slow trip of it, seeing the sights and all, and wind up in Los Angeles in time to see Timmens win the championship. Then, maybe, we could take a boat over to Honolulu or even China or something. Say," I said enthusiastically, for her benefit, "we could have a swell time, just the two of us. What do you say?"

"Gee!" he said, and looked at me with his mouth open.

"Don't be ridiculous, Benjamin!" she broke in sharply. "Don't put such silly ideas in the boy's head. He's got his school to think of. And—and—"

"And what?" I said, grinning at her.

"And besides, in a little while you won't—"

Oh, won't I?

"Don't worry about it, Harriet," I said casually. "Dick is bright enough to be able to afford a few months, or even a year, away from school. And, anyway, he'll probably learn more in a year on a trip like that than he could pick up in *any* school."

His excited voice rose again.

"Oh, *gee*, Dad, you *mean* it?"

I leaned over to pat his hand.

"Of course I do, son," I said.

He hopped out of his chair and tugged at my arm.

"Come on, Dad," he said eagerly. "I want to get to school. I want to tell the fellows about it. Oh, boy, wait'll they hear this!"

I laughed and patted his head.

"Run along, son, and get your hat," I said. "I'll be with you in a minute."

As he left the dining room I turned toward her again. She was still sitting at the table, watching me with that expressionless handsome face of hers that she could set so you'd never even know she'd been hit.

"I'll try to get the date for that other thing we were talking about this morning set for some time before Dick and I go away," I said with just the faintest hint of a grin. "And then, of course, after the divorce, it won't really matter very much to you *where* we go, will it, Harriet?"

Her lips tightened the slightest bit, but she didn't say a word.

"I DON'T think there's anything to be gained from prolonging this much further," the referee said, scowling slightly.

If he wanted that motion seconded, all he had to do was ask me.

He took off his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose with the tips of his thumb and forefinger. He looked across the desk at Harriet and then at me.

"If neither of you has, uh, had a change of heart," he said slowly, looking at her and then at me, "I mean, if both of you still want—"

His voice stopped and he looked at us inquiringly, moving his head from side to side. But nobody spoke. I was dying to get a good square look at her, but I wouldn't give her that much satisfaction. I stared straight ahead of me.

"All right," the referee said in a tired voice. "I suppose the only thing left to decide is the, uh, the custody of the child."

He picked up the papers in front of him, looked at them a moment, and put them down. He looked at the attorneys.

"I'll ask you gentlemen please to leave the room," he said. "Just for a few minutes. I want to talk to the boy alone; that is, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Steers only."

He picked up the phone on his desk and spoke into it as the lawyers went out. In a few moments the door opened and Dick came in. He looked scared.

"Come here, Richard," the referee said, smiling at him. He pulled a chair into position next to the desk and Dick took it, sitting up very straight.

"I want you to listen very carefully to what I say, Richard," he said kindly. "And I want you to *think* very carefully about something I'm going to ask you to decide for yourself. Will you do that for me, Richard?" he asked.

The old boy was all right. He had something on the ball. If I'd've known half as much about handling kids as he seemed to know, I wouldn't have had to kill so much time laying my groundwork.

"Yes, sir," Dick said in a low voice.

Well, at least she'd taught him to act like a gentleman.

"I suppose you know all about this by now," the referee said, leaning forward across his desk toward the boy and talking quietly. "But I want to repeat it so you'll know how important the thing is that I'm going to ask you to do." He cleared his throat and went on. "Your mother and father, Richard, have decided to separate. The reasons don't matter."

That's what *he* thought. I'd like to be around to ask *him* a couple of questions after he'd spent fifteen years in a locked room with the Statue of Liberty.

"The important thing, Richard, is that you can't be with both of them at the same time any more. You can only live with one. And I want you to help me decide, Richard, which one you'd rather be with—your mother or your father." He leaned back in his chair. "I leave it entirely up to you, Richard," he said.

That's just where I wanted him to leave it. I wasn't worried.

The boy looked at his hands and bent his head a little. His lower lip began to quiver. He caught it between his teeth and held it steady. I felt a little sorry for the kid, up there all alone. But I didn't have time to spend on sympathy. I was watching her at the other end of the table out of the corner of my eye. She was as steady and expressionless as ever. But I wasn't worrying. I knew what the kid was going to say, and she didn't. And I knew that when she heard it she was going to crack wide open. I'd been waiting for that moment for fifteen years. I wasn't going to risk missing it even if I had to turn around and stare right at her.

"Did you say something, Richard?" the referee asked.

"Yes, sir," the boy said in a low voice.

"Which one?" the referee asked.

I had my eyes glued on her face.

"My—my father," the boy whispered.

She stiffened a little in her chair and her lower lip began to jiggle. She caught it in her teeth, quickly, exactly the way the boy had done.

"Your *father?*" the referee said.

Why the hell not? Wasn't I as good as she was?

"Yes, sir," the boy said.

I leaned back in my chair. I knew in advance all that mother-love hooey wouldn't stand a chance when stacked up against a month of prize fights and hockey games and promised western trips.

"Very well, Richard," the referee said slowly, "if that's your choice."

I scowled hard to hide my grin. She was calm again, but I didn't care about that. I'd seen her a moment before, the way I'd wanted her. It hadn't been much, but at least I knew I'd done it.

I DIDN'T know how long I'd been sitting like that, my nose to the glass, watching the cows and the trees and the patches of brown and green spin by. But I did know that it wasn't making me feel any better.

Suddenly I swung my chair toward the center of the car. His seat was empty. I looked around the car quickly; he wasn't there. I got up and grabbed the porter's arm as he went by.

"You haven't seen a boy—my son—you haven't seen him around, have you?" I asked. "He was just sitting across the—"

He looked at me in surprise.

"Ah think ah saw him goin' tow'd the observation platform, suh. Little while ago."

"Thanks," I said shortly and rushed past him.

I hurried through the train. I opened the door into the club car quickly and saw him sitting on the platform at the other end. I stopped short and the relief was so great that for a few seconds I couldn't breathe. Then my heart began to race crazily. He was leaning forward in his seat, with his chin and hands resting on the rail. I guess I wasn't the only one that had been counting the cows and the trees.

I paused to light a cigarette and inhale deeply. When I felt I was all right again I walked out onto the platform, and stood behind him for a moment. I wanted to touch him. I put my hand on his shoulder and squeezed it gently.

"Hello, son," I said. "I didn't know where you were. I was worried."

That was a *new* word for panic.

"Hello, Dad," he said. But he didn't look up. I knew why, too. He rubbed the back of his hand against his jacket to dry it.

If I'd had her anywhere within reach at that moment, I'd've wrung her neck.

I sat down next to him and watched the track come shooting out swiftly from under us and go pouring away into the distance.

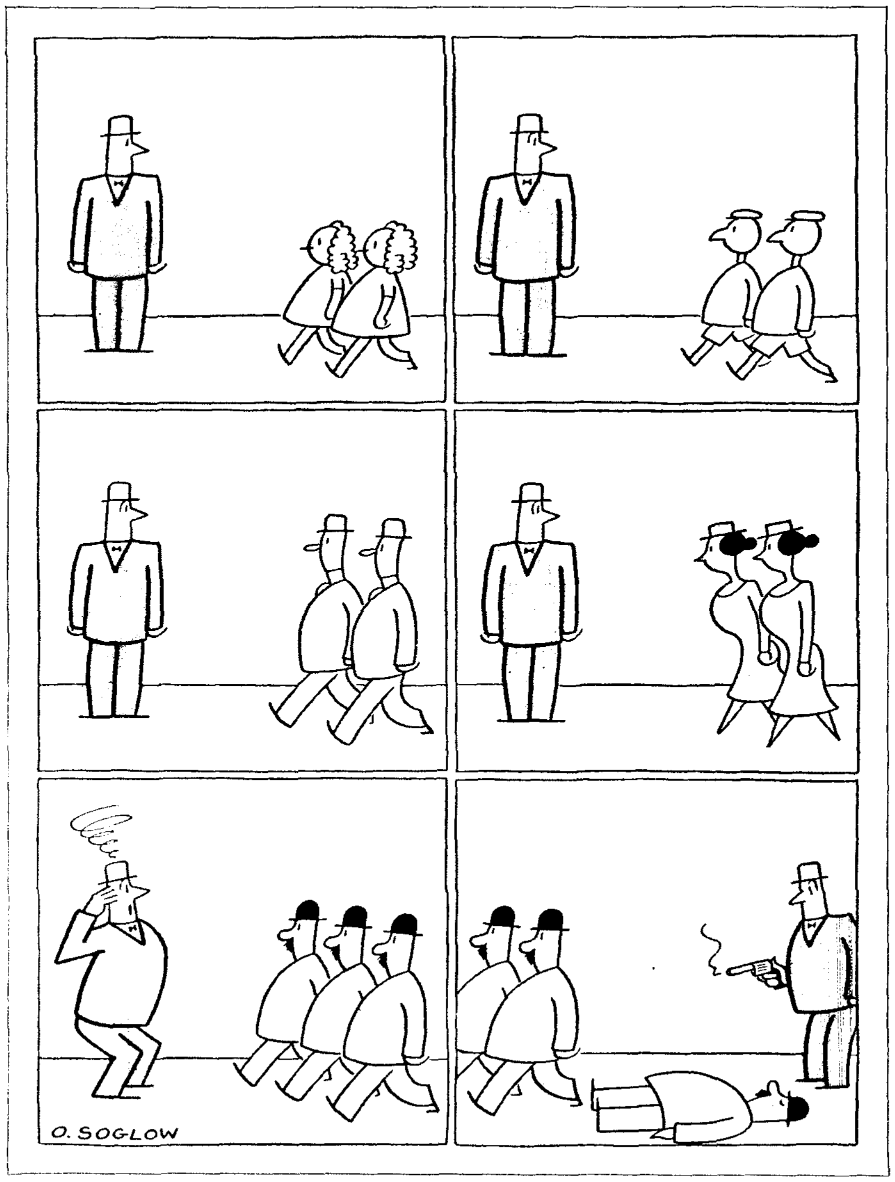
"Nice view, isn't it, Dick?" I said.

He nodded. That made two liars. The view was terrible.

Just the same I watched it for a while, hard, trying to figure out where I stood. It was no good. But I knew that wringing her neck wouldn't help. This was something that went down so deep that nothing could help. All it could do from now on was hurt.

"This is really nothing, yet," I said. "It gets much nicer when you hit—"

I DIDN'T finish. I tossed the half-smoked cigarette away and started to light another one, but didn't. Doing things like that wasn't going to stop me from realizing what a complete fool I'd turned out to be. What was I going to do, take my revenge on her out on the kid?



"You're not cold, are you, son?" I asked.

He shook his head quickly, but did not speak.

The funny part about it was that it wasn't her fault. Why couldn't I have been satisfied to walk out quickly, the way I'd planned? Why the hell did I have to spend a month trying to make her crack, and end up by getting trapped by something I never even knew was in me?

"Dick," I said, "I want to ask you a—" and stopped. What was the use? His *words* weren't what counted. All I had to do was look at him to see that. The only thing that mattered now was what was best for him. And I knew the answer to that, too, damn her.

I put my arm across his shoulder and pulled him to me. He rested his cheek against my coat and tried to control his sobs. I held him tight against the rocking of the train and cursed her until the words didn't mean anything any more. But it didn't help. She had me.

I got up suddenly and said, "Wait for me, Dick, will you? I'll be right back."

"All right, Dad," he said.

I hurried through the train until I found a porter. I grabbed his arm and he set down the suitcases he was carrying.

"Listen," I said. "How soon before we get to Chicago?"

"We're due there in less than a"—he looked at his watch—"fawty minutes, suh."

"What's the next train out of Chicago back to New York?" I said. "I mean, the nearest one after the time we arrive in Chicago?"

He stared at me.

"You mean you want to go back?"

"Yeah, yeah," I said. "Do you know, or don't you?"

He pulled out a batch of timetables, selected one, and hunted through it.

"There's one leaves, let's see, eight, nine, eleven, there's one leaves eleven minutes after this one arrives, suh, but I don't think—"

I DIDN'T have time to listen to confessions.

"Never mind," I said quickly. "Just check on the time. Eleven minutes after this train hits Chicago there's one going back to New York. Right?"

He looked at the timetable again.

"That's right, suh," he said. "But—"

"Thanks," I said.

I gave him a coin and went back to the observation platform.

"I've got some bad news for you, Dick," I said. I put my arm across his shoulder and held him close to me, so that he couldn't see my face as I talked. "I just got a telegram on the train. We'll have to call the trip off on account of business. I hate to do it, Dick, but it can't be helped. We're due in Chicago in about a half hour," I said. "There's a train leaving back for New York ten minutes later. I'm putting you on that train, Dick."

"Aren't you coming back too, Dad?" he asked in a small voice.

"No," I said. "I can't. That is," I added quickly, "not right now." Why should I let her think she won for good? Let it worry her for a while; let it hang over her. "I'll be coming back for you in a little while," I said. "Maybe in a month or so. As soon as I finish up my business here out west. Be sure and tell that to your mother, will you?"

"Yes, Dad," he said.

"Tell her I had to send you back for the time being, for business reasons," I said. "But be sure to tell her I'm coming back for you."

I wondered what good it was doing me to lie about it.

"Yes, Dad," he said.

It wasn't doing me any good.

"Don't forget to tell her," I repeated.

I held him in my arms all the rest of the way, but it didn't help. I couldn't think of a thing.

When the train reached the station I left him on the platform with the baggage.

"Wait right here for me," I said.

I HURRIED inside and bought his ticket. On the way back I passed a telegraph stand. I hesitated for a moment. But I figured the hell with her. She was getting enough as it was. Why should I give her the additional pleasure of the hours that she would be waiting for him, knowing he was on his way back? I hurried up to him.

"Here's your ticket, son," I said, putting it into his pocket, "and here's some money. Take a taxi right home as soon as you get to New York."

A porter picked up the bags and began to carry them to the train. I held Dick's hand and talked as we followed the porter.

"And don't forget to tell Mother what I told you," I said.

"I won't, Dad," he said. He looked happier already. Well, at least I wasn't making a mistake from his angle. And that was all that counted now, no matter *what* she'd think.

We climbed the steps of the observation platform. I gave some money to a porter and told him to keep an eye on him.

"Yes, *suh*," the porter said with a grin.

"All aboard!" a conductor called.

I got off the platform. Suddenly he reached down and threw his arms around my neck. Well, at least it was something to know that it wasn't *only* the hockey games and the fights and the promises. He held me for a moment, tight. The train began to move. His arms slipped away from me.

"Goodby, son," I said, walking with the slow-moving train.

"Goodby, Dad," he said, rubbing his nose with the back of his hand quickly.

A month before I didn't even know I *had* a son. And now—

"Take care of yourself," I said, walking faster to keep up with the train, and raising my voice. "And don't forget. I'm coming back for you."

He smiled a little and said something, but I didn't hear him.

"Don't forget to tell her," I called, holding my hat as I trotted. "I'm coming back for you!"

Lord, how I hated that woman! The only thing she ever gave me that I could love she wouldn't let me keep.

"Don't forget to tell her!" I cried. I stopped running. I had reached the end of the platform. The train was moving away from me swiftly. I cupped my hands to my mouth and shouted, "Don't forget to tell her," I lied. "Tell her I'm coming back for you!"

Appointment with Death

By Agatha Christie

The Story Thus Far:

IN A HOTEL room in the Holy Land, Hercule Poirot, Belgian detective, overhears one startling sentence of a conversation in an adjoining room. It is spoken by a man—or a boy: "*You* see, *don't* you, that she's got to be killed?" He makes a careful mental note of the *voice.*

The conversation (of which Poirot hears no more) continues. At its conclusion, Raymond Boynton has succeeded in convincing his sister, Carol, that his stepmother *must be murdered!* At the moment, the Boyntons—Raymond and Carol; Mrs. Boynton; Raymond's half sister, Ginevra ("Jinny"); his brother, Lennox; and Lennox's wife, Nadine—are ensconced in a suite at the Solomon Hotel, in Jerusalem. Struck by the cruel, dominating personality of Mrs. Boynton—fat, Buddha-like, sinister—Dr. Theodore Gerard, a noted alienist, decides to learn more concerning the Boyntons. Interrogating Sarah King, an English girl who has encountered them in Cairo, he learns little. She says that every member of the family is in a state of jitters, due to Mrs. Boynton's tyranny—especially, Raymond (who, unknown to her, is deeply interested in her, after one casual meeting).

Mr. Cope—a *middle-aged American* who has attached himself to the Boyntons and who *seems to be accepted by the old woman*—gives Gerard more facts. Dying, the wealthy Elmer Boynton had left his entire fortune to Mrs. Boynton, his second wife, who had borne him one child: Ginevra. Ginevra is "delicate," almost an invalid. The other Boyntons are all in a highly nervous condition, due to Mrs. Boynton's insistence that they all stay close beside her, enjoy no sports, meet no one.

Over a drink, Mr. Cope informs Gerard that he has been following the family because he is "deeply attached" to Nadine. "If she were happy," he adds, "I'd fade out of the picture. As it is, I'm standing by. If she wants me, I'm here!"

II

SARAH KING stood in the precincts of the Temple—the Haram-esh-Sherif. Her back was to the Dome of the Rock. The splashing of fountains sounded in her ears. Little groups of tourists passed by without disturbing the peace of the Oriental atmosphere.

Strange, thought Sarah, that once a Jebusite should have made this rocky summit into a threshing floor and that David should have purchased it for six hundred shekels of gold and made it a holy place. And now the loud chattering tongues of sight-seers of all nations could be heard. . . .

She turned and looked at the Mosque which now covered the shrine and wondered if Solomon's temple would have looked half as beautiful.

There was a clatter of footsteps and a little party came out from the interior of the Mosque. It was the Boyntons, escorted by a voluble dragoman. Mrs. Boynton was supported between Lennox and Raymond. Nadine and Mr. Cope walked behind. Carol came last. As they were moving off, the latter caught sight of Sarah.

She hesitated; then, on a sudden decision, she wheeled and ran swiftly and noiselessly across the courtyard.

"Excuse me," she said breathlessly. "I must—I—I felt I must speak to you."

"Yes?" said Sarah.

Carol was trembling violently. Her face was quite white.

"It's about—my brother. When you—you spoke to him last night you must have thought him very rude. But he didn't mean to be—he couldn't help it. Oh, do please believe me."

Sarah felt that the whole scene was ridiculous. Both her pride and her good taste were offended. Why should a strange girl suddenly rush up and tender a ridiculous apology for a boorish brother?

An offhand reply trembled on her lips and then, quickly, her mood changed.

There was something out of the ordinary here. This girl was in deadly earnest. That something in Sarah which had led her to adopt a medical career reacted to the girl's need. Her instinct told her there was something badly wrong.

She said encouragingly:

"Tell me about it."

"He spoke to you on the train, didn't he?" began Carol.

Sarah nodded.

"Yes—at least I spoke to him."

"Oh, of course. It would be that way round. But, you see, last night, Ray was afraid—"

She stopped.

"Afraid?"

Carol's white face crimsoned.

"Oh, I know it sounds absurd—mad. You see, my mother—she's—she's not well—and she doesn't like us making friends outside. But—but I know Ray would—would like to be friends with you."

Sarah was interested. Before she could speak, Carol went on.

"I—I know what I'm saying sounds very silly, but we are—rather an odd family." She cast a quick look round—it was a look of fear.

"I—I mustn't stay," she murmured. "They may miss me."

Sarah made up her mind. She spoke.

"Why shouldn't you stay—if you want to? We might walk back together."

"Oh, no." Carol drew back. "I—I couldn't do that."

"Why not?" said Sarah.

"I couldn't really. My mother would be—would be—"

Sarah said clearly and calmly:

"I know it's awfully difficult sometimes for parents to realize that their children are grown up. They will go on trying to run their lives for them. But it's a pity, you know, to give in! One must stand up for one's rights."

Carol murmured:

"You don't understand—you don't understand in the least . . ."

Her hands twisted together nervously.

Sarah went on:

"One gives in sometimes because one is afraid of rows. Rows are very unpleasant, but I think freedom of action is always worth fighting for."

"Freedom?" Carol stared at her. "None of us have ever been free. We never will be."

"Nonsense!" said Sarah clearly.

CAROL leaned forward and touched her arm.

"Listen. I *must* try and make you understand! Before her marriage my mother—she's my stepmother really—was a wardress in a prison. My father was the warden and he married her. Well, it's been like that ever since. She's gone on being a wardress—to us. That's why our life is just—being in prison!"

Her head jerked round again.

"They've missed me. I—I must go."

Sarah caught her by the arm as she was darting off.

"One minute. We must meet again and talk."

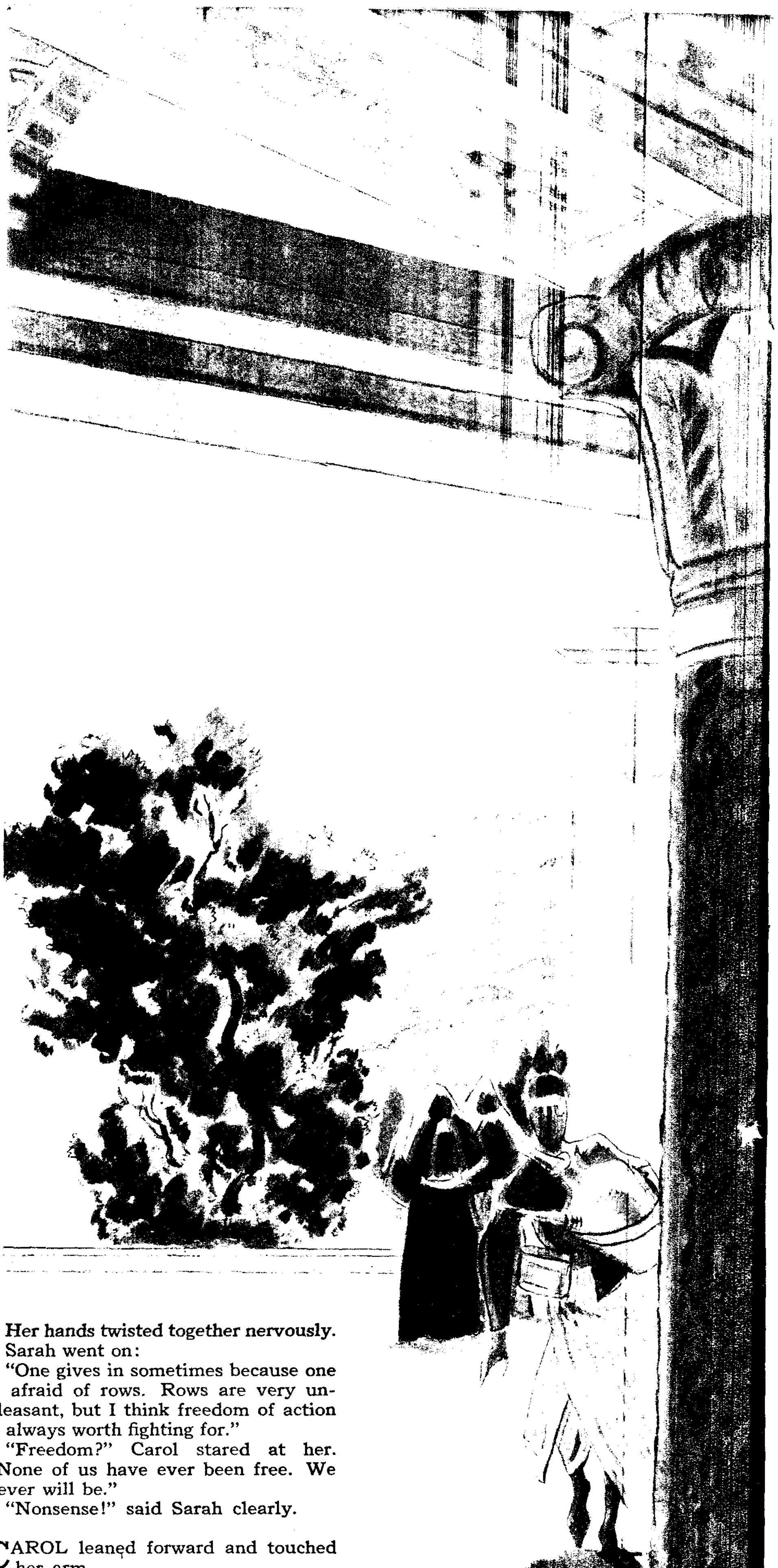
"I can't. I shan't be able to."

"Yes, you can." She spoke authoritatively. "Come to my room after you go to bed. It's 319. Don't forget. 319."

She released her hold. Carol ran off after her family.

Sarah stood staring after her. She awoke from her thoughts to find Dr. Gerard by her side.

"Good morning, Miss King. So you've been talking to Miss Carol Boynton?"



"Excuse me," *she said* breathlessly. "I must—I—I feel I must speak *to you.*" "Yes?" said Sarah. Carol was trembling violently. Her face was quite white. "It's about—my brother," she told Sarah

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

"Yes, we had the most extraordinary conversation. Let me tell you."

She repeated the substance of her conversation with the girl.

Gerard pounced on one point.

"Wardress in a prison, was she, that old hippopotamus? That is significant, perhaps."

Sarah said:

"You mean that that is the cause of her tyranny? It is the habit of her former profession?"

Gerard shook his head.

"No, that is approaching it from the wrong angle. There is some deep underlying compulsion. She does not love tyranny because she has been a wardress. Let us rather say that she became a wardress because she loved tyranny. In my theory it was a secret desire for power over other human beings that led her to adopt that profession."

His face was very grave.

"There are such strange things buried down in the unconscious. A lust for power—a lust for cruelty—a savage desire to tear and rend—all the inheritance of our past racial memories. . . . They are all there, Miss King, all the cruelty and savagery and lust. . . . We shut the door on them and deny them conscious life, but sometimes—they are too strong."

Sarah shivered.

"I know."

GERARD continued:

"We see it all round us today in political creeds, in the conduct of nations. A reaction from humanitarianism, from pity, from brotherly good will. The creeds sound well sometimes—a wise regime, a beneficent government—but imposed by force, resting on a basis of cruelty and fear. They are opening the door, these apostles of violence, they are letting up the old savagery, the old delight in cruelty *for its own sake!* Oh, it is difficult! Man is an animal very delicately balanced. He has one prime necessity—to survive. To advance too quickly is as fatal as to lag behind. He must survive! He must, perhaps, retain some of the old savagery, but he must not—no, definitely he must not—deify it!"

There was a pause. Then Sarah said:

"You think old Mrs. Boynton is a kind of sadist?"

"I am almost sure of it. I think she rejoices in the infliction of pain—mental pain, mind you, not physical. That is very much rarer and very much more difficult to deal with. She likes to have control of other human beings and she likes to make them suffer."

"It's pretty beastly," said Sarah.

Gerard told her of his conversation with Jefferson Cope.

"He doesn't realize what is going on?" she said thoughtfully.

"How should he? He is not a psychologist."

"True. He hasn't got our disgusting minds!"

"Exactly. He has a nice, upright, sentimental, normal American mind. He believes in good rather than evil. He sees that the atmosphere of the Boynton family is all wrong, but he credits Mrs. Boynton with misguided devotion rather than active maleficence."

"That must amuse her," said Sarah.

"I should imagine it does!"

Sarah said impatiently:

"But why don't they break away? They could."

Gerard shook his head.

"No, there you are wrong. *They cannot.* Have you ever seen the old experiment with a cock? You chalk a line on the floor and put the cock's beak to it. The cock believes he is tied there. He cannot raise his head. So with these unfortunates. She has worked on them, remember, since they were children. And her dominance has been mental.

She has hypnotized them to believe that they cannot disobey her. Oh, I know most people would say that was nonsense—but you and I know better. She has made them believe that utter dependence on her is inevitable. They have been in prison so long that if the prison door were to open they would no longer notice! One of them, at least, no longer even wants to be free! And they would all be afraid of freedom."

Sarah asked practically:

"What will happen when she dies?"

Gerard shrugged his shoulders.

"It depends. On how soon that happens. If it happened now—well, I think it might not be too late. The boy and girl—they are still young—impressionable. They would become, I believe, normal human beings. With Lennox, possibly, it has gone too far. He looks to me like a man who has parted company with hope—he lives and endures like a brute beast."

Sarah said impatiently: "His wife ought to have done something! She ought to have yanked him out of it."

"I wonder. She may have tried—and failed."

"Do you think she's under the spell too?"

Gerard shook his head.

"No. I don't think the old lady has any power over her, and for that reason she hates her with a bitter hatred. Watch her eyes."

Sarah frowned.

"I can't make her out—the young one, I mean. Does she know what is going on?"

"I think she must have a pretty shrewd idea."

"H'm," said Sarah. "That old woman ought to be murdered! Arsenic in her early-morning tea would be my prescription."

Then she said abruptly:

"What about the youngest girl—the red-haired one with the rather fascinating, vacant smile?"

Gerard frowned.

"I don't know. There is something queer there. Ginevra Boynton is the old woman's own daughter, of course."

"Yes. I suppose that would be different—or would it?"

GERARD said slowly: "I do not believe that when once the mania for power (and the lust for cruelty) has taken possession of a human being that it can spare *anybody*—not even its nearest and dearest."

He was silent for a moment, then he said:

"Are you a Christian, Mademoiselle?"

Sarah said slowly:

"I don't know. I used to think that I wasn't anything. But now I'm not sure. I feel—oh, I feel that if I could sweep all this away—" she made a violent gesture "—all the buildings and the sects and the fierce squabbling churches—that—that I might see Christ's quiet figure riding into Jerusalem on a donkey—and believe in him."

Dr. Gerard said gravely:

"I believe at least in one of the chief tenets of the Christian faith—contentment with a lowly place. I am a doctor and I know that ambition—the desire to succeed—to have power—leads to most ills of the human soul. If the desire is realized it leads to arrogance, violence and final satiety—and if it is denied—Ah! If it is denied—let all the asylums for the insane rise up and give their testimony! They are filled with human beings who were unable to face being mediocre, insignificant, ineffective, and who therefore created for themselves ways of escape from reality so to be shut off from life itself forever."

Sarah said abruptly:

"It's a pity the old Boynton woman isn't in an asylum."

Gerard shook his head.

"No—her place is not there among the failures. It is worse than that. She has succeeded, you see! She has accomplished her dream."

Sarah shuddered.

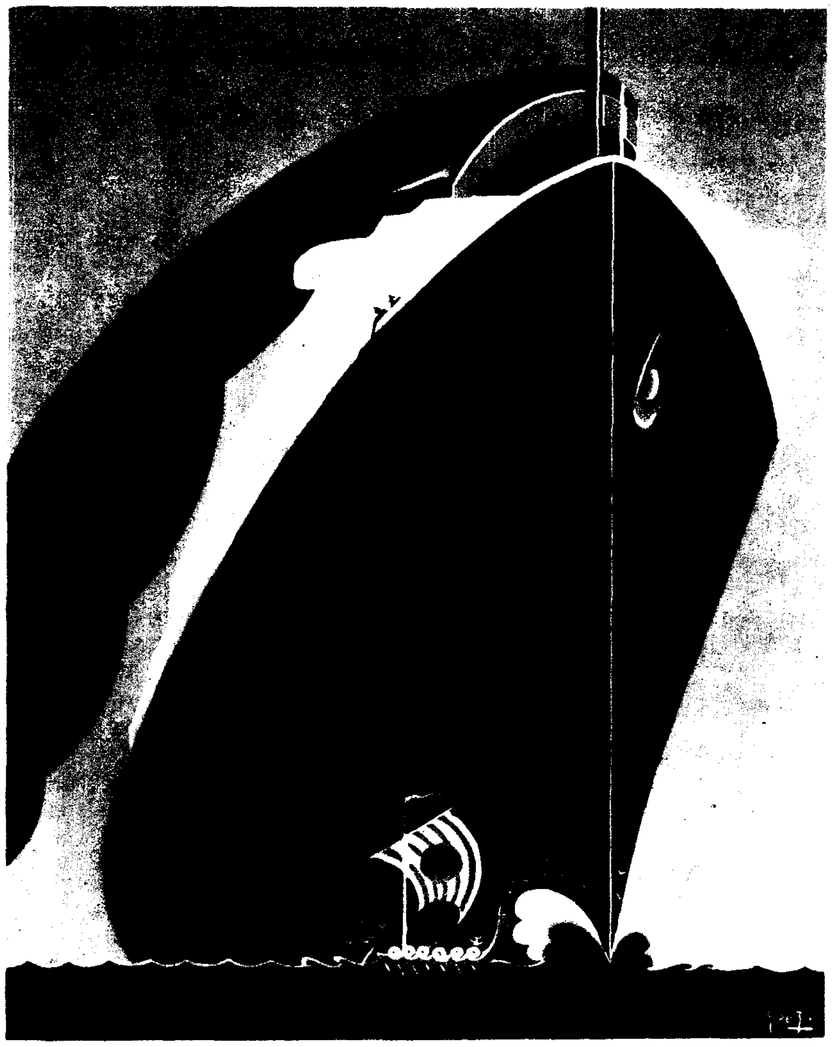
She cried passionately, "Such things ought not to be!"

SARAH wondered very much whether Carol Boynton would keep her appointment that night.

On the whole she rather doubted it. She was afraid that Carol would have a sharp reaction after her semiconfidences of the morning.

Nevertheless she made her preparations, slipping on a blue satin dressing gown and getting out her little spirit lamp and boiling water.

She was just on the point of giving Carol up (it was after one o'clock) and going to bed, when there was a tap on her door. She opened it and drew quickly back to let Carol come in.



"Pirates, sir! They say they'll ram and board us if we don't heave to!"

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The latter said, breathlessly, "I was afraid you might have gone to bed . . ."

Sarah's manner was carefully matter-of-fact.

"Oh, no. I was waiting for you. Have some tea, will you? It's real Lapsang Souchong."

She brought over a cup. Carol had been nervous and uncertain of herself. Now she accepted the cup and a biscuit and her manner became calmer.

"This is rather fun," said Sarah, smiling.

Carol looked a little startled.

"Yes," she said doubtfully. "Yes, I suppose it is."

"Rather like the midnight feasts we used to have at school," went on Sarah. "I suppose you didn't go to school?"

Carol shook her head.

"No, we never left home. We had a governess—different governesses. They never stayed long."

"Did you never go away at all?"

"No. We've lived always in the same house. This coming abroad is the first time I've ever been away."

Sarah said, casually, "It must have been a great adventure."

"Oh, it was. It—it's all been like a dream."

"What made your—Mrs. Boynton decide to come abroad?"

At the mention of Mrs. Boynton's name, Carol had flinched. Sarah said, quickly, "You know, I'm by way of being a doctor. I've just taken my M.B. Your mother—or stepmother rather—is very interesting to me, as a case, you know. I should say she was quite definitely a pathological case."

Carol stared. It was clearly a very unexpected point of view to her. Sarah had spoken as she had with deliberate intent. She realized that to her family Mrs. Boynton loomed as a kind of powerful, obscene idol. It was Sarah's object to rob her of her more terrifying aspect.

"Yes," she said. "There's a kind of disease of—of grandeur—that gets hold of people. They get very autocratic and insist on everything being done exactly as they say and are altogether very difficult to deal with."

CAROL put down her cup.

"Oh," she cried, "I'm so glad to be talking to you. Really, you know, I believe Ray and I have been getting quite—well, quite queer. We'd got terribly worked up about things."

"Talking with an outsider is always a good thing," said Sarah. "Inside a family one is apt to get too intense."

Then she asked, casually, "If you are unhappy, haven't you ever thought of leaving home?"

Carol looked startled.

"Oh, no! How could we? I—I mean Mother would never allow it."

"But she couldn't stop you," said Sarah gently. "You're over age."

"I'm twenty-three."

"Exactly."

"But still, I don't see how—I mean I wouldn't know where to go and what to do."

Her tone seemed bewildered.

"You see," she said, "we haven't any money."

"Haven't you any friends you could go to?"

"Friends?" Carol shook her head. "Oh, no; we don't know anyone!"

"Did none of you ever think of leaving home?"

"No—I don't think so. Oh—oh—we couldn't."

Sarah changed the subject. She found the girl's bewilderment pitiful.

She said:

"Are you fond of your stepmother?"

Slowly Carol shook her head.

She whispered in a low scared voice:

"I hate her. So does Ray. We've—we've often wished she would die."

Again Sarah changed the subject.

"Tell me about your elder brother."

"Lennox? I don't know what's the matter with Lennox. He hardly ever speaks now. He goes about in a kind of daydream. Nadine's terribly worried about him."

"You are fond of your sister-in-law?"

"Yes, Nadine is different. She's always kind. But she's very unhappy."

"About your brother?"

"Yes."

"Have they been married long?"

"Four years."

"And they've always lived at home?"

"Yes."

Sarah asked: "Does your sister-in-law like that?"

"No."

THERE was a pause. Then Carol said: "There was an awful fuss once about four years ago now. You see, as I told you, none of us ever go outside the house at home. I mean we go into the grounds, but nowhere else. But Lennox did. He got out at night. He went into Fountain Springs—there was a sort of dance going on. Mother was frightfully angry when she found out. It was terrible. And then, after that, she asked Nadine to come and stay. Nadine was a very distant cousin of Father's. She was very poor and was training to be a hospital nurse. She came and stayed with us for a month. I can't tell you how exciting it was to have someone to stay! And she and Lennox fell in love with each other. And Mother said they'd better be married quickly and live on with us."

"And was Nadine willing to do that?"

Carol hesitated. "I don't think she wanted to do that very much, but she didn't really *mind*. Then, later, she wanted to go away—with Lennox, of course—"

"But they didn't go?" asked Sarah.

"No, Mother wouldn't hear of it."

Carol paused and then said:

"I don't think—she likes Nadine any longer. Nadine is—funny. You never know what she's thinking. She tries to help Jinny and Mother doesn't like it."

"Jinny is your youngest sister?"

"Yes. Ginevra is her real name."

"Is she—unhappy too?"

Carol shook her head doubtfully.

"Jinny's been very queer lately. I don't understand her. You see, she's always been rather delicate—and—and Mother fusses about her and—and it makes her worse. And lately Jinny has been very queer indeed. She—she frightens me sometimes. She—she doesn't always know what she's doing."

"Has she seen a doctor?"

"No, Nadine wanted her to, but Mother said no—and Jinny got very hysterical and screamed and said she

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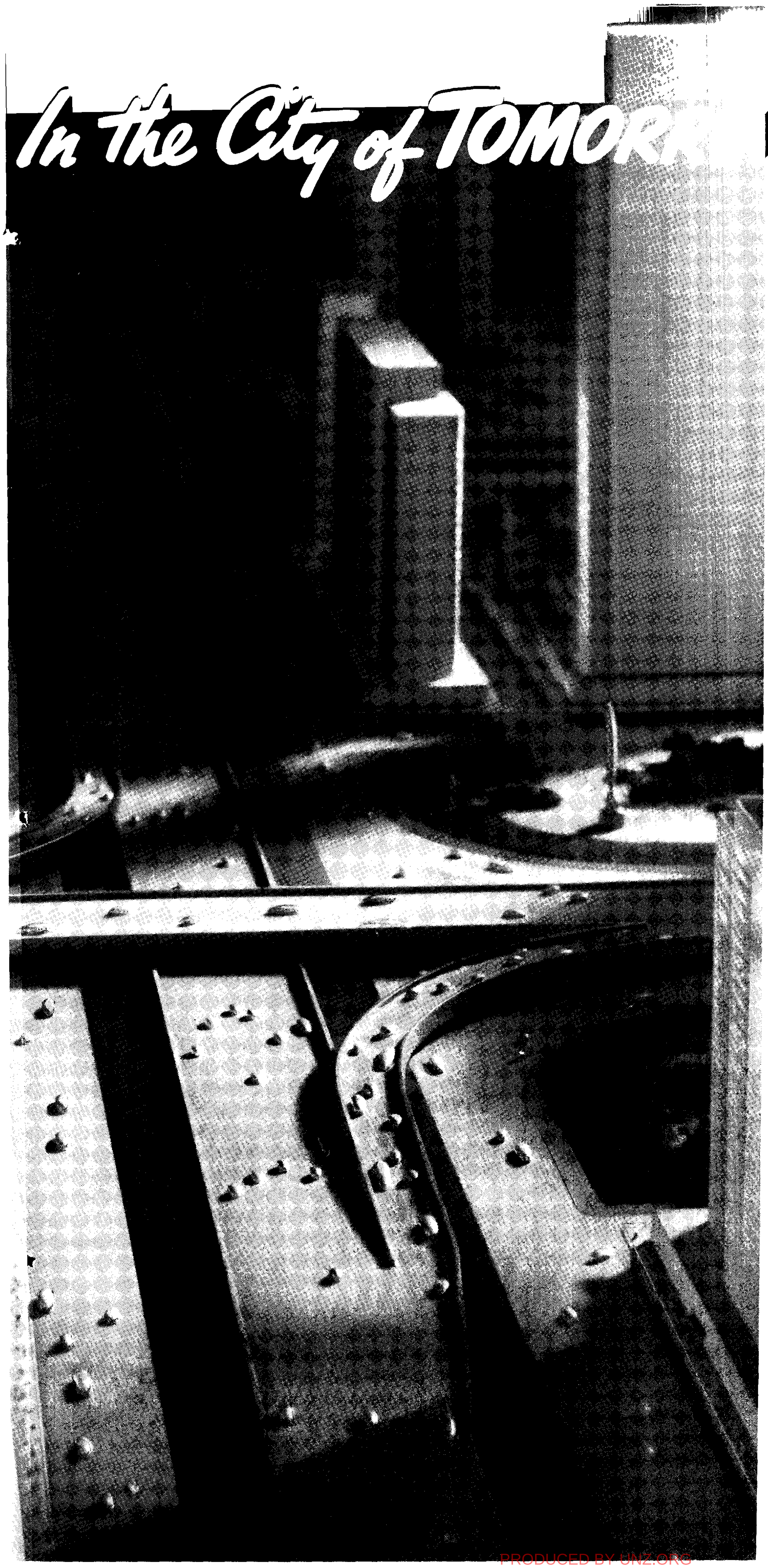

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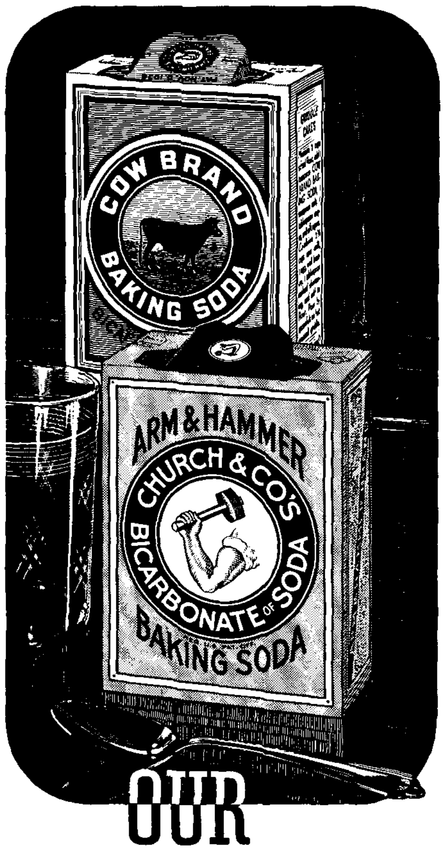

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wouldn't see a doctor. But I'm worried about her."

Suddenly Carol rose.

"I mustn't keep you up. It's—it's very good of you letting me come and talk to you. You must think us very odd as a family."

"Oh, everybody's odd, really," said Sarah lightly. "Come again, will you? And bring your brother, if you like."

"May I really?"

"Yes; we'll do some secret plotting. I'd like you to meet a friend of mine, too, a Dr. Gerard, an awfully nice Frenchman."

The color came into Carol's cheeks.

"Oh, what fun it sounds. If only Mother doesn't find out!"

Sarah suppressed a humorous retort and said instead, "Why should she? Good night. Shall we say tomorrow night at the same time?"

"Oh, yes. The day after, you see, we may be going away."

"Then let's have a definite date for tomorrow. Good night."

"Good night—and thank you."

CAROL went out of the room and slipped noiselessly along the corridor. Her own room was on the floor above. She reached it, opened the door—and stood appalled on the threshold.

Mrs. Boynton was sitting in an armchair by the fireplace in a crimson wool dressing gown.

A little cry escaped from Carol's lips.

"Oh!"

A pair of black eyes bored into hers.

"Where have you been, Carol?"

"I—I—"

"Where have you been?"

A soft, husky voice with that queer menacing undertone in it that always made Carol's heart beat with unreasoning terror.

"To see a Miss King—Sarah King."

"The girl who spoke to Raymond the other evening?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Have you made any plans to see her again?"

Carol's lips moved soundlessly. She nodded assent. Fright—great, sickening waves of fright . . .

"When?"

"Tomorrow night."

"You are not to go. You understand?"

"Yes, Mother."

"You promise."

"Yes—yes."

Mrs. Boynton struggled to get up. Mechanically Carol came forward and helped her. Mrs. Boynton walked slowly across the room, supporting herself on her stick. She paused in the doorway and looked back at the cowering girl.

"You are to have nothing more to do with this Miss King. You understand?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Repeat it."

"I am to have nothing more to do with her."

"Good."

Mrs. Boynton went out and shut the door.

Stiffly, Carol moved across the bedroom. She felt sick, her whole body felt wooden and unreal. She dropped onto the bed and suddenly she was shaken by a storm of weeping.

It was as though a vista had opened before her—a vista of sunlight and trees and flowers. Now the black walls had closed round her once more.

"CAN I speak to you a minute?"

Nadine Boynton turned in surprise, staring into the dark, eager face of an entirely unknown young woman.

"Why, certainly."

But as she spoke, almost unconsciously she threw a quick, nervous glance over her shoulder.

"My name is Sarah King," went on the other.

"Oh, yes?" Nadine was noncommittal.

"Mrs. Boynton, I'm going to say something rather odd to you. I talked to your sister-in-law for quite a long time the other evening."

A faint shadow seemed to ruffle the serenity of Nadine Boynton's face.

"You talked to Ginevra?"

"No, not to Ginevra—to Carol."

The shadow lifted.

"Oh, I see—to Carol."

Nadine Boynton seemed pleased, but very much surprised.

"How did you manage that?"

"She came to my room—quite late."

She saw the faint raising of the penciled brows on the white forehead. She said with some embarrassment: "I'm sure this must seem very odd to you."

"No," said Nadine Boynton. "I am very glad. Very glad indeed. It is very nice for Carol to have a friend to talk to."

"We—we got on very well together." Sarah tried to choose her words carefully. "In fact we arranged to—to meet again the following night."

"Yes."

"But Carol didn't come."

"Didn't she?"

Nadine's voice was cool and reflective. Her face, so quiet and gentle, told Sarah nothing.

"No. Yesterday she was passing through the hall. I spoke to her and she didn't answer. Just looked at me once and then away again, and hurried on."

"I see."

There was a pause. Sarah found it difficult to go on. Nadine Boynton said presently:

"I'm very sorry. Carol is rather a nervous girl."

Again that pause. Sarah took her courage in both hands.

"You know, Mrs. Boynton, I'm by way of being a doctor. I think—I think it would be good for your sister-in-law not to shut herself away too much from people."

Nadine Boynton looked thoughtfully at Sarah. She said, "I see. You're a doctor. That makes a difference."

"You see *what* I mean?" Sarah urged.

Nadine bent her head. She was still thoughtful.

"You are quite right, of course," she said after a minute or two. "But there are difficulties. My mother-in-law is in bad health and she has what I can only describe as a morbid dislike of any outsiders penetrating into her family circle."

Sarah said mutinously, "But Carol is a grown-up woman."

Nadine Boynton shook her head.

"Oh, no," she said. "In body, but not in mind. If you talked to her you must have noticed that. In an emergency she would always behave like a frightened child."

"Do you think that's what happened? Do you think she became—afraid?"

"I should imagine, Miss King, that my mother-in-law insisted on Carol having nothing more to do with you."

"And Carol gave in?"

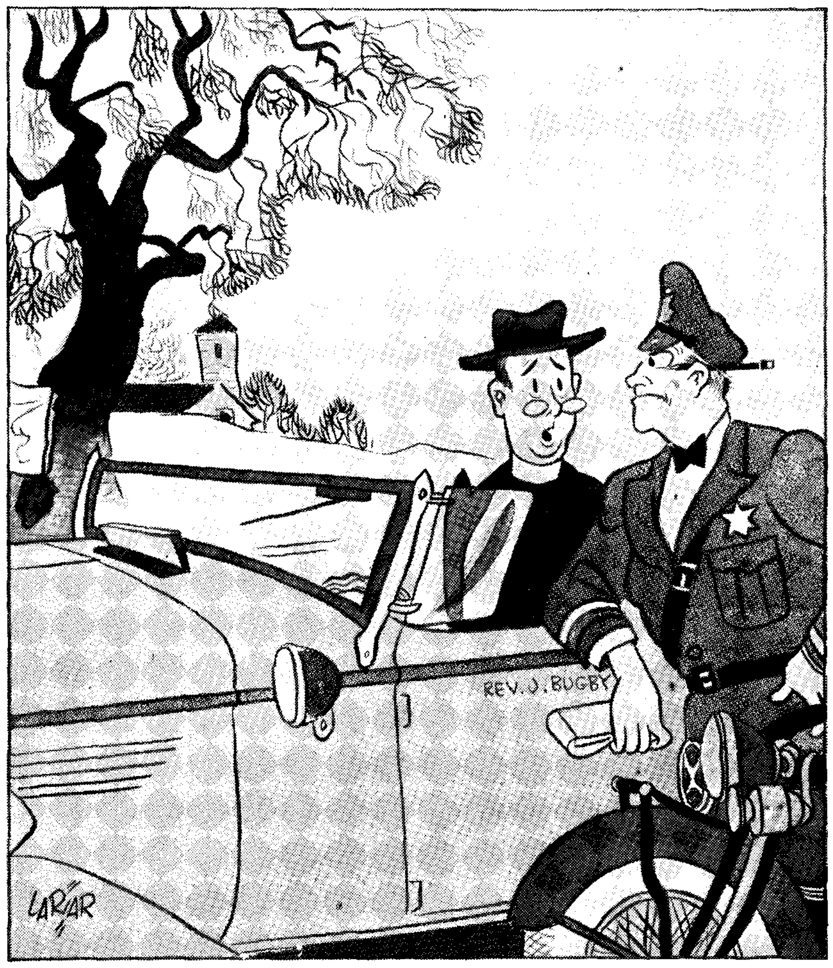
Nadine Boynton said, quietly, "Can you really imagine her doing anything else?"

The eyes of the two women met. Sarah felt that, behind the mask of conventional words, they understood each other. Nadine, she felt, understood the position. But she was clearly not prepared to discuss it in any way.

SARAH felt discouraged. The other evening it had seemed to her as though half the battle were won. By means of secret meetings she would imbue Carol with the spirit of revolt, and Raymond too. (Be honest, now, wasn't it Raymond really she had had in mind all along?) And now, in the very first round of the battle she had been ignominiously defeated by that hulk of shapeless flesh with her evil, gloating eyes. Carol had capitulated without a struggle.

"It's all *wrong!*" cried Sarah.

Nadine did not answer. Something in her silence went home to Sarah like a cold hand laid on her heart. She thought: "This woman knows the hopelessness of trying to do anything much



"I was fleeing from Satan!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

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better than I do. She's *lived* with it!"

The lift gates opened. The older Mrs. Boynton emerged. She leaned on a stick and Raymond supported her on the other side.

Sarah gave a slight start. She saw the old woman's eyes sweep from her to Nadine and back again. She had been prepared for dislike in those eyes—for hatred even. She was not prepared for what she saw: a triumphant and malicious enjoyment.

Sarah turned away. Nadine went forward and joined the other two.

"So there you are, Nadine," said Mrs. Boynton. "I'll sit down and rest a little before I go out."

They settled her in a high-backed chair. Nadine sat down beside her.

"Who were you talking to, Nadine?"

"A Miss King."

"Oh, yes. The girl who spoke to Raymond the other night. Well, Ray, why don't you go and speak to her now? She's over there at the writing table."

The old woman's mouth widened into a malicious smile as she looked at Raymond. His face flushed. He turned his head away and muttered something.

"What's that you say, son?"

"I don't want to speak to her."

"No, I thought not. You won't speak to her. You couldn't, however much you wanted to!"

She coughed suddenly, a wheezing cough.

"I'm enjoying this trip, Nadine," she said. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"No?"

Nadine's voice was expressionless.

"Ray."

"Yes, Mother?"

"Get me a piece of note paper—from the table over there in the corner."

Raymond went off obediently. Nadine raised her head. She watched, not the boy, but the old woman. Mrs. Boynton was leaning forward, her nostrils dilated as though with pleasure. Ray passed close by Sarah. She looked up, a sudden hope showing in her face. It died down as he brushed past her, took some note paper from the case and went back across the room.

THERE were little beads of sweat on his forehead as he rejoined them and his face was dead white.

Very softly, Mrs. Boynton murmured, "Ah . . ." as she watched his face.

Then she saw Nadine's eyes fixed on her. Something in them made her own snap with sudden anger.

"Where's Mr. Cope this morning?" she said.

Nadine's eyes dropped again. She answered in her gentle, expressionless voice:

"I don't know. I haven't seen him."

"I like him," said Mrs. Boynton. "I like him very much. We must see a good deal of him. You'll like that, won't you?"

"Yes," said Nadine. "I, too, like him very much."

"What's the matter with Lennox lately? He seems very dull and quiet. Nothing wrong between you, is there?"

"Oh, no. Why should there be?"

"I wondered. Married people don't always hit it off. Perhaps you'd be happier living in a home of your own?"

Nadine did not answer.

"Well, what do you say to the idea? Does it appeal to you?"

Nadine shook her head. She said, smiling:

"I don't think it would appeal to *you*, Mother."

Mrs. Boynton's eyelids flickered. She said sharply and venomously, "You've always been against me, Nadine."

The younger woman replied, evenly, "I'm sorry you should think that."

The old woman's hand closed on her stick. Her face seemed to get a shade more purple. She said, with a change of tone, "I forgot my drops. Get them for me, Nadine."

"Certainly."

Nadine got up and crossed the lounge to the lift. Mrs. Boynton looked after her. Raymond sat limply in a chair, his eyes glazed with dull misery.

Nadine went upstairs and along the corridor. She entered the sitting room of their suite. Lennox was sitting by the window. There was a book in his hand but he was not reading. He roused himself as Nadine came in.

"Hullo, Nadine."

"I've come up for Mother's drops. She forgot them."

She went on into Mrs. Boynton's bedroom. From a bottle on the washstand she carefully measured a dose into a small medicine glass, filling it up with water. As she passed through the sitting room again she paused.

"Lennox."

IT WAS a moment or two before he answered her. It was as though the message had a long way to travel.

"I beg your pardon. What is it?"

Nadine Boynton set down the glass carefully on the table. Then she went over and stood beside him.

"Lennox, look at the sunshine—out there, through the window. Look at life. It's beautiful. We might be out in it—instead of being here looking through a window."

Again there was a pause. Then he said:

"I'm sorry. Do you want to go out?"

She answered him, quickly, "Yes, I want to go out, *with you*, out into the sunshine; out into life, and live—the two of us together."

He shrank back into his chair. His eyes looked restless, hunted.

"Nadine, my dear, must we go into all this again?"

"Yes, we must. Let us go away and lead our own life somewhere."

"How can we? We've no money."

"We can earn money."

"How could we? What could we do? I'm untrained. We couldn't manage."

"I would earn money for both of us."

"My dear child, you'd never even completed your training. It's hopeless—impossible."

"No, what is hopeless and impossible is our present life."

"You don't know what you are talking about. Mother is very good to us. She gives us every luxury."

"Except freedom. Lennox, make an effort. Come with me now, today—"

"Nadine, I think you're quite mad."

"No, I'm sane. Absolutely and completely sane. I want a life of my own, with you, in the sunshine—not stifled in the shadow of an old woman who is a tyrant and who delights in making you unhappy."

"Mother may be rather an autocrat—"

"Your mother is mad! She's insane!"

He answered, mildly, "That's not true. She's got a remarkably good head for business."

"Perhaps—yes."

"And you must realize, Nadine, she can't live forever. She's seventy-odd and she's in very bad health. At her death my father's money is divided equally among us share and share alike."

"When she dies," said Nadine, "it may be too late."

"Too late?"

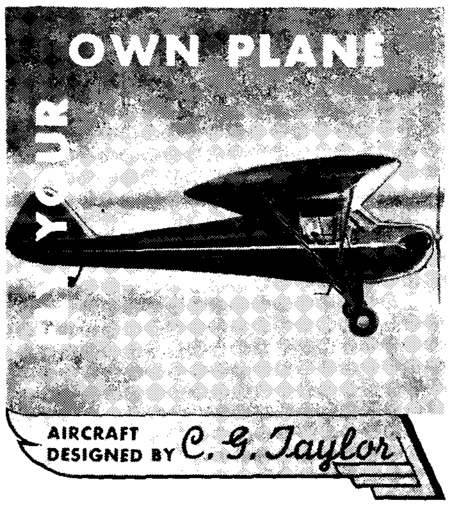
"Too late for happiness."

Lennox murmured: "Too late for happiness." He shivered suddenly. Nadine went closer to him. She put her hand on his shoulder.

"Lennox, I love you. It's a battle between me and your mother. Are you going to be on her side or mine?"

"On yours—on yours!"

"Then do what I ask."



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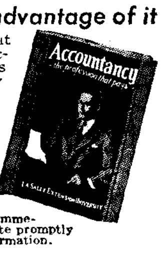

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"It's impossible!"

"No, it's not impossible. Think, Lennox, we could have children . . ."

"Mother wants us to have children, anyway. She has said so."

"I know, but I won't bring children into the world to live in the shadow you have all been brought up in. Your mother can influence you, but she has no power over me."

Lennox murmured:

"You make her angry sometimes, Nadine; it isn't wise."

"She is only angry because she knows that she can't influence my mind or dictate my thoughts!"

"I KNOW you are always polite and gentle with her. You're wonderful. You're too good for me. You always have been. When you said you would marry me it was like an unbelievable dream."

Nadine said, quietly, "I was wrong to marry you."

"Yes, you were wrong."

"You don't understand. What I mean is that if I had gone away then and asked you to follow me you would have done so. Yes, I really believe you would. . . . I was not clever enough then to understand your mother and what she wanted."

She paused, then she said, "You refuse to come away? Well, I can't make you. But *I* am free to go! I think I *shall* go. . . ."

He stared up at her incredulously. For the first time his reply came quickly, as though at last the sluggish current of his thoughts was accelerated. He stammered:

"But—but—you can't do that. Mother—Mother would never hear of it."

"She couldn't stop me."

"You've no money."

"I could make, borrow, beg or steal it. Understand, Lennox, your mother has no power over me! I can go or stay at my will. I am beginning to feel that I have borne this life long enough."

"Nadine, don't leave me . . ."

She looked at him thoughtfully, quietly, with an inscrutable expression.

"Don't leave me, Nadine."

He spoke like a child. She turned her head away, so that he should not see the sudden pain in her eyes.

She knelt down beside him.

"Then come with me. Come with me! You can. Indeed you can if you only will!"

He shrank back from her.

"I can't. I can't, I tell you. I haven't—God help me—I haven't the courage."

(To be continued next week)

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Continued from page 20

his finger and thumb in the boy's mouth and wrenched out that apple before Lon had done more than draw his pistol. It was too fast for Lon. He fired just the instant Clem yanked out that apple.

Lon must have felt mighty small when Clem upended the boy and paddled him a couple of licks and came back to the bench.

"Lon," he said. "You missed me awful wide. You ain't no good no more. Top of that you come awful near doing yourself out of a load of staves. That gun of yours throws off mightily to the right. Ram me a cartridge out the damned thing and get some use from it. Killis," he said to the boy, "stop gagging and bring me a clean piece of plank. None of that old whipsaw plank. A smooth plank. I want to do some ciphering. Where was I?"

He took the cartridge in his hand and began drawing figures on the board. "Let's start square," he said. "Put down a hundred dollars. That's debit. Now you getting a dollar a day for my keep. That's debit, too. How much it cost you to feed me, Lon?"

"I reckon, three-four bits."

"Somebody's swindling you. But I'll put it down, credit per deem."

"You can't count that way," Lon said. "Some days it's more, because of the old woman getting her teeth in and I have to hire somebody to do the cooking."

"How much you got laid by. I figure it ought to be around forty dollars."

"No," Lon said. He put one finger each side of his mouth and spit all the way over against the side of the keel boat where his bullet had struck. "I ain't got that much. You're a heavy man, Clem. It's run me into expense."

"I could slow down on taters, Lon—"

"'Tain't that, Clem. I don't grudge you your victuals. Damn thing is I had to send down to Catlettsburg and get me a new rope."

"Hell. That's bad," Clem said.

He scratched for a while on the board.

"Lon," he said, at last. "Can't be did. You got to keep me on a while and save on my victuals. Here's the sum total and you ain't got enough, and you can't get enough no other way."

"Looks like," Lon said. "I'm sure disappointed. I was counting on the staves."

"Well, I've had my smoke out."

"I sure was counting on it," Lon told him. "Mainly for you, Clem."

"How come for me?" Clem asked him.

"I got an estimate," Lon said. "And can't be done no cheaper. Not to look like anything. Nice white marble with a dove on it. And the carving extra. That would set me back a hundred and sixty dollars and some odd cents. The way I figure, at the last trump a man came up and see what had been laying on top of him all that time, he'd be mighty unfitten to face the Last Judgment if he was ashamed of his own tombstone."

"How you talk," Clem said. "Listen here, Lon. I appreciate that. It's kindly meant. But you got a mighty poor notion of the Last Judgment, appears to me. A mighty poor notion."

"How come?" Lon said. He didn't appear to take that very good.

CLEM laid his maul down on the bottom of the boat. "Listen, Lon. Heap of things we got to take literal and a heap spiritual. It's the dividing of them right is the trouble. You take that word *last* too literal. A man dies. He goes to heaven or hell, whichever was predestyned."

"'Tain't so," Lon said. "You mean to tell me, Clem, you believe sinners is 'tarnally damned?"

"Oh, mercy, yes," Clem said. "'Devil and all his angels,' it says. Ain't the wicked the devil's angels?"

"So to your mind, they ain't no connection between faith and salvation?"

"'Tain't close as some suppose," Clem said.

Lon let go the handle of his saw. "Listen here, Clem," he said. "Bugs bite you, I won't take no such talk from you nor no man. Brother Barnes says—"

"Don't talk to me about Brother Barnes," Clem says. "Things is predestyned howsomever. There's certain conditions a man has to do. Faith and obedience saves a man. I allow you that. But whether he's got faith is predestyned. It's a groundhog case the minute he's born. He's predestyned to hell or heaven."

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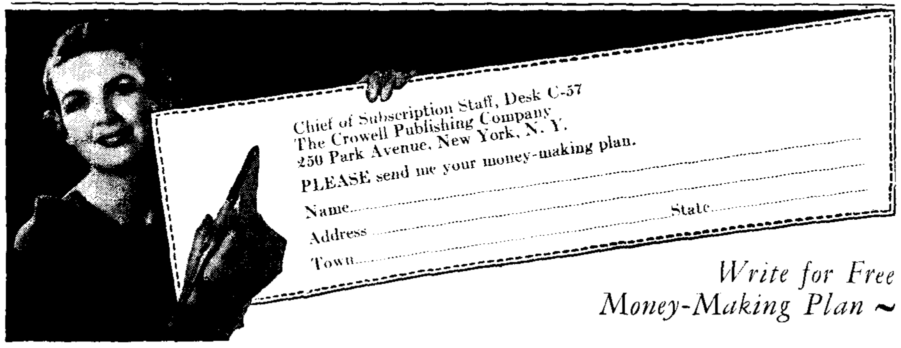

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"I won't listen to no such talk," Lon said. "Damn you, Clem, what you reckon they call the Throne the Mercy Seat for? Brother Barnes says—"

"Listen here, Lon. The Mercy Seat was in Mozekial law, not Christian law. You shut your trap about Brother Barnes' preaching the Word around at strawberry frolics. He ain't doctrinal. You get Brother Barnes here, I'll shet him up mighty quick."

"I won't have you talking like that," Lon said. "I got a mind to lock you up."

"You'll have to tunk all those pegs in for yourself if you do, Lon."

"Blast the pegs, and blast you, Clem," Lon said. "Get back in the jailhouse and shet your mouth."

WELL, that day started the trouble. There weren't no more work done all that summer. Clem's cell was in the back of the jailhouse, and Lon lived directly next and his bedroom window opened out in the back, too. All hours of the night you could go by there and hear them jawing at each other.

Every now and again Clem would rise up against the light and scream out, like maybe, "Galatians 1, 15. Try to crawl around that, you old buzzard."

And then about ten minutes later Lon would come to his window and yell, "It don't apply. Ezekiel 32, 11. There's a clincher for you."

Lon's wife left home. Then whatever they et made them more hardheaded than ever, for Lon had to fizz around and do the cooking, and he weren't no hand. Weren't nothing else attended to. A freshet came along and washed the keel boat down the creek till it hung up on a snag at Cooley's Falls, and they neither of them appeared to pay attention. For just about then, having more time to study, Clem outsmarted Lon by digging up a text Lon couldn't get around no matter which way he tried. And no matter what he argued after that Clem kept yelling back always the same thing, "Romans 9, 11," until it pretty near drove Lon mad.

He called in Brother Barnes and he had a set-to with Clem, with everybody standing outside the jailhouse listening to them, but at the end of it Brother Barnes had to leave town.

Then Lon harried under and gave himself up to cussing, but one night, when neither of them had anything for dinner but a mess of cold beans, Lon went over to the jailhouse and said, "Clem, we been a passel of old fools not to get this settled and straightened out."

"One of us has," Clem said.

Lon was mighty quiet that night and didn't seem like he took offense no more. "Clem," he said, "stop quarreling with me. I can't stand it. We been friends too long. Let's get this straight. As I understand it you believe in Election and Free Grace."

"That's correct," Clem said. "Romans 9, 11: 'For the children being not yet born—' "

"Hush," said Lon. "It's in parentheses anyhow. Atop of that you claim that sinners is eternally damned."

"And can prove it," Clem said.

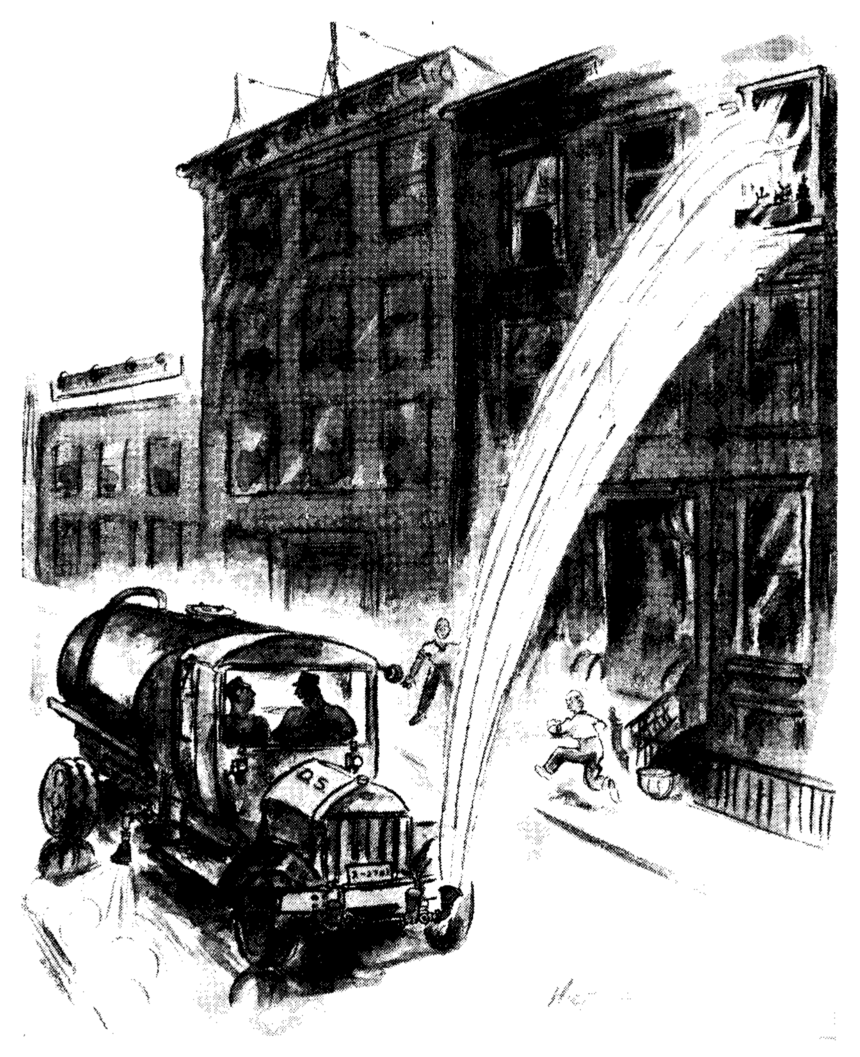
"Clem," said Lon, "you're wrong. I been studyin' today and I thunk up one more argument."

"Prove me I'm wrong and I'll admit it. I'll tell you so to your face."

"That ain't no ways necessary," Lon said. "You don't have to do that, Clem. No occasion for that. We always been friends, so no hard feelings after the thing's settled. We'll get Brother Barnes in here tomorrow morning, if he's back, and I just guarantee you'll be satisfied."

"Shake," Clem said. "That's all I ask."

They shook. Lon went out and locked the jailhouse door behind him, and went over to the storeroom and spent the whole night limbering up that length of new hemp rope.



"I promised Mrs. Murphy I'd tend her flowers while she was gone"

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Tools of Destiny

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE by all accounts was a very intelligent man. He liked new ideas. He was a friend of scientists. Yet when it was proposed to illuminate the streets of Paris with gas, he said the idea was foolish—*une grande folie*.

The simplest inventions have been opposed. As late as 1821 the use of carts to transport produce was opposed in Donegal, Ireland. Creels on ponies' backs were preferred.

Centuries before, Queen Elizabeth rode reluctantly in a newfangled carriage, which was scorned by young men as effeminate. About the same time Duke Julius of Brunswick ruled that riding in coaches by his vassals was a felony. The duke thought that men should ride horses so as to preserve their equestrian skill for war.

In turn, railroads were opposed. A hundred years ago during Andrew Jackson's administration, the "Democratic Republicans" in Congress argued that railroads were "vastly inferior" to wagon roads. The popular congressmen of that period wanted a road on which all might travel together, "no toll, no monopoly, nothing exclusive—a real people's road." Daniel Webster doubted the success of railroads. He thought that frost on the rails would stop the trains.

A steam automobile was actually demonstrated in 1769 but few were interested. A hundred years later England was passing laws designed, and very effectively designed, to keep motorcars off the public roads.

We were not much more friendly to innovations in transport. George Brayton fitted a gasoline engine to a Providence streetcar in 1873. He attached another engine to a Pittsburgh omnibus in 1878. Both were forbidden the use of the streets.

Chauncey M. Depew, the famous wit, practical senator and railroad lawyer, warned his nephew not to invest $5,000 in the early Ford Motor Company. Senator Depew said: "Nothing has come along to beat the horse."

Even so brilliant a predicter as H. G. Wells rejected the submarine. In 1902 he wrote these words: "I must confess that my imagination, in spite of spurring, refuses to see any sort of submarine doing anything but suffocate its crew and founder at sea." A few years later German submarines were threatening the very existence of Britain and compelling Mr. Wells to change his eating habits.

Wells guessed wrongly, also, about aviation, saying: "I do not think it at all probable that aeronautics will ever come into play as a serious modification of transport and communication."

The German Patent Office until 1926 classed airplanes in the same category with children's toys, popular amusements and shooting galleries. We require time to adjust ourselves to new ideas.

Hindsight makes the conservativeness of our predecessors appear foolish. But it is not easy to foresee the actual direction of the social progress which follows changes in environment.

Many inventions and discoveries of which much was expected have not realized the hope put into them. Cures for cancer have been repeatedly announced but up to now no specific cure has been found. A new cotton picker is now expected to bring about vast changes in the work habits of the South and, it is feared, will take away the jobs of those who harvest the South's principal crop. The United States Patent Office, however, has the records of 900 earlier cotton pickers which have not come into general use.

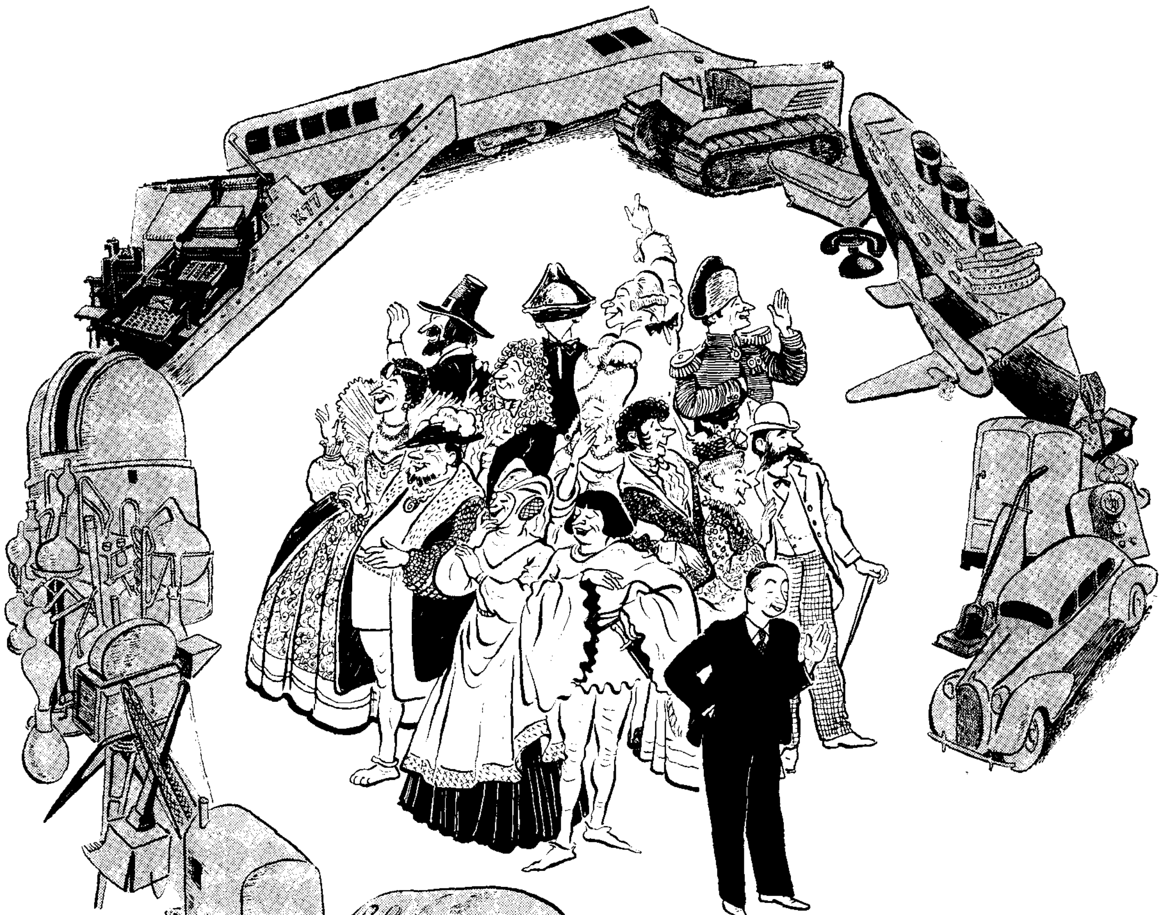
The teletypesetter which, it was announced, would enable one operator to set type in an indefinite number of printing plants, has not fulfilled expectations. Many influences tend to frustrate and stop the use of new machines.

The actual consequences of a new invention are seldom comprehended, even by the inventor. Nobody, certainly, foresaw the political utility of the radio. Broadcasting was actually started by Dr. Frank Conrad of the Westinghouse Company as a personal venture after the World War. Dr. Lee De Forest had invented the three-element vacuum tube in 1906. Not until the 1920's did radio broadcasting become a major instrument of political influence. Radio voices and radio personalities were beyond the dreams of the scientists whose inventions made broadcasting practicable.

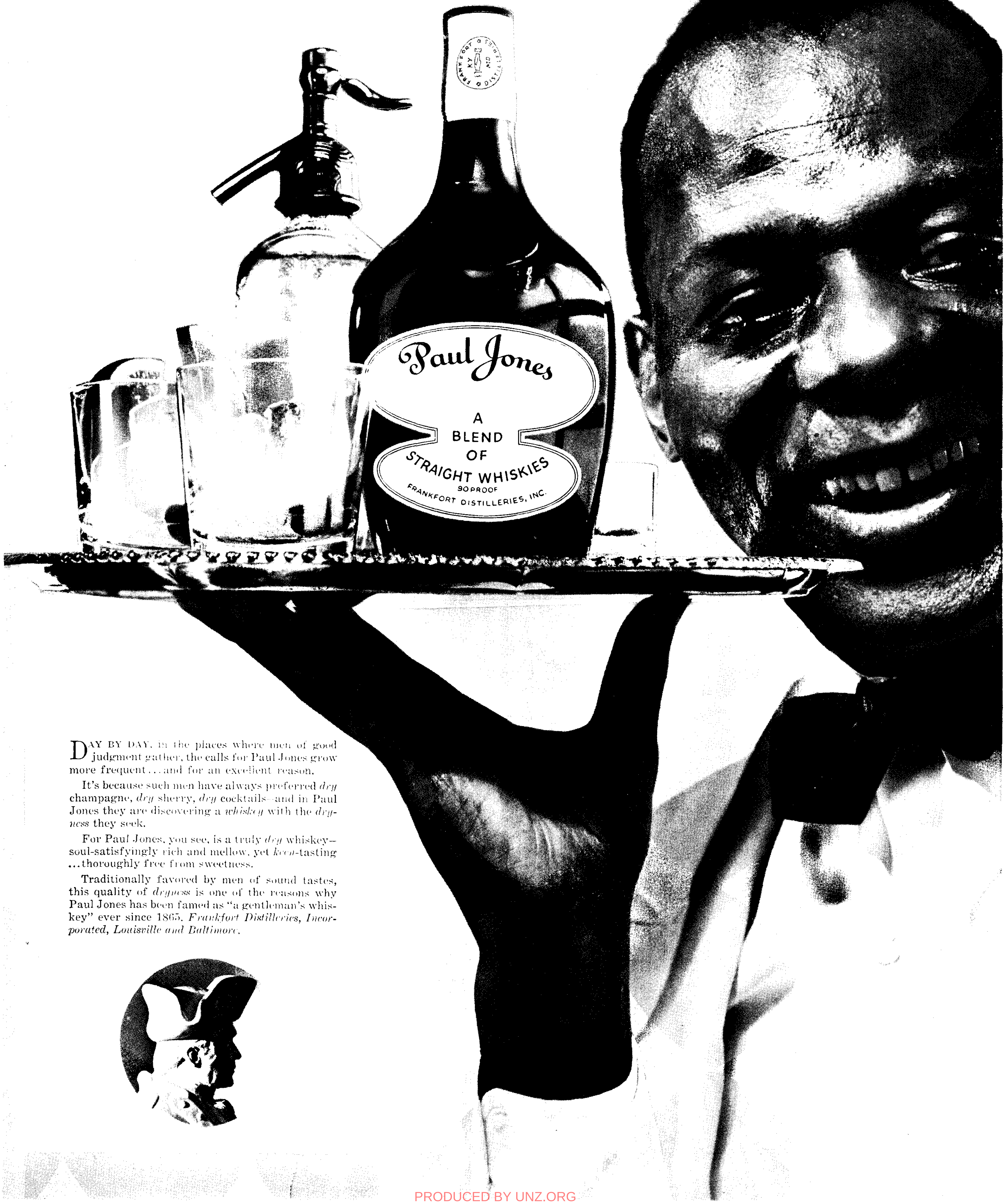
No real-estate owner glimpsed the effect of the automobile upon the development of modern suburbs. For all that, the motorcar, once generally adopted, shifted the population of every American city. The simple tin can induced far-reaching changes in food and in home life. The can opener marked a step in the liberation of women from age-old drudgery.

Modern progress is the result of changes in our ways of life which follow from the use of new tools. The pioneer ideas are often the thought of men absorbed chiefly in remote speculation concerning abstract matters. Later, practical inventors of the type of Thomas Edison make these ideas work in new machines.

The scientists who have been studying inventions under the auspices of the National Resources Board would like to control these changes in the national interest. The goal is worthy but more wisdom and more foresight than men hitherto have ever manifested would be necessary for success. We have moved by trial and error and by more trials and more errors. We have been able only to see the future darkly as through an ancient glass. Perhaps it is better so. If we could foresee plainly what is coming, we might mend our ways, or, on the other hand, we might lack courage for the struggle.



"Seems like they're all calling for a DRY whiskey!"


FRANKFORT KY. DIST. CO.
Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.

DAY BY DAY, in the places where men of good judgment gather, the calls for Paul Jones grow more frequent . . . and for an excellent reason.

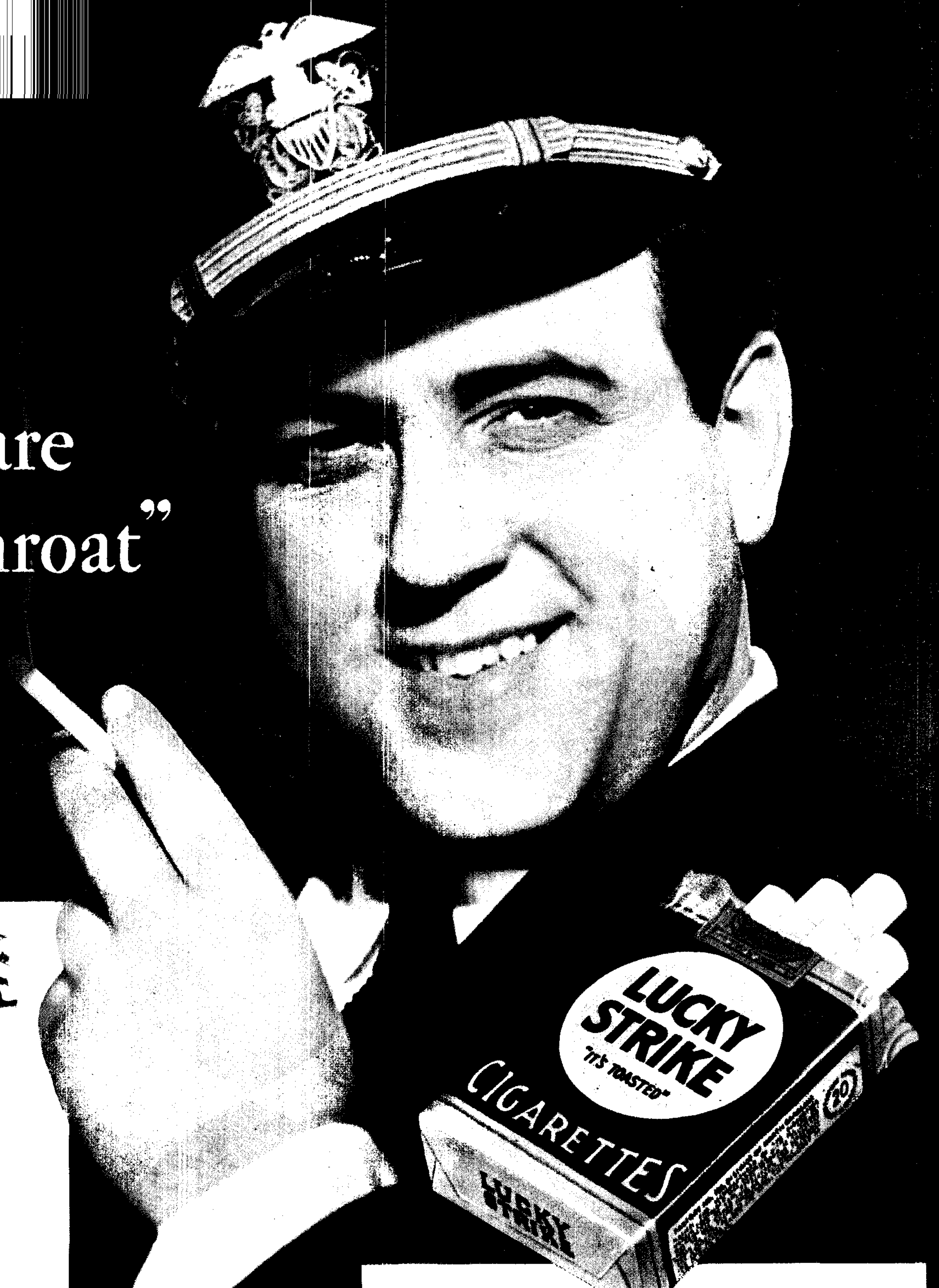
It's because such men have always preferred *dry* champagne, *dry* sherry, *dry* cocktails—and in Paul Jones they are discovering a *whiskey* with the *dryness* they seek.

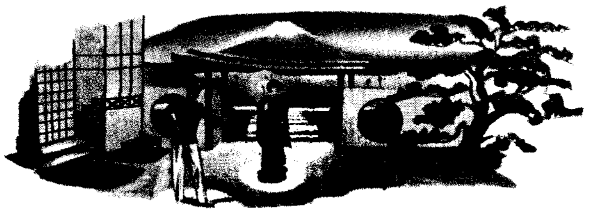
For Paul Jones, you see, is a truly *dry* whiskey—soul-satisfyingly rich and mellow, yet *keen*-tasting . . . thoroughly free from sweetness.

Traditionally favored by men of sound tastes, this quality of *dryness* is one of the reasons why Paul Jones has been famed as "a gentleman's whiskey" ever since 1865. *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

Richard Crooks

says: "Luckies are gentle on my throat"





"The rôle of LIEUT. PINKERTON *in 'Madame Butterfly' is the only part in opera where the tenor smokes a cigarette on the stage. As I sing the aria, 'Amore O Grillo', I smoke—and it's always a Lucky. You see, I discovered long ago that Luckies are a light smoke—gentle on my throat—and my throat is naturally my first concern. I have smoked about a pack of Luckies a day ever since 1920."*

Richard Crooks

STAR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA AND RADIO

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"–Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO SMOKE LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Richard Crooks' preference for Luckies is borne out by the verdict of independent tobacco experts . . . men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Sworn records open to the public show that among these independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who know tobacco best . . .

it's Luckies—2 to 1

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